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THE CAPTAIN

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Vol. XII. No. 68. NOVEMBER, 1904.

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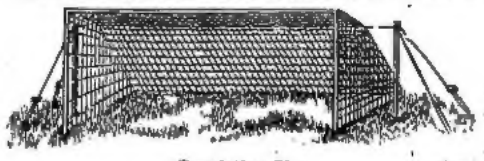

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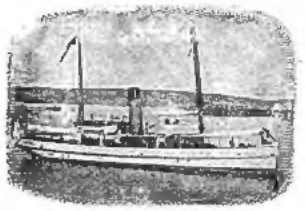

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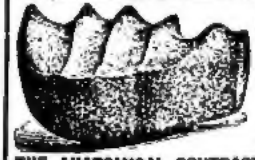

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30 Holland ..		4	15 Finland		5	10 Newfoundland		6
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19 Ecuador ..		6	50 Spain		9	14 Mauritius ..	1	6
70 Austria	1	4	16 Siam	1	0	17 Newfoundland	2	0
24 Chili	1	1	50 Cuba	1	6	10 Orange Colony	1	6
20 China	1	0	16 Philippine ..		8	9 Seychelles ..	1	6
30 Ecuador ..	1	3	30 Uruguay		7	20 Straits	1	3
24 Egypt	1	0	13 Jamaica		8	10 Transvaal ..		3
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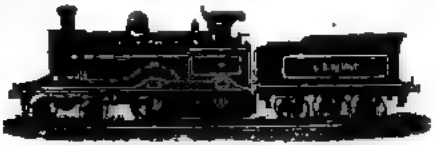

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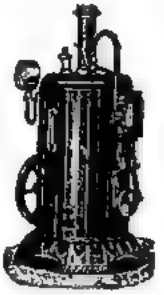

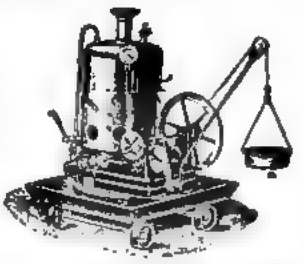

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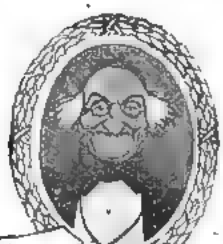


A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

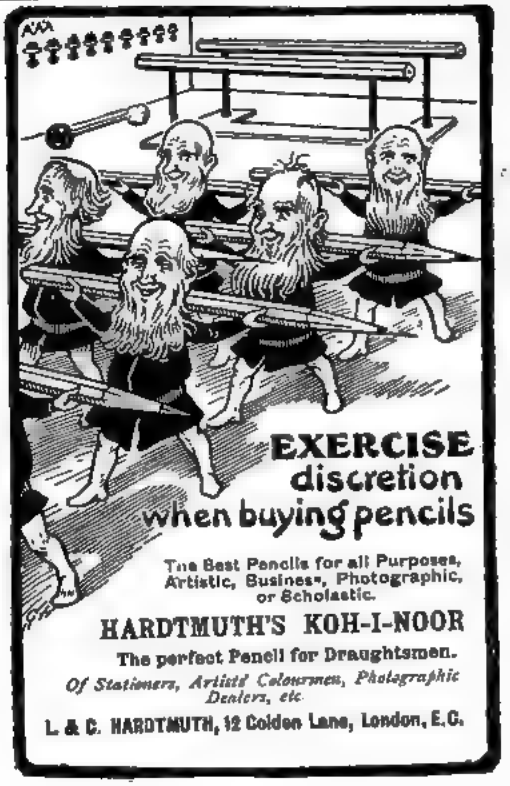
C. B. Fry, Athletic Editor

Editor, The Old Fag

Contents for November, 1904.

	PAGE
IT WAS SAMBO	*Back of Frontispiece*
"F. C. G." AT WORK	*Frontispiece*
"F. C. G." ... ... ALFRED B. COOPER With Illustrations from Photographs by GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., and Pictures by the Artist.	99
FOOLING A TIGER ... ... H. HERVEY Illustrated by J. MACFARLANE.	106
AT HICKSON'S. (II.—CARSON'S LAST TRIUMPH.) ... ... F. L. MORGAN Illustrated by A. PEARSE.	113
SOME OFFICIAL CRESTS OF THE BRITISH ARMY	118
THE CYCLING CORNER. (RAIN, MUD, AND WIND.) ... ... ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS With Illustrations.	120
TALES OF THE FAR WEST. (VIII.—OUR CELEBRATION AT TWO-OWE-TEE.) Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER. FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS	125
"THE CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER. ... ... ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS With Illustrations.	130

(Further contents on next page)



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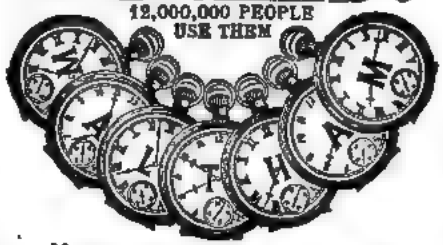

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Contents—*continued.*

		PAGE
THE HEAD OF KAY'S. (Chaps. V.—VIII.) Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.	P. G. Wodehouse	134
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (The Stamps of Sarawak.) With Illustrations.	E. J. Nankivell	145
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED	A. E. Johnson	148
"FRENCH LEAVE" Illustrated by E. S. Bodoson.	George Ellbar	150
THE DUFFER. (Book II. Chaps. IV–VII.) Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.	R. S. Warren Bell	160
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (The Knack of Kicking.) With Illustrations.	C. B. Fry	175
OUR LIBRARY CORNER		179
THE SURPRISE AT DAWN	De Neuville	180
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS		181
"CAPTAIN" PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY		185
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS		187
"THE OLD FAG." (Editorial.)		188
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		190
RESULTS OF SEPTEMBER COMPETITIONS		191

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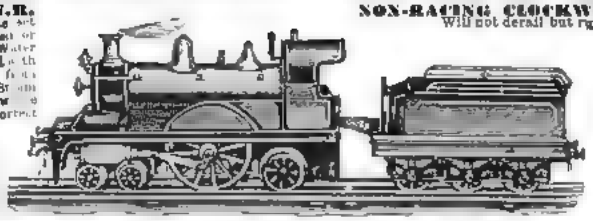

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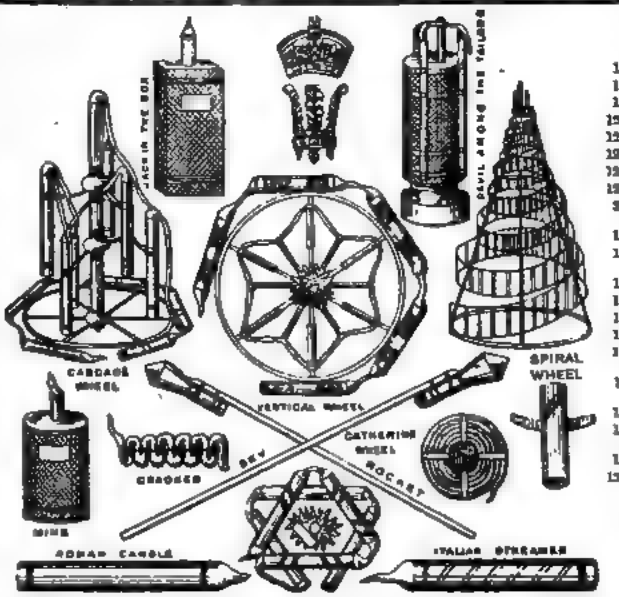

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3 Coloured Lights, do.	2	0	
1 Jack-in-the-box	1	0	
1 Mount Vesuvius	1	0	
1 Triangle Wheel	2	0	
1 Chinese Fire	1	6	
1 Bouquet of Gerbes	2	6	
1 Golden Fountain	1	0	
12 Squibs	1	0	
1 Chinese Tree, Silver Flowers	1	0	
12 Starlights	1	0	
12 Crackers	1	0	
12 Catherine Wheels	1	0	
3 Large Catherine Wheels	1	0	
12 Golden Rains	1	0	
1 Pilot Balloon	1	0	
1 Italian Streamer	1	0	
1 Dio den Tourbillion	1	6	
6 Coloured Torches	0	6	
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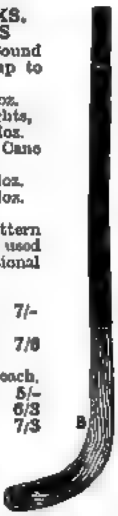

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Boys', 5/11. Men's, 6/11.
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[To Face back of Front.

IT WAS SAMBO!

INDIGNANT SPORTSMAN: "Now, isn't that irritating? I've fired my last cartridge, and it isn't a buck after all!"

By Tom Browne, R.I.

MR. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD, THE FAMOUS CARICATURIST OF THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE," AND PRESIDENT OF THE BOYS' LEAGUE
Photo. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

"F. C. G."

An Interview with Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, the famous Caricaturist.

By A. B. COOPER.

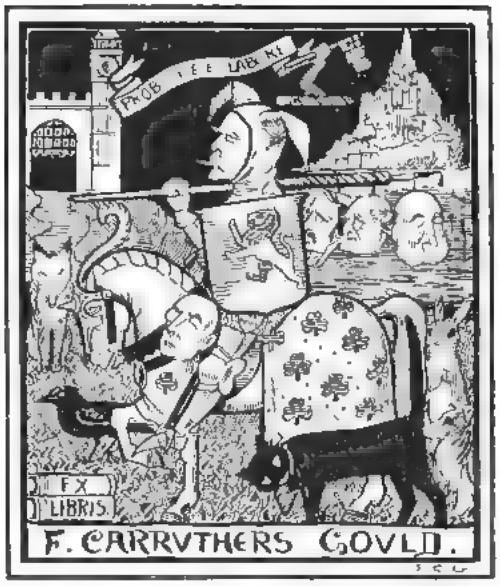
THE man who makes a hobby of his work is the man who succeeds. The man who is enthusiastic over anything and everything except the main business of life, is likely to die in a ditch. There are at least two men whose names are world-known, who, in answer to the question: "What are your recreations?" reply: "I have none," and these two great men are inseparably connected in the mind of the public by an association which is as strong as it is unusual. The one is a caricaturist, and the other is his favourite subject. They are known to the Man in the Street as "F. C. G." and "Joey."

When I called upon Mr. Francis Carruthers Gould, to give him his full style and title, he did not give me time even to dispose of my hat and umbrella before he was in the hall with outstretched hand and ready welcome. Three minutes later I was taking afternoon tea with Mrs. Gould—a lady who might have stepped out of one of Sir Joshua's gracious pictures—while F. C. G. was reclining in the big saddle-bag with the new kitten on his shoulder, and turning his keen and humorous eyes in my direction every now and then to say something which always revealed insight, knowledge, and kindliness.

I opined that he was fond of cats, and he allowed the soft impeachment readily. "We all are," he said; "this is a home for stray cats, to put it mildly."

"We've just had two poisoned," said Mrs. Gould, in the accents of bereavement, "and we miss them dreadfully."

"But you seem to have several left," I put in, as a huge black Tom stalked into the room and surveyed the scene with impassive dignity.



F. C. G.'S BOOK PLATE.

"Yes," said F. C. G., smiling, "we are like Dr. Barnardo—we keep open door for the waifs and strays. Even Pumblechook——"

"Pumble who?" I asked innocently.

"I say even Pumblechook Strafford—that's the big Tom-cat—was a stray from next door. His change of allegiance was the cook's fault. It was cupboard love at first, but I think his feelings have deepened since."

"But why Pumblechook—and the rest?"

"One of the maids had just been reading Dickens—hence his Christian name. The cook's name was Strafford, so he naturally took the name of his adoption. But come upstairs to my study, and we can talk and smoke, and look at the pictures."

If the kitten—another stray—had been made of china—like the wonderful puffin designed by F. C. G., which I afterwards saw on the drawing-room table—it could not have been more gently unseated. The artist seemed terribly afraid of hurting its feelings by prematurely disturbing its siesta. It was a true index to the man.

"Not a bad sort of outlook for a Bloomsbury house," said F. C. G., leading me out upon a very exalted balcony from his study window. Just at that moment a wood-pigeon flew from the tall trees that filled the space between the houses. "They're quite

common about here," he said. "Isn't it strange that they should be the shyest of country birds, and the tamest of town birds, barring the common blues and the sparrows?"

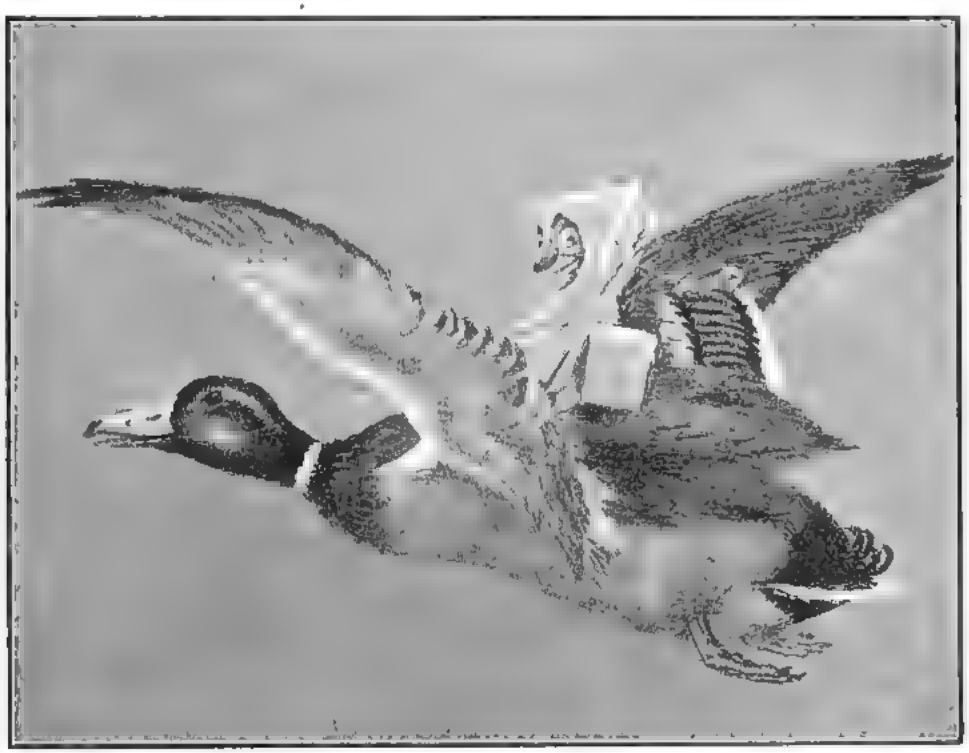
"You are as fond of birds as of cats, I think."

"I love all animals—but birds in particular. I know every English bird that flies and sings. They have been a life-long study, and my sons are just as enthusiastic. The series of bird studies now appearing every Saturday in the *Westminster Gazette* are written by my second son, and, of course, illustrated by me; and, as you know, I use birds freely in my cartoons."

"Yes," I interrupted. "I particularly recall your representation of Lord Rosebery as a Penguin in the 'All Animals Gymkhana.' You got the bird to the life."

"So Lord Rosebery thought, evidently, for he bought the original. He gave me this set of Dresser's Birds of Europe, too. He knew my tastes, and, with his unfailing kindness, made me a present which is both helpful and delightful. Talking of birds in caricature, I suppose the stork and the owl lend themselves best for the presentation of human traits, though the cockatoo—and parrots generally—are admirable. You perhaps recall the spick and span Chamberlain Cockatoo coming back from South Africa to the Parliamentary Parrot House only to find his Brethren almost plucked to the bone."

By this time we were comfortably seated for a chat, and our cigars were well alight. "Let us start at the beginning," I said.



JACK FROST RIDING ON THE WILD DUCK.—A GOOD EXAMPLE OF F. C. G.'S SKILL IN THE DRAWING OF BIRDS.

"The boys and girls—lots of girls—who read THE CAPTAIN will like to know how you began."

"They always want to know that, don't they?" said F. C. G., puffing thoughtfully. "And it's one of the hardest questions to answer. If one had a prophetic instinct that one would make some little mark in the world, one would keep an eye on one's beginnings—but—there—I forget."

"But you surely got tanned occasionally for drawing in school hours?"

"No, I never remember any painful in-

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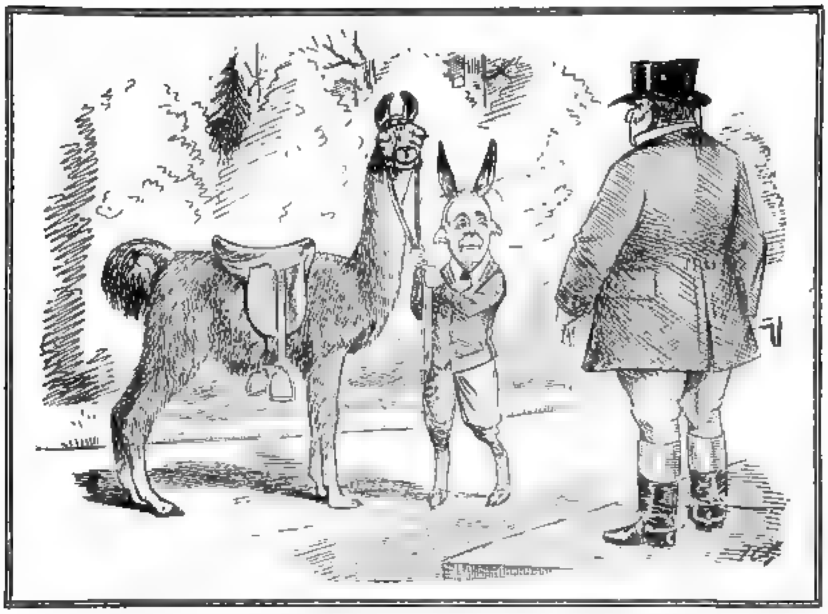


MR. BALFOUR AS THE MARCH HARE IN "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

A Strange Mount.

MR. JOHN BULL: "Good gracious! What's that? It isn't a horse!"
THE MARCH HARE: "No, sir, it's a Grand Llama. I thought you might like a change. You could go to Thibet, or Timbuctoo, or some other new place.

cident of that sort, but I certainly took to drawing as a duck takes to water. You see, my father was an architect at Barnstaple, and the atmosphere, so to speak, was impregnated with pencils, and india-rubber, and drawing-boards, and chalks, and the thousand and one delightful etceteras of the artist's calling. I simply got hold of these and drew. That's how I began."

"No scrapes then?" I sighed.

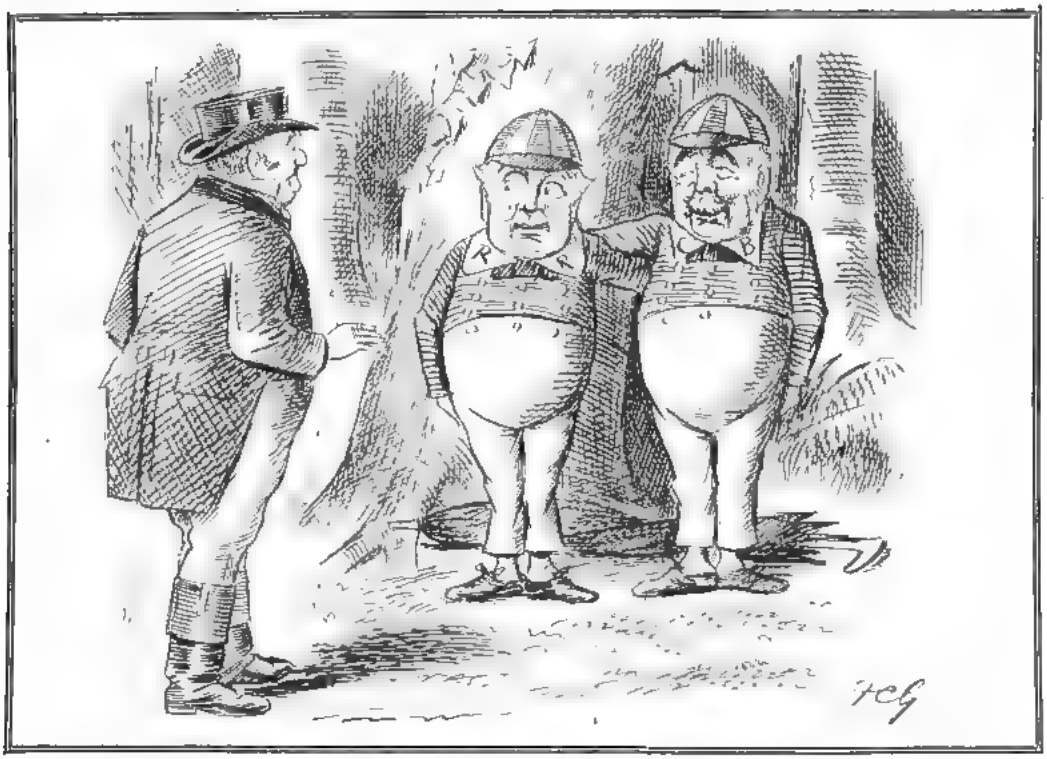
"Well, I once raised the ire of the town gaoler—a most bumptious individual, nearly as broad as long. I caricatured him so unmercifully that he complained to the mayor. "He's only a boy," said the mayor soothingly. "But, your worship," persisted the gaoler, "it's not only me as the young whelp takes off, but he's bin a-caricaturin' *you*," and he showed him a drawing of himself, lost in his high collar, and with a characteristic curl on the top of his bald head. But even this outrage didn't 'fetch' the mayor. He only laughed, and was rather pleased."

"I suppose, like the precocious genius in the Book of Exemplary Biography, some kindly philanthropist came and peeped over your shoulder while you were drawing, and, perceiving your uncommon talent, took you to London,

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AS "OLD FATHER WILLIAM" IN LEWIS CARROLL'S PARODY IN "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

(*From "John Bull's Adventures in the Fiscal Wonderland."*)

"You are old, Father Joseph," the young man said,
"Though your head doesn't show any white,
And yet you incessantly stand on your head,
Do you think at your age it is right?"



LORD ROSEBERY AND SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN AS TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE IN "ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS."

(*From "John Bull's Adventures in the Fiscal Wonderland."*)
Tweedle R— and Twee— C— B.

where you immediately made your fortune?"

"No such luck," replied F. C. G.—"for my sins I was sentenced to four years in a bank in my native town, where I occupied myself with 'long tots' and lightning sketches of all my colleagues. I turned them into animals of all kinds, for even then I knew the field and the farmyard and had a knack of using both wild and tame creatures as vehicles of caricature. Then I went to London."

"At last," I exclaimed, "you had your heart's desire gratified. "You went to the heart of the Empire——"

"Yes—to the Stock Exchange, where I spent over twenty years of my life. Do I regret it? Well, I do and I don't. I believe in working out one's destiny and living one's own life, without fretting about some other. Who is to compute what the time of preparation is worth? I saw an infinite variety of face and figure. I came into intimate contact with every variety of the *genus homo*. The Stock Exchange is not a bad art school, after all—at least, for the caricaturist. Lots of stock-brokers have drawings of mine made in those days. My fame went abroad, and Mr. Voules, of *Truth*, heard of me. He persuaded me to contribute the illustrations to the Christmas number of *Truth*, and I continued to do them for many years.

AN F. C. G. SILHOUETTE OF THE G. O. M. AT HIS FAVOURITE RECREATION.

"But my real start was when the *Pall Mall Gazette* asked me to contribute regularly to their columns. That was in 1887. Later, I began to go down to the House of Commons and sketch from life. This gave me a splendid opportunity of keeping up-to-date with politicians and public questions. I have continued to visit the House constantly

AN EXAMPLE OF F. C. G.'S VERSATILITY.—A PENCIL SKETCH OF AN OLD HULK.

ever since, and thus my portraits are of men as they look to-day. As a man's face alters, I alter my representation of him."

"Then you draw from life?" I asked.

"No, I draw entirely from memory. I begin and finish my daily cartoon at my desk, with nothing in front of me but my bristol-board. The picture is in my mind. My task is to put it on paper."

"But there is a thought behind the picture," I remarked.

"Ah—yes—that's the main thing. I do not sit down so much to make a picture as to express a thought. You would use words. I use lines. I use the best means I know to express my meaning. I want to say something to the public, and I let no thought of draughtsmanship, or technique, or convention, obscure my meaning. When the idea is expressed, I've finished."

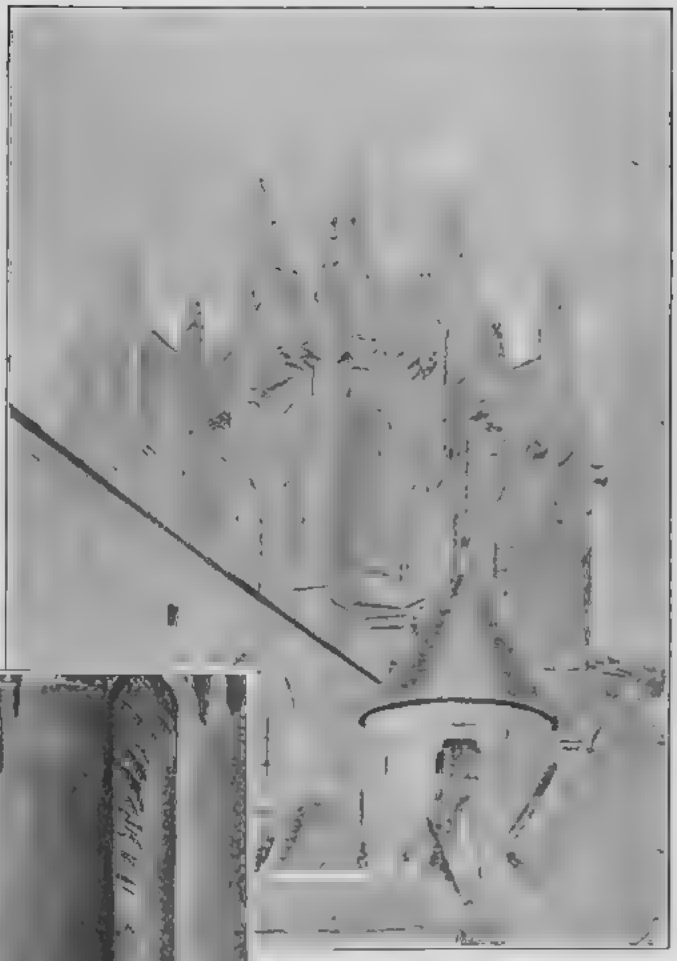
"But how is it," I asked, "that you always seem to hit the nail on the head—to put the situation in a nut-shell?"

"That is because I'm a serious politician, and associated with serious politicians. We have convictions, and just as Mr. Spender, the editor of the *Westminster*—for, as you know, Sir George Newnes took over the staff of the *Pall Mall* to the *Westminster Gazette* when the former paper changed hands—writes what he believes to be the truth, I draw what I conceive to be the truth. We go hand in hand. The situation of the day is daily discussed, and the outcome on the one hand is the day's

THE CASTLE IN WHICH WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR WAS BORN. A SKETCH MADE BY F. C. G. DURING A HOLIDAY IN NORMANDY.

leader, and on the other the day's cartoon. That is the whole mystery. I can imagine a man making cartoons to order irrespective of his political creed, but I couldn't do it myself. I must draw what I feel "

There can be no doubt but that this seriousness of intent is the mainspring of F. C. G.'s unique influence as a caricaturist. He is a man in earnest. He is not the man to sell his talent to the highest bidder. He has that fine type of mind which refuses to pander to mere expediency It is this quality which wins and retains the sincere respect and admiration even of his strongest political opponents If you were to visit Highbury, Mr Chamberlain's home near



A FINE EXAMPLE OF F C G 'S ARCHITECTURAL WORK, DRAWN ON "SCRAPE" BOARD IN PENCIL

F. C. G.'S ONLY HOBBY IS A CHANGE OF SUBJECT. HE DELIGHTS IN ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING

Birmingham, you might see many of F. C. G.'s cartoons, with the master of the house as their subject, adorning the walls He counts his staunch friends equally on both sides of the House. They respect a man who is true to himself, and who, even when hitting his hardest, never hits below the belt.

Mr. Gould's study is—like himself — unique. He has made a frieze of Fourteenth Century figures all round the room, and there, in procession, like the old Canterbury Pilgrims, one may see the leading figures on the political stage, mounted on ambling

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A FISCAL ATTACK.

(With apologies to Mr. W. Weekes and his picture "Fallen Among Thieves.")

palfreys, making progress round the room. There is Mr. Chamberlain at full gallop, looking round and beckoning to the late Lord Salisbury, who, with dignified mien, follows slowly behind. There is Mr. Balfour coming along steadily with golf stick over shoulder, and the Duke of Devonshire, tall, stately, and somnolent, on a horse which singularly resembles him. There is Lord Lansdowne—a knight in armour, stiff and wooden, and the Lord Chancellor looking small for the big horse he bestrides. Over each he has painted their true armorial bearings. The effect is excellent. The over-mantle, too, is F. C. G.'s design in fourteenth century style, for *The Chronicles of Froissart* was a favourite book of his boyhood, and his *New Chronicles* are his chief literary work, and one of the best political skits of modern times.

He loves, too, those nursery classics *Alice in Wonderland; Alice through the Looking-glass*, and the *Brer Rabbit* of Uncle Remus. He says the Alice books are "inverted logic," and he finds them a mine of wealth —or, as some one said, a "mine of Gould" —to his facile pencil.

"And now tell me, Mr. Gould," I said. "what I shall say from you to the readers of THE CAPTAIN, many of whom are members of the Empire League, of which you are President."

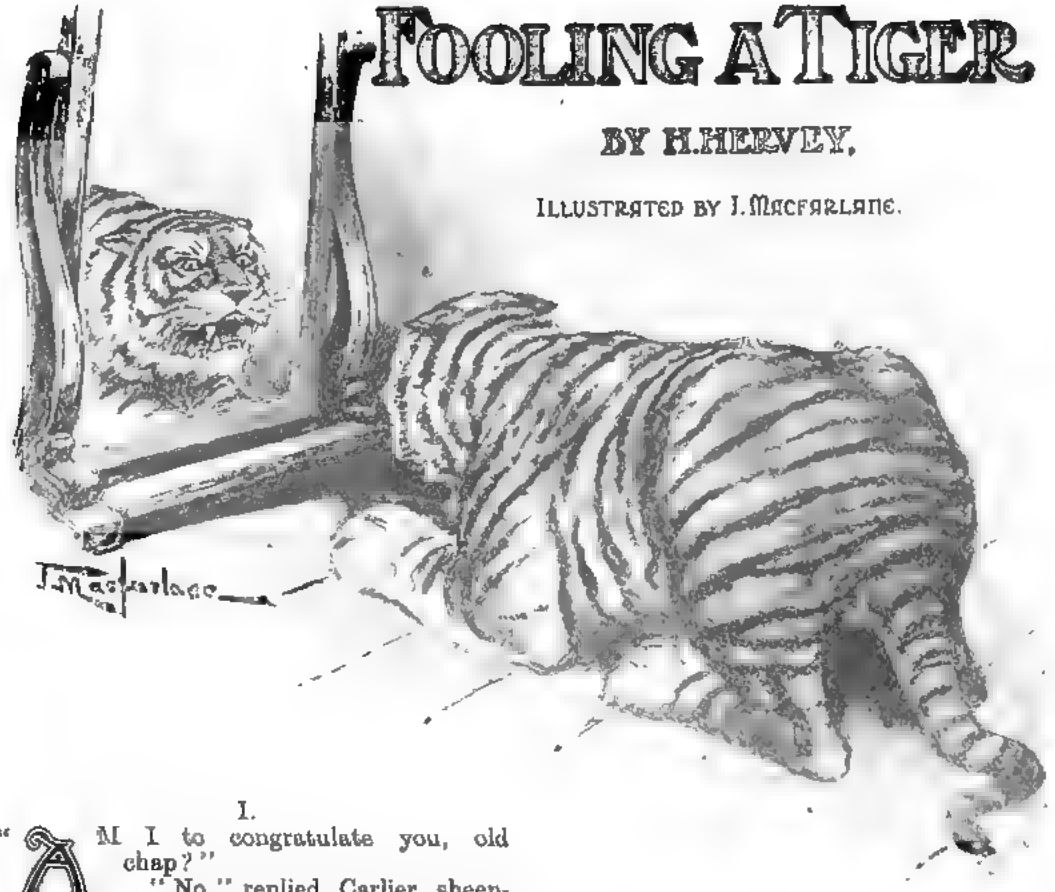
F. C. G. looked thoughtful. "Tell them," he said, "that the boy who keeps pegging away at the task which lies nearest. and strives to do it to the tip-top of his ability, is the boy who is the true imperialist. Yes, it is not the people who shout the loudest, and wave flags with the most frantic energy, who are this great Empire's best friends. The best citizens are the best imperialists. The Empire's destiny will take care of itself if every lad does his little bit well. The little tasks are the best preparation for the big tasks. Some day some one will want the lad—yes, and the girl too—who has filled a little space well, to fill a bigger space. They have been faithful in a few things, and they shall be made rulers over many things."

The people of Barnstaple—the quaint old town of the West—are proud of their townsman. On July 30th, 1903, the man who had left the town as a youth of eighteen went back to become its first honorary freeman. The Town Council, at a special Mayor's Court held in the Guildhall, conferred this distinction upon F. C. G., "in recognition of the signal and distinguished position attained by Mr. Gould, artist and journalist, by the exercise of his untiring energy, which has brought to him such world-wide reputation and esteem in his profession."

Fooling a Tiger

BY H. HERVEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. MACFARLANE.



I.

"AM I to congratulate you, old chap?"

"No," replied Carlier, sheepishly, as he stood looking up at me—perched on a quadruped post, superintending the soldering of thin wire connections. He had just alighted from the train, and, learning that I was in the station yard, had come along.

"Not fallen out—eh?" I asked.

"No, not exactly." He spoke rather moodily, whereby I suspected there was a screw loose somewhere.

"What has brought you out here?"

"A wish to see you."

"To see me! Why, man, I should have reached Mahendri by the end of the week."

"Even so; I could not wait. Come down out of that, and I'll tell you all about it."

I was not "coming down out of that" till I had seen the last spiral fixed; so while Carlier waited I'll say a word or two concerning him. He was a right good sort; a little my senior; assistant engineer at Mahendri—my headquarters as well. It was a small civil station, and all the houses of the European residents—some thirty souls—stood on the banks of a canal, with steps leading down to the water. I had been out in camp for some three months, and was now returning for the hot season. I knew that Carlier was attached to Miss Ferrier, sister of one of our civilians, and judging from his unexpected presence at that out-of-the-way railway station, thirty miles down the line, coupled with his general state of lugubriousness, I at first thought that he was engaged, and then that something untoward had happened, either contingency having driven him to journey out to see me. Carlier was a first-rate all-round man, except as regards jungle sport, an Anglo-Indian essential in which he had proved himself lamentably deficient. When he came to Mahendri, fellows had invited him to join expeditions in pursuit of bison or tiger down to partridge or snipe; he was idiot enough to go; but the same fellows never asked him a second time, for his ignorance of jungle lore and sporting

matters generally caused his room to be preferred to his company, that is, beyond cantonment limits. Now Miss Ferrier, while not posing for a Diana in herself, admired the *shikarrie* or sportsman to the verge of enthusiasm; so it was perhaps natural that her sentiments towards Carlier were somewhat qualified by his lack of preeminence in this particular respect. I daresay that had Mahendri afforded another eligible—one who could lay claim to being even a mediocre *shikarrie*—Carlier's aspirations would have been nowhere; but, fortunately or unfortunately, he was the only bachelor in the station, and, barring the single shortcoming referred to, he was as desirable a *parti* as any lady could wish for.

"Well, how goes it—anyhow, Carlier?" I asked at length, climbing down and proceeding with him to the railway waiting-room, where I was putting up.

"I'm in a bit of a hat, Douglas."

"What put you into the hat?"

"That brute Johnny."

"Johnny! What has the little dog been doing?"

"You know that tiger skin Miss Ferrier is so proud of?"

"I've seen it, and a splendid skin it is, too"

'Her second brother—the chap who came down on leave last year—gave it to her. It is remarkable for being without bullet-hole or other blemish. He trapped the animal in Upper India somewhere—poisoned it, and so got the pelt entire."

"Really! No wonder she values it. But what about the hat?"

"Well, last week, taking Johnny with me, I called at the Judge's stairs to ask Miss Ferrier to let me give her a scull down the canal. Johnny stayed behind, and we found that the brute of a terrier had amused himself during our absence by worrying that confounded skin and ruining it entirely!"

"No! What did you do?"

"What could I do? I apologised, and all that sort of thing, but without avail; Miss Ferrier was awfully upset; I offered to spificate the fiend of a dog, but that she wouldn't have. I asked for the hide, to get it patched up, but she would not part with the thing, and vows that she will never speak to me again unless I give her another tiger skin, equally good and perfect."

"Can't you buy one?" I suggested, anxious to help the poor chap out of his dilemma.

"There's not such a thing in the district," he replied, gloomily. "I've offered a hundred rupees for a skin, and that's a long price, you'll allow; but without result."

"Then how will you manage?"

"That's just it; I want your aid. I don't want to ask any of the others; they'd be sure to put me off with some excuse, or go in for their everlasting chaff. Will you help me?"

"Like a shot—if you'll tell me how."

"You're a brick, Douglas!" he exclaimed, brightening up. "I have been making inquiries, and learn that a fine tiger is haunting Covoor village—you know, where your old cable house is."

"Yes; and you want me to shoot the beast for you?"

"No! Miss Ferrier wouldn't look at a skin with a bullet hole in it. I thought that if we could contrive to trap this tiger in your cable house, we could poison him, and thus yank the skin intact."

I saw his drift now, and approved. I knew from experience that poisoning a tiger at large generally resulted in more or less after trouble and disappointment. As soon as he feels bad he sets to and runs till he drops. He will pull up within a hundred yards, or go ten miles before dying, according to the amount of poison swallowed. Moreover, his many enemies, seeing him wobble, sometimes attack him and damage his coat before the trackers come up. Clearly, then, if an immaculate skin was a *sine qud non*, Carlier's idea of the cable house was the only feasible one, and avoided the necessity of constructing a cage trap into the bargain. Further, the undertaking was a novelty, and promised excitement. So I agreed, determining though to let my friend take the lead throughout, as it was by that means that I could assure myself of the humorous side of the affair.

"All right," I said; "when shall we go?"

"As soon as you are ready. My field work is over for the year, so your time is mine."

On the following day we set forth, preceded by our servants and three bullock carts carrying our tents, supplies, and camp kit. As we overtook the vehicles on the way, I noticed on one a large flat, oblong case, inscribed "Mrs. MacCorsland, London

to Madras. Glass with care." I made no remark, though I was curious as to the contents of that case. Mrs. MacCorsland—one of our senior married ladies—took a maternal interest in Carlier, and did all in her power towards furthering his suit with Miss Ferrier. She must, therefore, have known the object of our expedition. Otherwise, our intentions had been carefully veiled in secrecy, for, had they become public property, poor Carlier would have had the life chaffed out of him, and I—a sober married man of twenty-five—would not have escaped my share of banter.

Covoor—a walled village—lay seven miles up the river, and was reached by a good, smooth road on the crest of the levee, raised to keep the annual freshets within bounds. About half-a-mile beyond the hamlet, under the lea of the embankment, stood a disused cable house, a small brick-and-mortar building, twelve foot square, with a terrace roof, a door, a window, and central cable post. It was in good repair, still figured in my list of Government property, and I had the key. We arrived at eight, pitched camp near the hamlet, and after breakfast Carlier summoned the village *moonsiff*, or headman, to ascertain all about the tiger. The native described it as a big brute which was not as yet a man-eater, for it had not attacked any human beings, but played havoc with their cattle. But the people went about in terror of their lives. They did not confine their herds, he said, for fear lest the tiger might be driven through hunger to lay claws on themselves. The villager further observed that there had been an extensive jungle blaze some miles away, and that very probably this tiger, in fleeing from the fire, had happened on Covoor, where he evidently intended to stay, as there were no other hamlets in the vicinity; in fact, nothing nearer than Mahendri itself.

I explained that we desired to capture the tiger alive, and with that end instructed them to keep their flocks, herds, and dogs strictly penned up inside the village till further orders; not a man, woman, or child was to stir out beyond the walls, and they were to shut the gates, otherwise the animal would not be attracted by the bait we purposed setting for him. I also told the headman to send a quarter of goat mutton to the cable house at midday, by which time we should be there.

The *moonsiff* hied off to carry out my injunctions. At noon, accompanied by some men, and I carrying my rifle, we went to the cable house. It was on a piece of open ground, surrounded by thick jungle, while—fortunately for our plans—one large tree stood about thirty paces from the building, facing the door. With some of the followers keeping guard, we employed the others in constructing a *mâchân*, or platform, in the tree, large enough to hold two easily. This done, I oiled the case lock of the door opening inwards, and soon got it to work smoothly. We had the meat suspended to a nail driven into the further interior wall of the room, so as to ensure the tiger's complete entry; then, taking the stout cord we had brought along, I fastened one end to the handle of the wide-open door, and, paying it out, took it up to the *mâchân*. Then I sent the natives away, with orders to be back at sunset.

II.

I HAVE an idea that the tiger must have been watching us, for, very shortly after the villagers had disappeared, the beast poked his face out of the opposite fringe of undergrowth, and looked about him. First, he scanned the tree; by his expression I felt certain he knew we were there. It also struck me that he could never have been under fire; a supposition confirmed when he presently came boldly into the open, a truly magnificent animal, unusually large, with a splendidly marked coat, and nothing of the hang-dog man-eater about him. He inhaled the air in all directions, and, having located the mutton, cautiously approached the cable house. Our hearts beat fast; Carlier's, in anticipation of laying that regal pelt at Miss Ferrier's feet; mine, as I made ready to pull the cord. But no, the cat advanced gingerly to the door, sniffed, licked his chops, looked wistfully over his shoulder at the tree, and then, exactly in the same manner as that of a kitten, reared himself against the wall and gently pawed at the cord, following its upward trend with his eyes. From the configuration of his mouth he seemed to mew silently, and from the frequency of his chop-licking he evidently hankered after the dainty inside the cable house. But he was a canny tiger, that, and would not enter; he often peered in, his ears laid flat, his tail slowly flicking; but he was suspicious, and perhaps had experience

of snares if not of firearms. Presently, he went round to the window side, where he was lost to our view; but he shortly reappeared at the other corner, slunk forward, and resumed his peering. Then, as if under the impulse of a sudden thought, he came warily to our tree, and, halting beneath, gazed up into the foliage; he soon spotted us—crouched on the platform, looking downward—and gave vent to a low, hoarse growl of anger. How I itched to put a bullet through him! Easier and fairer shot had never been presented to me, but under the circumstances I could not fire. He returned to the cable house door, but, after some more skirmishing round, he seemed to give up the job as a bad one, and walked off into the thicket.

"Come on," whispered Carlier, "let's try another dodge."

"Are you daft?" I exclaimed, clutching him by the arm as he was about climbing down; "we must wait till the people come; though the tiger is not a man-eater he's dangerous enough. But what's your other dodge?" I asked, as he reseated himself by my side.

"You'll see when we get back to camp," he replied, grinning.

We smoked and chatted till our followers turned up, when, descending from our perch, I locked the door, leaving the meat undisturbed, and we set out for the tents, hungry and tired.

After dinner my friend called for that flat, oblong case, and, using a screwdriver, speedily removed the cover, revealing to my astonished gaze a full-length cheval glass, such as ladies use at their toilette.

"What on earth is that for?" I asked, surprised beyond measure.

"The dodge," sniggered Carlier. "We'll try and fool him with this."

"Fool him with that! How?"

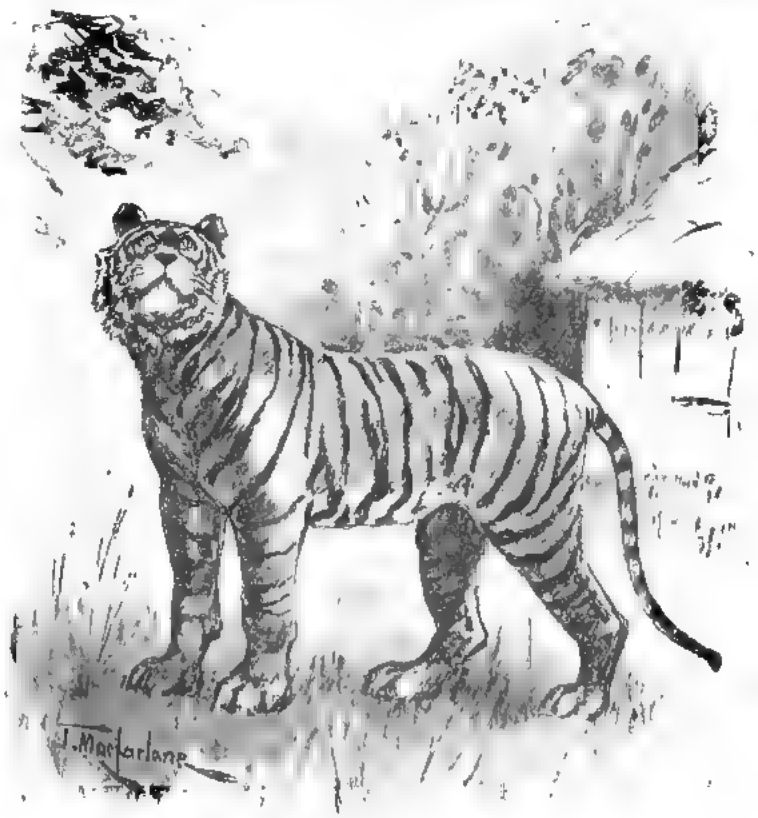
"Surely you've experimented with a looking-glass on a monkey, a cock, or a dog before now!"

"Often, and laughed over it; but, good heavens! man, a tiger is a different thing."

"I don't see it; what applies to the others applies to the tiger."

I cogitated; possibly he was right. Though the idea at the first blush seemed absurd, I now thought it worth the attempt, and the result I suspected would be diverting.

Breakfast despatched the next morning, we again went to the cable house, with a larger party, four men carrying the big mirror on their heads. As we approached, the advance line of beaters raised a tremendous din; they had evidently sighted the tiger. We halted, and prepared to shin up the nearest tree; but presently word was brought that the beast had been seen squatted by the cable house, and had



HE GAZED UP INTO THE FOLIAGE.

been driven off into the jungle. We hastened on; I unlocked the door, and, having propped the mirror against the further wall, by the side of the now odoriferous mutton, Carlier and I ascended to the *máchán*, the natives retreating, with instructions to return at midday.

The tiger had not gone far; in a few minutes he crept out of the tangle, and came straight to our tree. Having satisfied himself of our presence, and as if deeming us altogether beneath further notice, he hurried back to the cable house. Now ensued a scene that so convulsed us with laughter that we nearly rolled off the tiny platform. As soon as the feline paused at the door and looked in, he caught sight of his reflection in the mirror; for a moment I hoped to see him bound through, for he uttered a short, sharp cry, sniffed vigorously; and settled down, as if about to spring. Seeing the other copy his antics, he probably expected that other to come for him, for he now bunched himself together yet closer, snarling and grimacing at his counterfeit exactly as the domestic tom cat does in the back garden. Emboldened by his adversary's apparent hesitation, or perhaps "smelling a rat" in the process of his snuffling, it suddenly seemed to dawn on him that he was not going the right way to work. He got on his legs, and, briskly flicking his tail, gave vent to another cry suggestive of a challenge or defiance. He waited a few seconds for the response, but, none coming, it looked as if he had made up his mind to solve the mystery by taking the aggressive; not, however, by a frontal attack, as I had hoped, but by a sort of turning movement. No doubt he had mistaken the mirror for an opening in the wall, and believed that the other tiger was in the aperture. Crawling, as the pussy-cat does when stalking a sparrow, he set out to creep along the wall; halting just short of the further angle, he got himself triced up for a final spring, and then, cautiously craning his neck, peeped round the corner. He started—with obvious amazement, disappeared behind the house, and then commenced careering round and round it, in mad pursuit of his phantom fellow feline! Coming to a halt, he gazed perplexedly in every direction, up at us included, and, seeing no signs of tiger number two, returned to the door for another squint in. There was tiger number two sure enough; but I suppose that his reasoning powers were sufficient to finally convince him that what he looked on was a shadow, not a substance, for after a little more grimacing and silent mewing, he evinced his contempt for the apparition by sitting down and scratching himself. But fear of entering the house still predominated; we could see that he hungered; his sunken flanks rose and fell, while there was a ravenous look in his eyes that we had not observed before. Nevertheless, he would not pass that door. Anyhow, the second ruse had failed. Carlier, however, was not to be denied; he had still a card to play.

"Well," I said, on realising the mirror to be no go, "have you any more dodges?"

"Yes; just thought of one. I'll write and ask Miss Ferrier to lend me her tiger skin."

"What for?" I inquired, in a fog.

"Stitch it up, stuff it with straw, and put the beggar in the cable house, *vice* the mirror, a fiasco."

I stared at him as I digested the proposition. I questioned whether Miss Ferrier would agree to loan the skin, and I doubted if the idea would answer. However, I was

not going to interfere; I was enjoying the whole thing immensely, and would not put a spoke in the wheel, possibly to spoil sport. The tiger went away, and our people duly returned, making an awful din. I told the men to throw out that quarter of mutton, first, because it had become olfactorily unpleasant; second, to appease the tiger's hunger, and nail him—as it were—to the spot, in hopes of more. We took the mirror with us, and when we returned to camp Carlier despatched a messenger with a letter to Miss Ferrier, begging the loan of her tiger skin, but not stating the purpose for which it was required.

III.

WHETHER the young lady interrogated the bearer as to what we were up to, and had her curiosity whetted by his information, or whether she suspected Carlier of meditating hanky-panky with that precious skin, I know not, but the next morning, just as we were about sitting down to breakfast, Miss Ferrier herself jumped off her bicycle at our tent door, with the tiger skin strapped to the machine, and Carlier's dog Johnny with her. Mutual explanations ensued; ours need not be recapitulated, but she told us that she had formed a shrewd idea of our proceedings from the little the letter carrier had said, and as she wanted something to wake her up, she had decided to cycle out and spend the day with us. Johnny saw her as she passed Carlier's gate, she whistled to him, and he had followed her.

After breakfast, when we were about to make a move for the cable house, our fair guest startled us by signifying her intention of coming too.

"Don't think of it!" pleaded Carlier.

"Why not? I shall be quite safe with you two on the *máchán*, and I do so want to see it all! Mr. Douglas," turning to me. "what do you say?"

"That if you are sure of not fainting or screaming when you see the tiger, then come by all means," I replied, laughing.

This settled it. Telling the servants to tether Johnny, and sending forward the beaters, we started; one man carried a fresh quarter of goat; another, a bundle of straw and the skin; while a third—the village cobbler—came armed with his tools and sewing materials. As before, the beaters had to scare away the tiger, who was seated by the cable house; he must have devoured the stale meat, for not a vestige of it remained, and—as I had predicted—he still haunted the spot on the look-out for more. The villagers had implicitly obeyed my injunctions about keeping themselves and their animals within the walls, so in all probability that quarter goat was the only food the feline had eaten for three days. We hastily made the dummy tiger up to look as life-like as possible, and stood it inside the cable house, with the fresh meat placed temptingly near its paws. Then, amid much hurried amusement, we assisted Miss Ferrier up the tree, and seated her between us on the *máchán*. All this accomplished, we dismissed our followers, who would come back about noon.

The smell of the meat soon brought the tiger out of cover, and he made straight for the door; but, contrary to our expectations, the effigy had less effect on him than his own reproduction in the mirror, owing, I supposed, to the former being fixed, while the latter moved about as much as he did. After a careless survey of the figure, he seemed to trouble himself no more about it, but, squatting on his haunches and occasionally glancing round at the tree, he remained there licking his chops and grimacing in at the open door.

We were silently watching the beast, longing for him to cross that threshold,

THE TWO ANIMALS CAME TEARING ROUND THE CORNER.

when, suddenly, the white body of Carlier's dog shot out of the jungle, and, with his nose to the ground, advanced at a canter towards the tree; the terrier had broken loose, and was now lifting our trail! So intent was he on the task before him that he cleared the angle of the cable house before he became aware of the huge cat's presence. Johnny pulled up with a jerk; he gazed at the feline in astonishment; the tiger—equally amazed—returned the stare, and then, uttering a low growl, dashed at the dog. The terrier nimbly avoided the swoop, and deeming discretion with so formidable an enemy the better part of valour, turned tail and raced to the back of the cable house. The tiger sprang in pursuit, and next moment the two animals—almost nose to tail—came tearing round to the front, and Johnny plumped through the door. The tiger paused; then, evidently thinking that where the dog could go he could follow, he entered, and stood just inside! For a moment I hesitated to pull the string, in that moment we could see the poor terrier grinning defiance at his foe, with nothing but the central cable post intervening. During that moment the tiger must have been meditating which to do, chase the canine or jump on him over the cable post.

"Pull the cord, Douglas!" shouted Carlier. "Hang the dog!"

"No, no!" shrieked Miss Ferrier. "Shoot—Mr. Douglas! Save Johnny!"

The latter mandate coincided with my own wishes. I promptly raised my rifle to shoulder, aimed, pulled the trigger, and sent an express bullet whizzing through the tiger's head. He soon lay motionless on the threshold; Johnny, taking a flying leap over the carcase, came gambolling up to the tree, frantically wagging his stumpy tail. I pulled to the door; we descended, and, after assuring ourselves that our enemy was indeed dead, we all three tailed on, and dragged him out. Our followers, attracted by the report, came scurrying back. They slung the defunct feline to a sapling, and we returned in triumph to camp.

In due course we flayed that tiger, and, though it bore a bullet hole, needless to say the skin propitiated the lady, and Carlier was made a happy man, for a month later there was a grand wedding in Mahendri.

VICTORIA EMBANKMENT AND THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT BY NIGHT.
By F. A. Bailey.

AT HICKSON'S.

By F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

II.—CARSON'S LAST TRIUMPH.

I.

THE secret of Hickson's success lay in its motives and in its one-ness. Education (with a capital E) was its motto, and Unity its coat of arms. After a year's steady grind, as exact and unchangeable as if worked by machinery, Hickson opened its gates and sent into the world its Results—covered with glory. This story concerns the most brilliant master Hickson's ever had, and the painful event that caused him voluntarily to give up his position at the college. For three years Stephen Carson was form-master to the fifth, and during that time, out of ninety-five boys and girls sent up for the States Distinction examination, eighty-seven obtained first-class honours, five second-class honours, and three satisfied the examiners. *And every candidate, at the time of entering for the examination, was a member of the fifth form.* Carson did not present fellows for examinations, but forms. The man himself was small, thin to emaciation, with a brown face, sarcastic expression—and he ruled by the sword. He was acknowledged to be the best master at Hickson's, and, though his methods of teaching were both forcible and unique, the yearly results beat all records. The juniors said he was a beastly bully, while some of the seniors declared that he taught by sheer force of nervous energy. Anyhow, he deemed it necessary to reduce the unfortunate fifth to a state of mental pulp before getting to business. At the beginning of the Christmas term of his third year at Hickson's, there came to the college, and into the fifth, a small pale girl named Alice Blair. She had a thin, bloodless appearance, a nervous manner, and a brilliant intellect.

"That girl," declared Simon P. Bartlett to his chum Will Morris, "has too much brain for her wretched little body." Though not given with delicacy, Bartlett's opinion touched the truth.

Alice Blair appeared to be stupefied by the general electricity pervading Mr. Carson and the fifth. She stammered and hesitated when the master spoke to her; so, after the first few days, he concluded that she lacked brains. Meanwhile, Alice stared at his small, spare figure and contorted features, agitated with languages or working with mathematics, in wide-eyed petrifaction.

"Do I pay your fees?" he demanded, sarcastically. "Is it anything to me if you learn or not?"

He had been endeavouring to make clear the intricacies of the British Civil Service, and, though he had danced, grimaced, and explained for nearly half an hour, nobody seemed to grasp it.

"Are you all hopeless idiots?" he inquired, mockingly; "how can you expect to learn if you sit there staring like stuck pigs?—yes, *you*"—with sudden ferocity to Alice Blair, whose expression changed from consternation to terror. She commenced to speak stammeringly.

"Stop that idiot gibbering," thundered Carson, "and if you have anything to say, speak plainly. Now then—what have I been talking about?"

With her eyes fixed on the master, Alice Blair gave a clear and concise account of the decidedly involved subject in hand. Carson was astonished and gratified, and he decided that the girl had been merely indolent, and wanted rousing. After school Simon P. Bartlett followed the new girl into the library.

"Say," he remarked, cheerfully, "you're getting on A1, you know!"

The girl, who had started violently at the sound of his voice, turned round and said, quickly, "Isn't he *awful*! I know it's silly of me, but I feel as if I can't bear it when he speaks to me like that."

"Oh, you mustn't mind it," returned Bartlett, noting her twitching eyelids with some concern. "Carson's always that way—sometimes more so."

Alice Blair sighed hopelessly.

"It's jolly of you to speak about it," she said, "and I'll try not to mind. You know, I learn frightfully quickly, only I forget things so if I'm flurried. Anyway, I'll work hard, so that he won't have any reason to rage."

"You mustn't count on that. Seems to me Carson couldn't live without raging, and he won't wait for reason," rejoined Bartlett as he walked away, privately thinking that Alice Blair was rather impossible.

The term wore on, and, as Alice's "idiot gibbering" disappeared, her brilliant mental powers became more apparent. To please the master she entered for the Stanton Scholarship. She lived to work—and she worked for Mr. Carson. She became the most promising member of Hickson's fifth, and Carson treated her accordingly.

"You have entered for the Stanton Scholarship," he said, about three weeks before the end of the term. "Do you think I care whether you win or not?"—and he tore her carefully prepared work into strips and threw it into the waste-paper basket. "I wonder you have the face to bring me mere rubbish, such as this. You can throw your books out of the window, and go to the back row and stew, for all I care!"

This last was a favourite threat of Mr. Carson's, and greatly dreaded, for it was well known that if the master really lost interest in anyone and sent him or her to the back row "to stew," that one invariably failed in the examination (public or otherwise) at the end of the year. Alice, whose lips had grown to match her colourless cheeks during this tirade, bent her head over her books hurriedly. At this point, Simon Bartlett lifted his Latin dictionary and dropped it heavily on to the floor, thus attracting the master's attention towards himself. He partly understood Alice's terror of Carson, and he almost hated the man for not perceiving it also. Nobody realised that the girl was ruining her nervous system (already shaky), and exciting her brain to a dangerous pitch of brilliancy. Carson noticed the brilliancy, but not the danger. He was merely unobservant—not a brute. His teaching was quite apart from the rest of his character—a thing by itself. He always taught *en masse*, and the power to moderate his methods for any particular or individual temperament was beyond his understanding. He worked for Hickson's—and with success. The Stanton examination was held yearly, at the different public schools and colleges of the States. This year it was Hickson's turn, and, until Alice Blair came, there had been no one at the college fit to prepare for it. This girl had all the necessary requirements, and Mr. Carson welcomed her advent—or, rather, the advent of her intellect—as a means of gaining the scholarship for the glory of Hickson's. That there was only one term in which to prepare her for it did not daunt him, and when he discovered that she produced better work under force of sarcasm, or punishment, he did not hesitate to use these means, which came to him so naturally in the school-room.

"STOP THAT IDIOT GIBBERING," THUNDERED CARSON.

"You are not a fool," he said to her over a very nasty piece of German essay; "you can do this if you like. It's pure cussedness on your part that makes you hesitate. Now then—commence at line forty-two!" And Alice would commence at line forty-two, and translate the paragraph without an error, such was the influence of Mr. Carson—or of fear—on the working of her brain.

On the afternoon of the day before the Stanton examination, Alice Blair burst in

upon Simon P. Bartlett and Will Morris as they were partaking of a meal in their study. I say a "meal" advisedly, for it consisted of ham, cold fried eggs, bread and butter, stale buns, tea, and ginger-ale; and the time was half-past three.

"I've lost my Physics notes," she gasped; "can you lend me yours?"

Will Morris pointed hospitably to a chair.

"Fill up," he suggested, while Bartlett searched for his Physics notes. Alice shook her head.

"Oh, do rustle round. I'm in such a hurry. The exam.'s to-morrow—how *can* you eat?"

Morris laughed; then he looked apologetic.

"Don't know, I'm sure," he said, "unless it is because we aren't going in for it. Anyway, forty exams. wouldn't keep me off that other egg!" And he tenderly hooked the remaining egg on to his own plate. Alice looked at his solid, honest face with a little frown of nervous irritability, and turned to Bartlett, who had found the note-book.

"Don't over-read yourself," he said, as he gave it to her; "you're looking a bit soul-stricken."

"I know," returned Alice, wearily. "I feel ghastly. Thanks for the notes; I'll send them back to-night." And she hurried away.

Morris looked thoughtful.

"That girl will have a bust-up if she's not careful," he said.

"I know," answered Bartlett. "I've thought so all this term. She takes things too hard, and I know she's overdone it; but we can't help her." Morris was silent for a few moments. It took him some time to get an idea into shape. At last he spoke.

"My dear man, we *must* help her."

"But we *kaint*," said Simon P., impatiently. "It's Carson. I thought she was going to have a fit or something when he was going it over maths. this morning."

"Seems to me," rejoined the slower Morris, "he's pitched into her shockin' this term. Wonder I haven't noticed it before. Anyway, she must be helped. Shall we go and see Carson?"

Bartlett grinned tolerantly.

"All right, Intellect," he answered with point. "Lot of good in seeing Carson two days before we split up. The exam.'s to-morrow, and she won't have to work after that."

"I know, man. But the question is—will she get over that all right? I opine——"

"All right, Brains—soothe down. Opine away, only for Cleopatra's sake keep it to yourself!" And Bartlett pushed back his chair impatiently. He knew that Alice Blair was in danger, and the knowledge brought with it an uncomfortable feeling of responsibility.

II.

AT nine o'clock on the following morning Alice Blair entered the Lecture Hall, which had been set apart for the Stanton examination. A goodly crowd was there—the cream of America's young brains—for the Stanton was notoriously stiff. Very pale, with shadows under her eyes, and shaking from head to foot, the girl found her place and tried to read the examination questions. Now, you fellows, don't think I am piling on the agony. Alice Blair was an overwrought and nervous girl, and she *did shake*. Happily, up-to-date education and physical training are causing the number of nervous girls to become beautifully less, but as yet they are not quite extinct. Alice felt a wreck. Her mind was a blank, and the printed words had no more meaning for her confused brain than if they had been written in Arabic. She glanced round. Already the others had headed their papers. Alice pressed her cold hands to her head and tried to think. At that moment, inexplicable in its agony to the bewildered girl, Mr. Carson entered the Lecture Hall to speak to one of the masters in charge. As he walked by the rows of bent heads and eager pens he glanced at Alice Blair. He felt assured that she would win the scholarship. She was Hickson's solitary hope, and almost unconsciously his eye sought her out. To Alice it was a menace. All her terror of the master awoke; the mere glance acted on her brain like electricity, and in one brief moment her mind cleared and her mental faculties were strung to their highest and most dangerous pitch. Quivering with nervous eagerness, she scanned the questions afresh. All was clear, and the answers came to her more quickly than she could write them down. Only now and again a red mist before her eyes and a sickening pain in her head would cause her to clench her teeth and pause in her writing.

At last it was over. The girl went out with the chattering crowd, feeling peculiarly light and airy about the head. She knew the

fifth would not be out of school yet, and instinctively she walked to her class-room. She opened the door and paused on the threshold. Two fellows rose to their feet—Simon Bartlett and Will Morris. Mr. Carson glanced up absently, and then pointed to her customary seat by the window.

"Go and sit down," he said, in his usual manner. Everyone's eyes were fixed on Alice Blair. Her strange expression and twitching features warned them of tragedy.

HE RUSHED FORWARD JUST IN TIME TO CATCH THE GIRL AS SHE FELL.

Suddenly Bartlett's voice, harsh with fear, broke the silence.

"You fool!" he said, roughly, to the master; "don't you see she——" he rushed forward and was just in time to catch the girl as she fell, moaning and muttering discordantly.

The next day Hickson's dispersed for the Christmas vacation.

III.

A FEW minutes before six p.m. on the first day of the new term Hickson's gathered together in the Lecture Hall to hear the Head's first-night speech.

Simon P. Bartlett arrived late—he always did on the first day—and, after reporting himself, strolled into the Lecture Hall in time for a back seat. Seeing the elevated eyebrows of Will Morris signifying from the front ranks that there was room enough and to spare, Simon P. fought his way up the Hall and found the faithful Will calmly sitting on two seats, in spite of the indignant and audible protests of three small juniors from Bowen's. Bartlett "looked pleasant," to signify appreciation of the service just rendered, and then shook hands with his chum.

"Had a good time?" asked Morris. Bartlett nodded, and his eyes roamed round the Lecture Hall.

"Say," he remarked, "seen Alice Blair?" Several heads turned quickly at the question. Alice Blair! It was three weeks since she had fallen unconscious at the open door of the fifth class-room. They had been three glorious weeks of home and Christmas for Hickson's—but what of Alice Blair? Morris shook his head, and before he had time to speak the clock struck six, and a murmur of disappointment and hostility greeted the appearance of Mr. Carson on the platform.

"The Head," he commenced, "will not arrive until to-morrow midday. He wishes me, however, to give out the results of last term's examinations. I shall not enter into details, as you will be able to see the results in full on the south wall of this Hall as usual. Of the thirty-four candidates sent in for the States Distinction, all have passed, while 90 per cent. obtained first-class honours. The Head is satisfied with these results, and will doubtless speak to you about them on his return. I expect you have seen by the papers that two, out of the three, San Francisco scholarships have been won by Hicksonians—anyhow, it is all on the south wall of the Lecture Hall. The result of the Stanton examination was made known to me this morning, and the winner of the scholarship is Alice Blair. No doubt some of you are anxious to hear how she is. I do not know any details, as I only arrived this afternoon, but I am glad to be able to tell you that though she has had a severe illness—brain-fever, in fact—Alice Blair is now quite convalescent, and will be removed from the college to-morrow. Alice Blair's papers have beaten the record for excellence, obtaining four hundred and eighty-nine marks out of a possible five hundred."

He paused. Instead of cheering, Hickson's held its breath as a door at the top of the Hall opened slowly to admit Alice Blair. She looked taller, and her customary plait was gone. Without noticing her entrance—for she had come in so silently and a little to the back of him—Carson continued:

"Alice Blair's illness was greatly to be regretted, coming as it did on the very heels of such a splendid triumph. However, I am sure that, were she here now, Alice Blair would be the first to say that the honour she has won is worth all the suffering she has passed through." He paused again, and started violently as, with a few hesitating steps, Alice came within his range of vision. Hickson's broke into encouraging cheers, but Carson raised his hand for silence. It had been a difficult and unpleasant duty to mention Alice's name in the course of giving out the examination results. Though the Head had exonerated him from all blame with regard to the girl's breaking down, he knew that among most of the masters and all the seniors feeling was very much against him; and had the girl died he would have resigned his position at the college. Alice's appearance at this moment was awkward, but he felt that now was the time to speak a few words of kindness and congratulation, which, if carefully put, might turn the tide and win back at least Hickson's respect. He braced himself for the effort, and turned towards the girl. Then he walked to the edge of the platform, for something in her attitude and the fluttering of her hands caused him to experience a pang of something more than anxiety.

"Alice!" he said, with the sharpness of fear. She turned her head and smiled vacantly, playing with her fingers. Then a uniformed nurse hurried in and, going up to the girl, spoke soothingly to her and drew her, unresisting, through the open door. The episode had occupied only a few seconds of time, yet it was long enough for everyone to grasp the painful truth. Alice Blair was convalescent, but her intellect was threatened.

The assembly broke up in a hubbub of talk, and many were the black looks levelled at Mr. Carson, as, pale and apprehensive, the fifth form master walked out of the Hall.

Weeks passed away. Then at last came news—great news. Alice was restored to health — mental and physical — but her physicians had absolutely forbidden her to indulge in any but the very lightest brain-work. If she disobeyed them, they washed their hands of the consequences.

So Alice had to give up the Stanton, which was thus lost to Hickson's.

As for Carson, disappointment (combined with certain plain truths spoken for his benefit by Alice's father) thereafter made Hickson's unbearable to him. At the end of the term he relinquished his post for another in a far distant college. And it is to be hoped that, warned by experience, his methods of teaching underwent a drastic and much-needed course of revision.

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THE CYCLING CORNER.

RAIN, MUD, AND WIND.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

IN my last article I treated of Autumn cycling, and therefore may fitly proceed one step further—into the winter months, when the cyclist is apt to think very small potatoes of his machine as a means of obtaining recreation. I well remember that not so many years ago it was considered brave, almost heroic, to take a cycle out into the stones and mud of a winter highway. But now it must be very bad weather indeed that compels a rider to walk ten miles instead of riding them. Personally, I use my cycle all the year round with complete indifference to the weather; and, as a result, I have some advice to give you.

First, then, we will consider

THAT TRYING PHENOMENON, RAIN.

Riding in rain is, at the best, unpleasant; though on many occasions unavoidable. Its results on your person vary directly with your proper preparedness to meet a downpour. There are some people who affirm that they prefer to eschew all waterproofs, and to ride or change themselves dry: on the grounds that the heating nature and discomfort of a mackintosh more than counterbalance its protective powers. With all respect, I beg to differ; since it is much easier to get wet than to get dry again, and it often happens that an immediate change of clothes is unobtainable. It is, indeed, true that indiarubbered fabrics, by excluding air, also keep in heat to an unpleasant extent; but it should also be noted that at those times of year when a mackintosh is most needed the temperature of the atmosphere is comparatively low. The summer thunderstorm lasts, as a rule, but a short time; and a damp jacket is not so dangerous when the thermometer stands near 100 in the sun. Winter storms, much more stubborn affairs, by wetting your clothes, make them a ready conductor of cold to the heated surface of the skin; hence chills. Wool being a bad transmitter of heat and cold, you should always have it next your body when riding. That forms a good internal protection to supplement the external waterproof, which may be eschewed in trifling showers.

YOUR CAPE SHOULD BE LONG ENOUGH

to reach well over the handlebars and hang down nine inches or a foot over them. To the forward edge sew three pieces of sheet lead, of 1½oz. weight each. These will prevent its blowing up, and also, by keeping it taut, help the water to drain off. A short, light cape collects a quarter of a pint of water, and then suddenly slips over the handlebar, deluging your knees most unpleasantly. Don't have a cape that buttons all the way down the front. There should be only just enough opening for you to get your head through.

FOR VERY HEAVY RAIN

I wear a pair of thin waterproof leggings—weight about 8oz.—which cover the legs to the thighs and button on to the knickerside buttons. These are a much better protection than stiff leather leggings, which heat the leg and cramp the muscles. Have the material reinforced at the bottom with a binding of soft black leather, to prevent its fraying out. Carry cape on handlebars,

leggings under saddle; and have the straps for each attached to the machine, so that you may not be obliged to put them into your pockets—and lose them sooner or later.

WHEN RIDING IN OVERALLS DON'T HURRY

and make yourself unnecessarily hot. Ride your cape dry by preference, or, if you fold it up wet, be sure to shake it out as soon as you get home, and hang it up well away from a fire. It is ruin to the fabric to leave it wet.

When out on a long ride, and there is a considerable stretch still to be done, more or less against time, it is often bad policy to wait till the clouds have rolled by, especially if you are in a chalky country. The longer you wait the worse will the road be when you venture out. I prefer to slip on my overalls and pedal steadily ahead, unless the fall is terrific, and so gain several miles of travelling over a surface that has not yet been softened by the rain. If you were driving you wouldn't stop for a shower, so why halt when cycling, if properly protected? Don't forget to

DRY YOUR CAP

when it has had a good soaking. The neglect of this simple precaution leads to neuralgia in the head, which is a thing not to be easily forgotten.

A natural result of rain is mud; and as the effects of a shower are much more enduring than the shower itself, and a more serious clog on rapid progress, we may treat this heading at some length.

Of course,

EVERY SENSIBLE PERSON NOW HAS MUDGUARDS

of some sort on his or her machine. To avoid them because of their trifling weight is to sink the ship to save the proverbial ha'porth of tar. The gentleman who prefers a triangle of brown paper pinned to his back as an alternative protection, deserves all the mud he gets on his chain and other parts of the machine, not to mention his clothing and back hair.

There are mudguards and mudguards. Beginning at the front wheel, take a tip from the motor cyclist and have an extra piece fitted, to project from the fork crown nine inches or so over the wheel, so that mud flung up by the tyre may not be blown back on to you. Also attach a broad flap to the bottom of the guard, long enough to just miss the ground. The guards themselves should be at least half an inch wider than the tyre; in fact, the wider the better. On the chain side a strip of American cloth, two inches wide, should be fitted to the forward half of the rear guard, the cloth being doubled, and the two fabric surfaces glued together. Cut it to match the curve of the guard, to which it is secured on the upper side by wire loops running through

"WELL PROTECTED."

eyelets, which any bootmaker will put in for a few pence. Turn the lower edge round a stout wire, which you fasten, by the ends, to the back fork and down stays. The tyre is thus completely screened at the point where most mud leaves it in the forward direction.

GEAR CASES

are undoubtedly useful as a protection against both rain and mud, and, if well fitted, are so far desirable. Wet shortens a chain, and causes it to crack unpleasantly; while mud acts as a grinding medium, and injures the teeth. If you prefer a bare chain, the roller pattern will prove more satisfactory. In fact, the block type is not

used nearly as much as formerly, for these as well as other reasons.

When mud is much in evidence, don't try to maintain your dry road pace. Deep mud, even on the level, adds 100 per cent. to your exertions at the same speed. Therefore, lucky is the person who has

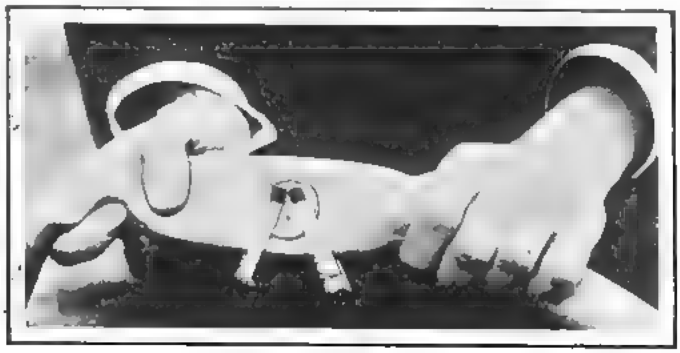
A GOOD CHANGE-SPEED GEAR

at command. It is obviously better to be able to throw in a lower gear and proceed easily at a somewhat decreased velocity, than to be compelled to "plug" along on a fixed gear, and arrive at your journey's end in a demoralised condition. Under the head of change-speed gears something has already been said in the Cycling Corner, and I will not here enlarge on the subject, though in a future issue I hope to bring the topic well up to date, since the change-speed gear will play an important part in the cycling of to-morrow. But for fixed gears I can recommend the adoption of a lower one for general winter work than the one used in the summer. Thus the 80-incher may advantageously reduce to 65 inches from November till March.

The rider who has a but moderate power of observation soon learns to distinguish between the different qualities of mud that he encounters. Sandy roads are practically innocent of causing side-slip in any weather, thanks to the gritty nature of the mud particles. But

ON CHALKY ROADS, BEWARE!

There are some highways which a slight shower apparently coats with a quarter of an inch of tallow. If I had to reduce my advice to a formula, I should say, "White and grey mud dangerous; yellow and red mud safe." I put my finger on Gloucestershire and Somersetshire as localities in which a spill is a peculiarly easy matter. Once, when riding from Highbridge to Wells, after a thunderstorm, I described a complete semi-circle, shot some yards backwards like a skater who has suddenly reversed, and ended up as a powerful road-scraper. My journey was seriously delayed by the operation of going over my clothes with a carving-knife; and even after its completion I found it necessary to keep my left side well away from the public in order to avoid remark. And how shall I describe my feelings when I cleaned a section of the Wootten Bassett highroad in a like fashion? These were episodes of the smooth tyre days, and now seem comical enough; though at the time the fun was not so apparent.



A TIP FOR PUNCTURE MENDING
After putting on the patch, place a penny over it, another on the opposite side of the tube, and slip a couple of trouser clips over it. This will ensure proper adhesion.

Of course you

KEEP YOUR TYRES WELL PUMPED UP

for muddy roads. The reason is simple enough. A slack tyre flattens out and "skates" over the mud, which it cannot penetrate; a hard tyre, by preserving a more circular shape, is able to pierce the grease to a harder substratum. This explanation would be needless, had I not sometimes heard people declaring that a slack tyre is preferable.

The corrugations on a cover should be as pronounced as possible. For which cause it is good policy to

BUY A NEW BACK COVER

at the commencement of the wet season, when soundness is required also to exclude the wet. Tyres don't suffer nearly so much

from cuts on muddy roads as on loose; and, consequently, a new cover should carry you well through the season, and be good enough for the summer following.

In muddy weather

BE ESPECIALLY CAREFUL ABOUT ROUNDING CORNERS

and coasting. It is very unwise to fly a hill at full speed when there is grease about, as a sudden application of the brakes may cause a bad skid. Furthermore, a short twenty-mile-an-hour burst will throw more mud than ten times the distance at, say, twelve miles an hour.

RIDE ON THE CROWN OF THE ROAD

as much as possible. The safest place is not necessarily that where there is least mud, since a thin film may be very greasy, whereas a thick coating offers lateral resistance to a side-slip. Therefore, when I feel my back wheel begin to dance, I often steer for the deeper patches. Be very careful not to get near the gutter if the road shelves suddenly towards it. If you once begin to skid on the slope it is practically impossible to recover balance. And don't indulge in large angles when changing direction, or passing a vehicle.

The bulk of mud should be removed from a cycle while it is still wet, and not likely to injure the enamel. The smeary residue may be left till dry, though it is best to finish the job right off. Keep the chain well oiled when the times are rainy.

CHOOSE OPEN COUNTRY FOR YOUR WINTER RIDES

in preference to roads overhung by trees, where the surface is never dry for weeks together.

We next come to the element which is no speciality of winter, namely, wind. A strong head wind cannot be easily forgiven or forgotten by the cyclist, who finds himself plugging away at what is, in effect, an interminable hill. Though I strongly disapprove of a rider stooping over his front wheel, I think an exception may be made in this case, as by leaning forward the cyclist offers much less surface to the air. But don't omit to put up the handles again at the end of your run.

As the wind is worst in the middle of the day, the early morning and evening are the most favourable times for riding with the wind contrary. For a round trip you should therefore start early against the wind, and return later with it. Or start at mid-day with it, and return when it has dropped. Very often a furiously gusty day ends in a delightfully calm evening.

TAKE ALL POSSIBLE ADVANTAGE OF COVER,

keeping to the leeward side of the road, and as close to the hedge as circumstances will permit. But always get to your proper side to pass vehicles, &c.

The change-speed gear never proves more useful than when helping you to fight a wind. The exhaustion consequent on a long struggle with a stiff breeze is very severe if your gearing is too high for the purpose. In open country you get no respite whatever from the invisible force that holds you back, and you presently find yourself dismounting at decreasing intervals. With a change gear, however, you can push along quietly but continuously, and, if your speed is low, you keep fresh—which is half the battle in cycling—and probably "get there" as soon as an over-geared rider.

IF YOU ARE RIDING WITH COMPANIONS

against a dead-ahead wind, you should proceed in Indian file, taking turns to go in front. The foremost rider will appreciably screen those behind. You should also take any legitimate advantage of a vehicle that is travelling your way at a smart enough pace to be useful; but don't "hang on" to a carriage, or in any way cause annoyance to the driver. People on the back seats of a dog-cart don't care to have a cyclist tucking his head under the tailboard. The tandem cycle, which we do not see about so much now as some years ago, is the machine for wind-plugging; though it has little else to recommend it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. C. Heerjee (Cannanore). With regard to your inquiry as to the advisability of using self-sealing tubes in a rather "punctureous" district, I regret that my experience of this particular form of tube is not sufficiently wide to enable me to give you a very definite answer. Some years ago I kept such a tube in my back cover, and for a time I certainly had no punctures, whether on account of its virtues I cannot say. At last it *did* leak, and then there was the very dickens to pay. Only the tread was self-closing; consequently, when I tried to find the puncture the thin part would bulge and be ready to burst before there was pressure enough to show the leak. I gave it away to a friend. I shall be glad to learn what luck other users have had with their tubes. The fact that the plain tube is still used in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred suggests that self-closers are not yet what they should be.

J. Delius.—No! it won't do a cycle any harm to keep it in a rather damp cycling shed if the plated parts are well coated with vaseline. Your

writing is certainly not "rotton," nor is it rotten; in fact, it is rather good if you are, as your verbiage suggests, not more than fifteen years old. Don't mind pressing for a speedy answer. We always try to reply by return of post, which, in the case of a magazine corner, means about five or six weeks.

Biker asks, "If a cyclist is riding on the left side of a quiet road, and he wishes to overtake a slow-moving cart which is keeping in the middle of the road, is it necessary to keep strictly to the rule of overtaking, or could he pass on the left, supposing that no other vehicles were in sight?" If you pass on the wrong side under any circumstances you will be responsible for any evil consequences that may occur. No doubt people often do transgress the strict rule; but, on the whole, it is wiser and more considerate to keep within the law. I was once fined 9s. for not ringing my bell when passing a coal cart, the driver of which had tied up his reins to the dashboard. This occurred on the Bath road, where four vehicles could have passed abreast. *Legally*, I was in the wrong, and suffered accordingly. The cycle you name is good value for the money.

"Coaster."—Does free-wheeling lead to slack riding and bad time? Well, it's rather hard to say. Personally, I think that one's mileage per hour doesn't work out so well as in the old fixed-wheel times; but, on the other hand, it is evident that the legs are saved a good deal of wear and tear. On long declivities, especially, it is a boon to be able to keep the legs in the usual position instead of having them stretched stiffly forward on to foot-rests, or wildly following the pedals. No! on the whole I should be sorry to give up the free-wheel; as for slackness, that would, I imagine, be perceptible only in the case of a person who was already predisposed that way. And I am not at all sure that slackness is not preferable to the overstrain which some riders mistake for good riding.

A. Gilchrist.—Some of the rubber solutions sold in the outfit for puncture-repairing are not first-class. For home use I decidedly prefer to dip into a large tin of the Dunlop solution, which is all it should be, and holds right well. Very possibly the failure is as much due to your manipulation as to the nature of the adhesive. See my answer to a correspondent on this subject in last month's issue.

Petrol.—You certainly cannot expect to buy a good motor cycle *new* for £20, though at that price you may have your pick of second-hand articles. There is a great deal more in a petrol-driven engine than meets the eye; and when you set up a motor cycle you will soon understand why every part of these high-speed machines must be most carefully made.

C. B. H.—(1) It is not worth while getting your cover re-rubbered unless the canvas lining is in good condition. Generally, perished rubber means rotten canvas beneath. (2) Tyre-cement will help stop *cuts* in the tyre; *holes* require an internal patch of stout rubber backed with canvas. I often plug cuts with cotton wool, steeped in rubber cement, after cleaning the cuts out well with benzine. (3) Paraffin oil cleans out the bearings very effectively; but should never be left in. Always oil thoroughly after paraffining, otherwise the slight amount of water in the paraffin will set up rust.

New Tyre.—(1) If your Dunlop has lasted 2½ years it hasn't done badly. I wish my tyres would do the same. But perhaps I ride more than you do. I have never had experience of tyres cheaper than 15s. 6d., and, therefore, can only suggest that you try the "Bancroftian" Co. (49, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.), who supply a cover with endless wire edge at 10s. 11d., or, with beaded edge, at 11s. 11d.; also inner tubes, with Dunlop valves, at 3s. 4½d. They offer to re-rubber covers, *à la* Dunlop, at 5s. 6d and 6s. 6d. John Graham and Co., Vine Street, Birmingham, offer similar tyres at 12s. I like Palmer's best. Dunlop tyres certainly don't wear as well as they did, say, six years ago; but their price is much lower. (2) A strip of leather inserted between the cover and inner tube would "slow" the wheel somewhat, and, by absorbing any moisture penetrating through cuts, tend to rot the canvas lining. If tough, it would, of course, help to prevent punctures. Your suggestion about prices is reasonable, and shall be given due consideration.

TENNYSON.

HE was the central representative poet of the Later Victorian era of our literature; and, long as our language lasts, his insight, his ethereality, the music of his verse, the splendour of his diction mingling with its grace, will make him the inspirer of future English-speaking men and women, magnetising them by the spell of his genius, even although they may not all feel that he is the chief teacher of the illustrious brotherhood. I think that in his time he stood highest of all poets who were also seers the wide world over, and by far the greatest of our British bards; although in Browning we had a much deeper plummet-sounder, and a more subtle analyst of character and the springs of conduct. But there are tens of thousands now alive who owe to Tennyson far more than they can express.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM KNIGHT, IN *The Treasury*.

TALES of the FAR WEST

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Author of "Across the Wilderness."

No. 8.

OUR CELEBRATION AT TWO-OWE-TEE.

LAST Fourth of July the weather came on cool and beautiful in our mountains. But there were three people at Black Rock Horse Ranch who were anything but cool. In fact, Ferd, Florence, and I, were as "hot" as we could well become—hot with impatience and disgust.

For more than four weeks we had been preparing for a celebration—a picnic at our cottonwood grove, with all the family and all our neighbours along Black Rock Creek to join in making a great day. Ferd, who had borrowed some volumes of the Congressional Record from a local politician, had written a short address, and Florence had practised diligently some patriotic songs. Moreover, we had expended eight dollars for fireworks of a magnitude worthy of the largest obtainable crowd.

Our discomfiture may be imagined when I say that father, mother, and the younger children, had failed in a promised return from their visit at Green River, and that, just two days before the Fourth, report had reached Black Rock Valley of a "monster celebration" which was to be held at Lander, to which every mother's son and daughter in our neighbourhood had stampeded.

Google

We were left alone, we three. So far as we knew there was not a soul within twenty-five miles of us. We were, of course, still looking for the return of our family from Green River, but, as the morning slipped away and eleven o'clock came with no sign of them, Ferd and I gave ourselves up to sulking. We were lying upon our backs in the shade of some cottonwoods near a horse corral, when Florence, who was still on the look-out, shouted to us.

"They're coming!" she cried, running toward us and clapping her hands joyfully. "I can see the dust of their wagon down the valley. Splendid! splendid! We'll have a celebration all to ourselves!"

As there are eight of us, all together, the prospect was not quite so disheartening.

Ferd and I sprang to our feet and climbed the corral fence to look. What we saw was a trail of flying dust rising above a point about a mile distant. A glance, however, showed our more practised eyes that the dust-cloud was altogether too great to be kicked up by a span of mules and a spring wagon.

"That's not them," declared Ferd, in disgust. "It's a stampede of horses or cattle." A faint roar of trampling hoofs soon bore to our ears the proof of his assertion. The dust-cloud increased in volume and the mutter of pounding hoofs jarred like a distant rumble of thunder.

Our suspicions were quickly roused. We craned our necks and watched in silence. We had only a minute to wait before a big bunch of horses, going at a swift trot, broke cover of the point. A few seconds later we discovered, on the outskirts of the herd, which doubtless numbered many horses of our own, two pony-riders turning the leaders across the valley.

We did not have to guess that these men were "rustlers," and that there were more of them in the rear pushing the horses forward. Every movement of herd and men proclaimed the fact. A gang of our mountain freebooters had taken advantage of the stockmen's "stampede" to Lander to make another stampede, which should be vastly to their own advantage.

The men were steering their catch across Black Rock Valley up to the mouth of Two-owe-tee Pass. Once through that difficult gap they would hustle the herd into the fastnesses of Owl Creek Mountains, break it up into small bunches, and get away with the horses at their leisure.

Ferd and I did not say this to each other —we did not need to do so. We slipped off the fence presently and looked at each other in a grim kind of way.

"Well," said Ferd, "we've got to head off that herd; stampede or scatter 'em, somehow."

"Sure thing!" I assented.

When Florence understood the case, she set up a frantic wail. "You sha'n't go!" she almost screamed. "Those men will shoot you dead! Anyway, if you do, I'll go along and be shot too!"

"You will stay at home, Florry," said Ferd, kindly, but in a masterful tone. "We'll take good care of ourselves, never fear."

Thereupon she ran crying to the house. We could not stop to comfort her. While Ferd went for our guns, trappings and a snack to eat, I ran to the creek pasture, cut out two of our best riding-ponies and saddled them. When I had finished, Ferd came out, wearing his hunting-jacket and carrying my jacket and our guns.

The big side-pockets of the coats were stuffed to bulging, but my jacket felt light enough, and, when I thrust a hand into one of the pockets and drew out a giant "cracker" of the biggest size, I fairly whooped with delight. There were a half-dozen in each pocket and each one was a foot in length. They would make enough noise to stampede a whole tribe of Indians, let alone four or five hundred half-wild horses.

We were off in a twinkling. We knew of an old buffalo and cattle trail a half-mile distant, leading up to the head of Black Rock and round the slopes of several mountains into the north gap of Two-owe-tee. This trail we took.

"We'll plant ourselves in front of that herd in the gap," said Ferd, "and there we'll have our celebration. I believe we can 'counter-stampede,' run 'em over that crowd, and get away in the dust and racket."

The very probable event of a fight against odds, however, kept us feeling pretty sober. We clattered along the "cut off" at a hard gallop without exchanging many remarks.

We rode on for more than an hour, passing up out of Black Rock and over a mountain-ridge. Then we heard a clatter of hoofs at our heels and turned to face Florence. Her pony was sweating, her face was flushed and beseeching, as she pulled up confronting us. As the trail was a plain one, she had had no difficulty in following.

"I can't stay behind!" she announced, breathlessly. "I should die of fright! I

don't believe those men will fight when they see a girl along."

So that was her reason for coming! We looked at each other in dismay and some disgust. But she was a girl of sixteen, a capable horsewoman and of a determined spirit. We could not compel her to stay behind.

"Well," said Ferd, "when we get to business you'll have to stay where we put you, or we'll tie you up!"

Then we "hit" the trail again and Florence followed. I looked back to find that she was crying, although she rode bravely, and I was truly sorry for her.

In the course of three hours of hard riding we came out of a sharp cut into the cañon of Two-owe-tee. A brief examination convinced us that we should find no better point at which to make a break in the herd and turn them back upon the rustlers. The gap of Two-owe-tee was here some two hundred yards in width, with inaccessible steeps on either hand.

We rather counted on a fight, and Ferd planned for it like a general. He even consented that Florence should take a part in cannonading the herd, whereat she at once became a calm and superior sort of person. She agreed to keep close in to the mouth of the cut, after we had gotten the herd going, and in a certain length of time to take her flight back over the trail by which we had come.

Even when we told her we would fight—pointing out from a height the high banks of a dry run where we were to make our stand when we had run the herd over the rustlers—she approved the plan.

"You can stand them off easily," she declared. "Their bullets can't hit you in there, and if they charge, you can stampede them with crackers."

We rather thought so ourselves. We then ate a bit of dinner and rested, listening meanwhile for the approach of the herd. It was nearly four o'clock when we heard the rumble of their hoofs and sighted the trail of dust up the cañon.

We quickly took our places. Florence stood just outside the mouth of the cut, with several giant crackers and some matches in hand. She was a little pale, but cool and collected and showed no sign of fear.

Ferd and I sat our ponies on either side the creek-bed and waited, I must admit, in a state of considerable excitement. We had no fear for our seats, however, as our ponies were gun-broken to firing from the saddle, and would not shy at cannon-shots even. They were, in fact, accustomed to the crack of dynamite and black powder, used in breaking rock and splitting logs near our house.

The foremost horses of the herd were soon close at hand. Of course, the dust they raised completely hid us from the view of the rustlers in their rear.

They were coming at a free trot on each side of the creek channel. We waited until the leaders had halted, snorting, in front of us. Then we lighted our crackers and flung them, eight or ten, one after the other. Florence took her part in the cannonade, throwing her crackers as far as she could toward the horses.

For half a minute the cañon roared and reverberated with an astounding racket. This thunder and smoke flung the leading horses back upon their fellows until all were bunched like a flock of scared sheep.

Then we rode at them, each of us flinging a final cracker at their heels and all of us yelling like crazy Bannocks at a frolic. In no time we had them going—just "hitting the wind" in the wildest kind of a "counter-stampede." We followed, aware at first of the active operations of rustlers in our front. The swerving lines of horses told us plainly enough where they were. The dust and confusion prevented our seeing anything more than half a dozen yards distant.

By great good luck we came together in crossing a curve of the creek bed. We rode at the tail of the herd until assured that the frightened horses would run as long as they were able—that our stampede could not be countered for an hour or more. We knew, from the time which had elapsed, that the rustlers, not fearing immediate pursuit, had saved wind and speed for a long chase.

And now we turned back, determined to take our stand in the mouth of the cut and guard the pass until the stockmen should begin to come in from Lander. It was only through the gap of Two-owe-tee that the rustlers could hope to run stock off our range.

Dust hung heavily in the gap, and in order to dodge the rustlers, if possible, we rode back down the creek channel, which here and there only held pools of water.

But luck turned against us just as we had reached a point nearly opposite the mouth of the cut. While riding across a flat where the ditch was extremely shallow, we sighted four horsemen scouting cautiously, evidently trying to discover the cause of the tremendous racket which had turned the stock.

They might easily have thought that miners were at work blasting rock somewhere near —doubtless they had come to some such conclusion.

But they saw us before we could get to cover. They were between us and the mouth of the cut, and they wheeled in an ugly fashion, holding their Winchesters at the "ready." We slipped out of our saddles and got behind our ponies.

The fellows were suspicious of a larger force close at hand, or they would doubtless have charged us at once. They looked about rather anxiously, scanning the creek banks above and below.

As the dust had cleared somewhat, we could see their faces quite plainly. They were not more than fifty or sixty yards away. Three of them were dressed as cowboys and looked like ordinary line riders. The fourth, and apparently the leader, wore a blue woollen shirt and a stiff hat. He had a drooping black moustache and long hair.

Presently the four got in line and began moving slowly toward us. They evidently wanted to make sure of us at the first fire.

"Halt where you are or somebody'll get hurt!" shouted Ferd. The rustlers glanced at each other. Two of them grinned wickedly. They came on without pausing.

Scared as I was, I was far more frightened in behalf of those reckless men than on my own account. If they could have known how quick and certain Ferd was with a rifle, they certainly would have kept their distance. I knew one of them must fall at my brother's first fire, and if they charged in saddle, I did not doubt he would kill them all before they could reach us—he was just as quick as that on the trigger, and could work his lever as a boy flips a marble. His rifle was already levelled, covering the leader.

THE BIG CRACKER STRUCK THE RIDER AND EXPLODED.

"Halt, there, I tell you!" he called again, in a tone that would have stopped any but the most desperate of men. The rustlers fingered their Winchesters. They were about to begin the fight. Then, suddenly, out of the dust that still banked along the steeps, Florence came galloping directly at them.

The fellows turned their heads quickly at hearing the patter of her pony's hoofs, and the leader wheeled his horse sharply about. The latter lowered the rifle he had half-presented when he saw a girl confronting him. It was well enough for him that he did so.

Florence coolly pulled up in front and a little to one side of this astonished rustler.

"Those are my brothers down there," we heard her saying in a clear voice. "I am going to help them drive the horses. I guess my stirrup-strap is breaking loose." And she stooped over on the side opposite the man, as if to attend to her footing.

Then, before the leader or his men had recovered from the surprise of her sudden appearance, Florence straightened up and flung a hissing cracker at his pony's head.

At fifteen feet she ought not to have missed; but the pony dodged at the motion of her arm and the big yellow cracker struck the rider somewhere about his belt and exploded. The man was knocked or thrown out of his saddle, and sprawled upon the ground like a stricken frog. His pony sprang away, reeling from the concussion.

One of the mounted men yelled "Dynamite!" and all three put spurs to their dancing ponies and were out of range and sight in no time.

Ferd and I now advanced, with our guns covering the fallen rustler, who had raised himself to a sitting posture and seemed to be groping for his Winchester. He was blind and dizzy as yet from the shock he had received.

Florence had dismounted and secured his gun.

"I'm dreadfully sorry I hurt you, sir," we heard her saying, ruefully. "I only meant to stampede your horses and keep you from shooting at my brothers."

She had, indeed, done execution. The man's shirt-front was blown away, his breast and face were blackened with powder, his moustache and eyebrows were singed off, and his eyes were red and bleary and rolled like those of a drunken man.

He was still lightheaded when Ferd and I came up. We got him to his feet and walked him round a bit. Florence ran to a pool and brought water in my wool hat. He drank eagerly.

When he had fully recovered his senses we knew that he was not seriously injured. He sat down upon the ground presently and, although the pain of his burns must have been acute, grinned at us with a sort of grim humour.

"Well," he asked; "goin' to shoot me up!"

I had already caught his horse.

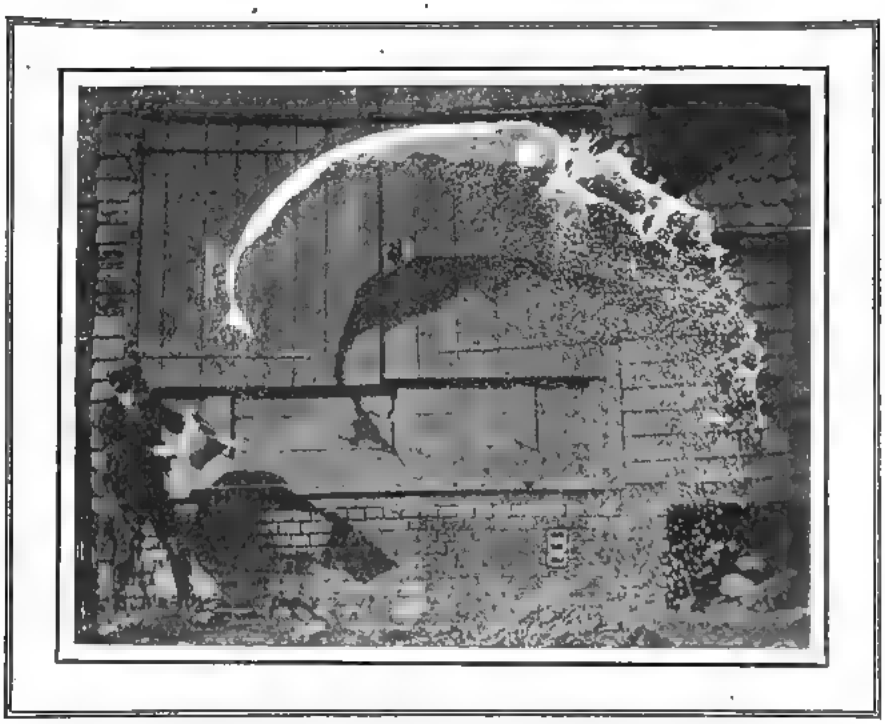
"Get into your saddle and get out of these parts," said Ferd. "Try to make an honest living in future, and no one will hurt you."

The man, with a grimace of humiliation, mounted his animal and rode away. We were glad enough to see the last of him.

We overtook the main herd of stampeded horses near the summit of the pass. That night we slept upon beds of spruce boughs. We reached home about eight o'clock in the morning and found the rest of the family awaiting us. They thought we must have gone to Lander.

When the stockmen came back from Lander they were in a great state of indignation. There had been no celebration, and they had ridden a hundred miles and back for nothing. It soon turned out that the rustlers themselves had caused the false report to be circulated.

I must add that Florence is now a person of considerable reputation in these parts.



A WATER-CAST, EXPOSURE 1/500 SECOND, TAKEN IN BRILLIANT SUNLIGHT IN JULY AT NOON.

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.

I AM very often asked, by people of both sexes and of all ages, "What is the best camera to buy?" Before attempting an answer, I, in turn, query, "What purpose do you need it for?" Very possibly my friend looks a bit puzzled, as he really hasn't quite made up his mind, and only feels a vague prompting to "take to photography." So I question him further as to the sum he means to lay out, and the nature of the work that he would do with a camera when he gets it.

The Popularity of the Hand Camera

is a proof that it has fulfilled a public need. It is portable, unostentatious, and so arranged that the user may make a large number of exposures without recourse to a dark room for the purpose of reloading. One has only to look at The Captain's Photographic Gallery to see that excellent work may be done with this form of apparatus, even when its cost is but very moderate. Of course, there are hand cameras and hand cameras, and the more money you pay the greater will be their conveniences and refinements. For a few shillings you can get a tiny box that really turns out very creditable negatives, or you may pay £35 for the highest class "reflex" camera, which is all that the heart of the photographer can possibly desire. The majority of my readers will probably not soar higher than two or three guineas, at which price they have the pick among almost innumerable makes. As it is not my purpose to select here any particular camera, but rather to review cameras generally, I shall avoid the thorny and somewhat invidious task of stating my "fancy" among the cheaper-priced apparatus. One result of competition between manufacturers has led to very good value being given for the money in most cases.

Supposing that you have decided upon getting a hand camera, there is an important point still to be settled, viz.,

Shall it be a Plate Camera, a Roller Film Camera, or a Combination of Both?

This leads us at once to a consideration of the respective merits of plates and films. The former are, as any professional will tell you, much more easy to handle than films during all the processes of development and printing; and therefore he

sticks to them entirely for his work, which is carried on indoors to a large extent. The amateur also soon learns the virtues of a plate when he has wrestled awhile with films. The main advantages of the latter are:—

1. Their lightness.
2. The ease with which they can be stored and changed.
3. Their freedom from breakage.

It is also in their favour that the apparatus with which they are used can be made much more compact than the box-shaped plate magazine camera. The Kodaks are, of course, a leading example of compactness; and it is this feature that has rendered them so popular.

The roller film has, however, its disadvantages—

1. It is a troublesome thing to dismember.
2. It won't lie as flat as a plate in the dish.
3. It is more expensive than the plate, size for size.

This last is, to the beginner, perhaps the greatest drawback of all. The films used in one of my cameras cost three times as much as plates of equal size, and don't yield so good results; and other makes are at least twice as dear as plates. In the course of a year this difference may come to a considerable sum, perhaps almost equal to the original price of the camera. The fact is, that in films you have to pay for the extra cost of manufacture and their peculiar convenience.

Turning next to the

Plate Magazine Camera,

we find ourselves confronted by a box of a quite formidable size, even if it contains only quarter plates. The plates are carried in sheaths, which are easily inserted or withdrawn, and shifted on by simple mechanism. There are usually two useful "finders," more accurately centred than on most bellows cameras, which generally carry a finder on the base-board. The chief objection to this form of camera is its size. But when once you have got to the developing room you think that the extra weight was worth the trouble it gave.

So much for these two types. There remains a third—more expensive—

In Which Both Plates and Films May be Used,

at will, by means of dark slides and attachments. The Pony Premo is a good example. Such cameras are usually also provided with a focussing screen which enables you to employ them as ordinary stand cameras. My own favourite instrument for hand work—a 5×4 Goerz-Anschutz—has a bellows movement, a finder on the top of the body, and a focussing screen with a hood to obviate the need for a cloth. I use plates, contained in half-a-dozen beautiful feather-weight slides; and what with the fine workmanship, splendid lens, and lightness of the whole, I could hardly desire a better outfit, especially as it has the rising and sliding fronts so useful for stand work. In short, it is a hand-stand-camera. But its cost is too great to be within the reach of everybody.

It will aid you in your choice if you consider that

The Stand Camera and the Hand Camera have Different Vocations.

The former is used for picture-making, the latter for record-making. Nowadays the tyro is very apt to overlook the pictorial side of photography altogether. He has his hand machine, and snaps at anything that takes his passing fancy. A large proportion of his shots are failures. Either the subject was out of focus, or the light was too weak for the stop used. I am afraid that

The Introduction of the Hand Camera

has led to a great deal of recklessness and want of discretion in the exposure of plates and films. The amateur so often fails to realise that the cheap hand camera has *a limited field*. Instantaneous photography demands either a strong light or a lens that will give sharp definition with a large aperture. Such lenses are not found on cheap apparatus. So you mustn't expect your guinea magazine to do in the winter what it will do in the summer on the sea-shore; nor, because it acquits itself well at midday, does it follow that it will be of any use after five o'clock.

The Stand Camera has a Wider Sphere of Action.

If fitted with an instantaneous shutter it will perform much of the work of a hand camera. And, being firm on its tripod, a time exposure becomes an easy matter where "still life" is the subject. You have merely to make the period proportionate to the strength of the light. This is largely a matter of simple calculation.

For *picture*-making the stand camera is a *sine quâ non*. Having selected and arranged your subject, and twisted the camera about until just the objects required are on the ground glass, you stop down to ensure that the plate shall be sharply covered right to the very edges. Then you refer to your table of exposures, and give the time that calculation and experience suggest. Your lens may not be a first-class one, but that does not prevent you from obtaining a sharp, well-focussed picture if a sufficiently small stop be used.

A Half Plate is the most Useful All-round Size for a Stand Camera.

While a quarter plate is too small to do justice to a view or an architectural subject, a whole plate is too cumbersome for the average amateur. If you wish to make negatives from which to print lantern slides by contact you can use quarter plates in carriers, and a fancy for picture post-card or 5×4 negatives may be as easily indulged. I often take a subject quarter-plate size on a half-plate, so as to make certain that any staining or frilling of the edges shall not injure the essential parts of the picture.

For Three Guineas

you may buy a very serviceable half-plate camera, lens, and one or two double dark backs, together with a threefold stand. The camera should have a reversing and swinging back, and a rising and falling front. It was with such an instrument that I did very good work, both time and instantaneous, years before the boom of the hand camera; and when I turn over the leaves of my album I confess to feeling most satisfied with my still-life subjects. What does the confirmed snap-shottist know of the pleasures of selection, composition, and calculation? What heed does he take of the balancing of his picture by the artful introduction of objects into the foreground, or to the delicate focussing which stands revealed in the finished print? I am guilty of a lot of snapping myself; but I don't think one would care to cover one's walls with prints of jumping horses if one had one's pick of some beautiful landscape or architectural subjects. The *records* made by the "snappist" are, in the majority of cases, interesting to him alone, or at most to a narrow circle of people; the really pretty picture will attract general attention. It will do you a deal of good to

Visit the Photographic Exhibitions,

and there obtain an insight into the artistic side of photography. Before you have been there long you begin to realise that photography *is* an art, and not merely a pastime, as it is too often regarded.

In conclusion, if you mean to take photography seriously, you will go for a stand camera, whether you possess a hand camera or not. It is not the "lightning artist" who gets "hung on the line" of the Royal Academy.

I have selected from my album, as illustrations, typical instances of very fast work and a time exposure, both made with a stand camera.

A Group of Appledore Children, Half-second Exposure.

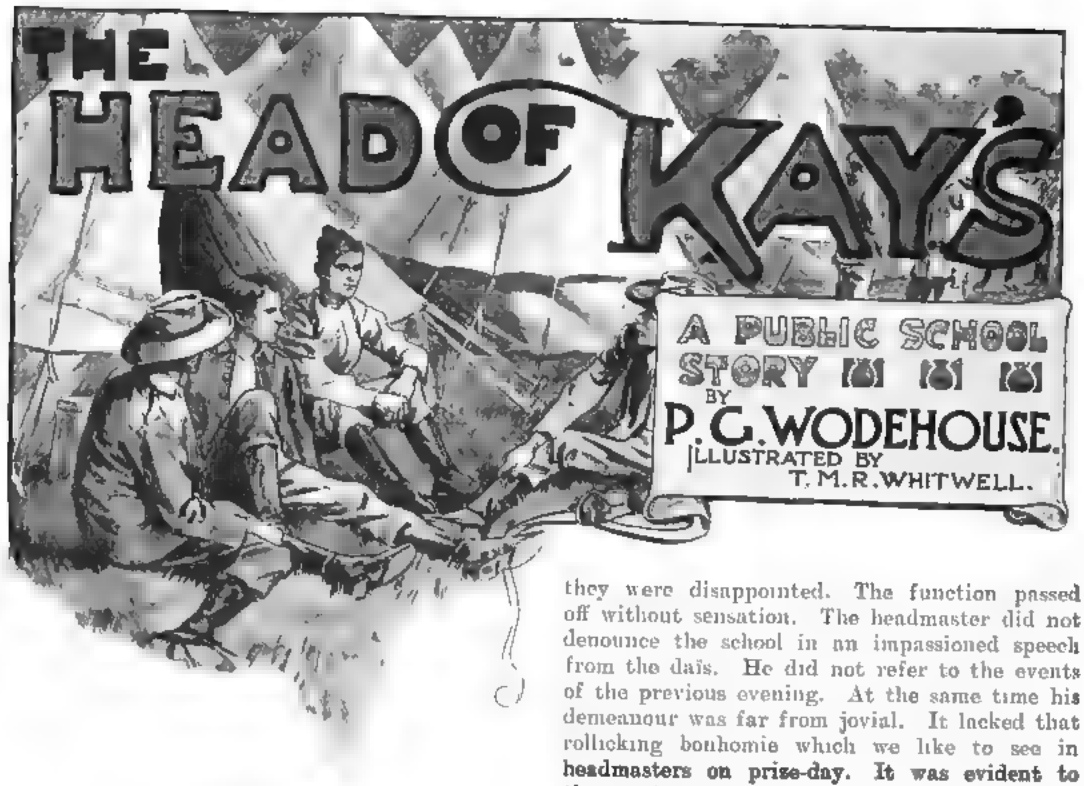
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jack Loutet.—Thanks for the negative, which I regret to say arrived in some three or four dozen pieces. (In the case of breakable things, never put the stamps on the package itself, but on a separate tie label.) Still, I was able to see, by putting the larger fragments together, that the plate had been under-exposed. You cannot judge from mere *time* of image coming up whether you have given right exposure. Thus a solution strong in the accelerating element will cause an under-exposed plate to flash up quite quickly in the high lights, whereas a correctly-exposed plate will "hang back" in a solution that is too weak an accelerator. I am glad that you have had better success with the pyro-soda. Why don't you buy a box of Imperial plates and use the formula for pyro-soda given on the cover? I always use these plates and this formula, and so know where I am. Packets of ready-mixed

chemicals I do not care for at all. Solutions are much more handy—except for travelling—and if properly made will keep good for months. I am sorry I can't name any 5½ by 3½ plates. Why don't you write to the makers of the camera!

K. K. K.—Of the two kinds of roll film cameras you name, I know the Kodak only from personal experience. It cannot be beaten at its price, I fancy. You will get a good camera and the reputation thrown in. "Blue prints" require strong negatives; but, given these, yield very pleasing results for seascapes. "All blue" is not a very artistic colour, however, and a little of it goes a long way. I find the process useful for making trial prints; it is certainly cheap, and the simplest extant.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.—NOTE THE PEOPLE ON THE ICE MOUNTAIN FORMED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE FALLS.
Photo by "Topical."



SYNOPSIS.

Fenn is head of Kay's—the most disorderly house at Ecklston. His task in ruling such a crew is unsatisfactory enough, but Mr. Kay renders it doubly so by his unreasonable behaviour towards the captain of the house. Fenn is the finest cricketer in the school—having been selected to play for his county in the holidays—and entirely by his efforts Kay's gets into the final of the house matches. But Mr. Kay, who takes no interest whatever in the athletics of his house, keeps Fenn in on the afternoon of the match, and Kay's crack bat only appears in time to go in last, the consequence being that Kay's loses the match. Feeling naturally runs high against Mr Kay, who, owing to the illness of a colleague, is called upon to preside over the grand term-end concert—always a solemn and classical affair. Fenn is a performer. Having played a serious piece, an encore being demanded, he breaks into a giddy trifle called the "Coon Band Contest," which sets hundreds of feet stamping. The uproar (led by Kay malcontents) rises to such a pitch that the concert has to be brought to a premature close, and it is feared that Fenn is destined to hear from the headmaster on the matter.

CHAPTER V.

CAMP.

WITH the best intentions in the world, however, a headmaster cannot make a row about a thing unless he is given a reasonable amount of time to make it in. The concert being on the last evening of term, there was only a single morning before the summer holidays, and that morning was occupied with the prize-giving. The school assembled at ten o'clock with a shadowy hope that this prize-day would be more exciting than the general run of prize-days, but they were disappointed. The function passed off without sensation. The headmaster did not denounce the school in an impassioned speech from the dais. He did not refer to the events of the previous evening. At the same time his demeanour was far from jovial. It lacked that rollicking bonhomie which we like to see in headmasters on prize-day. It was evident to the most casual observer that the affair was not closed. The school would have to pay the bill sooner or later. But eight weeks would elapse before the day of reckoning, which was a comforting thought.

The last prize was handed over to its rightful owner. The last and dullest vote of thanks had been proposed by the last and dullest member of the board of governors. The Bishop of Rumtifoo (who had been selected this year to distribute the prizes) had worked off his seventy minutes' speech (inaudible, of course, as usual), and was feeling much easier. The term had been formally declared at an end, and those members of the school corps who were going to camp were beginning to assemble in front of the buildings.

"I wonder why it always takes about three hours to get us off to the station," said Jimmy Silver. "I've been to camp two years now, and there's always been this rotting about in the grounds before we start. Nobody's likely to turn up to inspect us for the next hour or so. If any gent cares to put in a modest ginger-beer at the shop, I'm with him."

"I don't see why we shouldn't," said Kennedy. He had seen Fenn go into the shop, and wished to talk to him. He had not seen him after the concert, and he thought it would be interesting to know how Kay had taken it

and what his comments had been on meeting Fenn in the house that night.

Fenn had not much to say.

"He was rather worried," he said, grinning as if the recollection of the interview amused him. "But he couldn't do anything. Of course, there'll be a row next term, but it can't be helped."

"If I were you," said Silver, "I should point out to them that you'd a perfect right to play what you liked for an encore. How were you to know the gallery would go off like that? You aren't responsible for them. Hullo, there's that bugle. Things seem to be on the move. We must go."

"So long," said Fenn.

"Good-bye. Mind you come off against Middlesex."

Kennedy stayed for a moment.

"Has the Old Man said anything to you yet?" he asked

"Not yet. He'll do that next term. It'll be something to look forward to."

Kennedy hurried off to take his place in the ranks.

Getting to camp at the end of the summer term is always a nuisance. Aldershot seems a long way from everywhere, and the trains take their time over the journey. Then, again, the heat always happens to be particularly oppressive on that day. Snow may have fallen on the day before, but directly one sets out for camp the thermometer goes up into three figures. The Eckleton contingent marched into the lines damp and very thirsty.

Most of the other schools were already on the spot, and looked as if they had been spending the last few years there. There was nothing particular going on when the Eckleton warriors arrived, and everybody was lounging about in khaki and shirt-sleeves, looking exasperatingly cool. The only consolation which buoyed up the spirits of Eckleton was the reflection that in a short space of time, when the important-looking gentleman in uniform who had come to meet them had said all he wanted to say on the subject of rules and regulations, they would be like that too. Happy thought! If the man bucked up and cut short the peroration, there would be time for a bathe in Cove Reservoir. Those of the corps who had been to camp in previous years felt quite limp with the joy of the thought. Why couldn't he get through with it, and give a fellow a chance of getting cool again?

The gist of the oration was apparently that the Eckleton cadets were to consider themselves not only as soldiers and as such subject to Military Discipline, and the Rules for the Conduct of Troops Quartered in the Aldershot District—but also as members of a public school. In short, that if they misbehaved themselves they would get cells, and a hundred lines in the same breath, as it were.

The corps knew all this ages ago. The man seemed to think he was telling them something fresh. They began positively to dislike him after a while.

He finished at last. Eckleton marched off wearily, but in style, to its lines.

"Dis-miss!"

They did.

"And about time, too," said Jimmy Silver. "I wish they would tie that man up, or something. He's one of the worst bores I know. He may be full of bright conversation in private life, but in public he will talk about his beastly military regulations. You can't stop him. It's a perfect mania with him. Now, I believe—that's to say, I have a sort of dim idea—that there's a place round about here called a canteen. I seem to remember such a thing vaguely. We might go and look for it."

Kennedy made no objection.

This was his first appearance at camp. Jimmy Silver, on the other hand, was a veteran. He had been there twice before, and meant to go again. He had a peculiar and extensive knowledge of the ins and outs of the place. Kennedy was quite willing to take him as his guide. He was full of information. Kennedy was surprised to see what a number of men from the other schools he seemed to know. In the canteen there were, amongst others, a Carthusian, two Tonbridge men, and a Haileyburian. They all greeted Silver with the warmth of old friends.

"You get to know a lot of fellows in camp," explained Jimmy, as they strolled back to the Eckleton lines. "That's the best of the place. Camp's the best place on earth, if only you have decent weather. See that chap over there? He came here last year. He'd never been before, and one of the things he didn't know was that Cove Reservoir's only about three feet deep round the sides. He took a running dive, and almost buried himself in the mud. It's about two feet deep. He told me afterwards he swallowed pounds of it. Rather bad luck. Somebody ought to have told him. You can't do much diving here."

"Glad you mentioned it," said Kennedy. "I should have dived myself if you hadn't."

Many other curious and diverting facts did the expert drag from the bonded warehouse of his knowledge. Nothing changes at camp. Once get to know the ropes, and you know them for all time.

"The one thing I bar," he said, "is having to get up at half-past five. And one day in the week, when there's a divisional field-day, it's half-past four. It's hardly worth while going to sleep at all. Still, it isn't so bad as it used to be. The first year I came to camp we used to have to do a three hours' field-day before brekker. We used to have coffee before it, and nothing else till it was over. By Jove, you felt you'd had enough of it before you got back. This is Laffan's Plain. The worst of Laffan's Plain is that you get to know it too well. You get jolly sick of always starting on field-days from the same place, and marching across the same bit of ground. Still, I suppose they can't alter the scenery for our benefit. See that man there? He won the sabres at Aldershot last year. That chap with him is in the Clifton footer team."

When a school corps goes to camp, it lives in a number of tents, and, as a rule, each house collects in a tent of its own. Blackburn's had a tent, and further down the line Kay's had assembled. The Kay contingent were under Weyburn, a good sort, as far as he himself was concerned, but too weak to handle a mob like Kay's. Weyburn was not coming back after the holidays, a fact which perhaps still further weakened his hold on the Kayites. They had nothing to fear from him next term.

Kay's was represented at camp by a dozen or so of its members, of whom young Billy Silver alone had any pretensions to the esteem of his fellow man. Kay's was the rowdiest house in the school, and the cream of its rowdy members had come to camp. There was Walton, for one, a perfect specimen of the public school man at his worst. There was Mortimer, another of Kay's gems. Perry, again, and Callingham, and the rest. A pleasant gang, fit for anything, if it could be done in safety.

Kennedy observed them, and—the spectacle starting a train of thought—asked Jimmy Silver, as they went into their tent just before lights-out, if there was much ragging in camp.

"Not very much," said the expert. "Chaps are generally too done up at the end of the day to want to do anything except sleep. Still, I've known cases. You sometimes get one tent mobbing another. They cut the ropes, you know. Low trick, I think. It isn't often done, and it gets dropped on like bricks when it's found out. But why? Do you feel as if you wanted to do it?"

"It only occurred to me that we've got a lively gang from Kay's here. I was wondering if they'd get any chances of ragging, or if they'd have to lie low."

"I'd forgotten Kay's for the moment. Now you mention it, they are rather a crew. But I shouldn't think they'd find it worth while to rot about here. It isn't as if they were on their native heath. People have a prejudice against having their tent-ropes cut, and they'd get beans if they did anything in that line. I remember once, there was a tent which made itself objectionable, and it got raided in the night by a sort of vigilance committee from the other schools, and the chaps in it got the dickens of a time. None of them ever came to camp again. I hope Kay's'll try and behave decently. It'll be an effort for them; but I hope they'll make it. It would be an awful nuisance if young Billy made an ass of himself in any way. He loves making an ass of himself. It's a sort of hobby of his."

As if to support the statement, a sudden volley of subdued shouts came from the other end of the Eckleton lines.

"Go it, Wren!"

"Stick to it, Silver!"

"Wren!"

"Silver!"

"S-s-h!"

Silence, followed almost immediately by a gruff voice inquiring with simple directness what the dickens all this noise was about.

"Hullo!" said Kennedy, "did you hear that? I wonder what's been up? Your brother was in it, whatever it was."

"Of course," said Jimmy Silver, "he would be. We can't find out about it now, though. I'll ask him to-morrow, if I remember. I sha'n't remember, of course. Good-night."

"Good-night."

Half an hour later Kennedy, who had been ruminating over the incident in his usual painstaking way, reopened the debate.

"Who's Wren?" he asked.

"Wha'?" murmured Silver, sleepily.

"Who's Wren?" repeated Kennedy.

"I d'know. . . . oh. . . . Li'l' beast. . . . Kay's. . . . Red hair. . . . G'-ni'."

And sleep reigned in Blackburn's tent.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RAID ON THE GUARD-TENT.

WREN and Billy Silver had fallen out over a question of space. It was Silver's opinion that Wren's nest ought to have been built a foot or two further to the left. He stated baldly that he had not room to breathe, and requested the red-headed one to ease off a point or so in the direction of his next-door neighbour. Wren had refused, and, after a few moments' chatty conversation, smote William earnestly in the wind.

Trouble had begun upon the instant. It had ceased almost as rapidly owing to interruptions from without, but the truce had been merely temporary. They continued the argument outside the tent at five-thirty the next morning, after the *réveille* had sounded, amidst shouts of approval from various shivering mortals who were tubbing preparatory to embarking on the labours of the day.

A brisk first round had just come to a conclusion when Walton lounged out of the tent, yawning.

Walton proceeded to separate the combatants. After which he rebuked Billy Silver with a swagger-stick. Wren's share in the business he overlooked. He was by way of being a patron of Wren's, and he disliked Billy Silver partly for his own sake and partly because he hated his brother, with whom he had come into contact once or twice during his career at Eckleton, always with unsatisfactory results.

So Walton dropped on to Billy Silver, and Wren continued his toilet rejoicing.

Camp was beginning the strenuous life now. Tent after tent emptied itself of its occupants, who stretched themselves vigorously, and proceeded towards the tubbing-ground, where there were tin baths for those who cared to wait until the same were vacant, and a good, honest pump for those who did not. Then there was that unpopular job, the piling of one's bedding outside the tent, and the rolling up of the tent curtains. But these unpleasant duties came to an end at last, and signs of breakfast began to appear.

Breakfast gave Kennedy his first insight into life in camp. He happened to be tent-orderly that day, and it therefore fell to his lot to join the orderlies from the other tents in their search for the Eckleton rations. He returned with a cargo of bread (obtained from the quartermaster), and, later, with a great tin of meat, which the cook-house had supplied, and felt that this was life. Hitherto breakfast had been to him a thing of white cloths, tables, and food that appeared from nowhere. This was the first time he had ever tracked his food to its source, so to speak, and brought it back with him. After breakfast, when he was informed that, as tent-orderly for the day, it was his business to wash up, he began to feel as if he were on a desert island. He had never quite realised before what washing-up implied, and he was conscious of a feeling of respect for the servants at Blackburn's, who did it every day as a matter of course, without complaint. He had had no idea before this of the intense stickiness of a jammy plate.

One day at camp is much like another. The schools opened the day with parade drill at about eight o'clock, and, after an instruction series of "changing direction half-left in column of double companies," and other pleasant movements of a similar nature, adjourned for lunch. Lunch was much like breakfast, except that

HE HAD NEVER QUITE REALISED BEFORE WHAT WASHING-UP IMPLIED.

the supply of jam was cut off. The people who arrange these things—probably the War Office, or Mr. Brodrick, or someone—have come to the conclusion that two pots of jam per tent

are sufficient for breakfast and lunch. The unwary devour theirs recklessly at the earlier meal, and have to go jamless until tea at six o'clock, when another pot is served out.

The afternoon at camp is perfect or otherwise, according to whether there is a four o'clock field day or not. If there is, there are more manœuvrings until tea-time, and the time is spent profitably, but not so pleasantly as it might be. If there is no field-day, you can take your time about your bathe in Cove Reservoir. And a really satisfactory bathe on a hot day should last at least three hours. Kennedy and Jimmy Silver strolled off in the direction of the Reservoir as soon as they felt that they had got over the effects of the beef, potatoes, and ginger-beer which a generous commissariat had doled out to them for lunch. It was a glorious day, and bathing was the only thing to do for the next hour or so. Stump-cricket, that fascinating sport much indulged in in camp, would not be at its best until the sun had cooled off a little.

After a pleasant half hour in the mud and water of the Reservoir, they lay on the bank and watched the rest of the schools take their afternoon dip. Kennedy had laid in a supply of provisions from the stall which stood at the camp end of the water. Neither of them felt inclined to move.

"This is decent," said Kennedy, wriggling into a more comfortable position in the long grass. "Hullo!"

"What's up?" inquired Jimmy Silver, lazily.

He was almost asleep.

"Look at those idiots. They're certain to get spotted."

Jimmy Silver tilted his hat off his face, and sat up.

"What's the matter? Which idiot?"

Kennedy pointed to a bush on their right. Walton and Perry were seated beside it. Both were smoking.

"Oh, that's all right," said Silver. "Masters never come to Cove Reservoir. It's a sort of unwritten law. They're rotters to smoke, all the same. Certain to get spotted some day. . . . Not worth it. . . . Spoils lungs. . . . Beastly bad. . . . training."

He dozed off. The sun was warm, and the grass very soft and comfortable. Kennedy turned his gaze to the Reservoir again. It was no business of his what Walton and Perry did.

Walton and Perry were discussing ways and means. The conversation changed as they saw Kennedy glance at them. They were the sort of persons who feel a vague sense of injury when anybody looks at them, perhaps because they feel that those whose attention is attracted to them must say something to their discredit when they begin to talk about them.

"There's that beast Kennedy," said Walton. "I can't stick that man. He's always hanging round the house. What he comes for, I can't make out."

"Pal of Fenn's," suggested Perry.

"He hangs on to Fenn. I bet Fenn bars him really."

Perry doubted this in his innermost thoughts, but it was not worth while to say so.

"Those Blackburn chaps," continued Walton, reverting to another grievance, "will stick on no end of side next term about that cup. They wouldn't have had a look in if Kay hadn't given Fenn that extra. Kay ought to be kicked. I'm hanged if I'm going to care what I do next term. Somebody ought to do something to take it out of Kay for getting his own house licked like that."

Walton spoke as if the line of conduct he had mapped out for himself would be a complete reversal of his customary mode of life. As a matter of fact, he had never been in the habit of caring very much what he did.

Walton's last remarks brought the conversation back to where it had been before the mention of Kennedy switched it off on to new lines. Perry had been complaining that he thought camp a fraud, that it was all drilling and getting up at unearthly hours. He reminded Walton that he had only come on the strength of the latter's statement that it would be a rag. Where did the rag come in? That was what Perry wanted to know.

"When it's not a ghastly sweat," he concluded, "it's slow. Like it is now. Can't we do something for a change?"

"As a matter of fact," said Walton, "nearly all the best rags are played out. A chap at a crammer's told me last holidays that when he was at camp he and some other fellows cut the ropes of the guard-tent. He said it was grand sport."

Perry sat up.

"That's the thing," he said, excitedly. "Let's do that. Why not?"

"It's beastly risky," objected Walton.

"What's that matter? They can't do anything, even if they spot us."

"That's all you know. We should get beans."

"Still, it's worth risking. It would be the biggest rag going. Did the chap tell you how they did it?"

"Yes," said Walton, becoming animated as he recalled the stirring tale, "they bagged the

sentry. Chucked a cloth or something over his head, you know. Then they shoved him into the ditch, and one of them sat on him while the others cut the ropes. It took the chaps inside no end of a time getting out."

"That's the thing. We'll do it. We only need one other chap. Leveson would come if we asked him. Let's get back to the lines. It's almost tea-time. Tell him after tea."

Leveson proved agreeable. Indeed, he jumped at it. His life, his attitude suggested, had been a hollow mockery until he heard the plan, but now he could begin to enjoy himself once more.

The lights-out bugle sounded at ten o'clock; the last post at ten-thirty. At a quarter to twelve the three adventurers, who had been keeping themselves awake by the exercise of great pains, satisfied themselves that the other occupants of the tent were asleep, and stole out.

It was an excellent night for their purpose. There was no moon, and the stars were hidden by clouds.

They crept silently towards the guard-tent. A dim figure loomed out of the blackness. They noted with satisfaction, as it approached, that it was small. Sentries at the public-school camp vary in physique. They felt that it was lucky that the task of sentry-go had not fallen that night to some muscular forward from one of the school fifteens, or worse still, to a boxing expert who had figured in the Aldershot competition at Easter. The present sentry would be an easy victim.

They waited for him to arrive.

A moment later Private Jones, of St. Asterisk's—for it was he—turning to resume his beat, found himself tackled from behind. Two moments later he was reclining in the ditch. He would have challenged his adversary, but unfortunately that individual happened to be seated on his face.

He struggled, but to no purpose.

HE FOUND HIMSELF TACKLED FROM BEHIND.

He was still struggling when a muffled roar of indignation from the direction of the guard-tent broke the stillness of the summer night. The roar swelled into a crescendo. What seemed like echoes came from other quarters out of the darkness. The camp was waking.

The noise from the guard-tent waxed louder.

The unknown marauder rose from his seat on Private Jones, and vanished.

Private Jones also rose. He climbed out of the ditch, shook himself, looked round for his assailant, and, not finding him, hurried to the guard-tent to see what was happening.

CHAPTER VII.

A CLUE.

THE guard-tent had disappeared.

Private Jones' bewildered eye, rolling in a fine frenzy from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, in search of the missing edifice, found it at last in a tangled heap upon the ground. It was too dark to see anything distinctly, but he perceived that the canvas was rising and falling spasmodically like a stage sea, and for a similar reason—because there were human beings imprisoned beneath it.

By this time the whole camp was up and doing. Figures in *déshabille*, dashing the last vestiges of sleep away with their knuckles, trooped on to the scene in twos and threes, full of inquiry and trenchant sarcasm.

"What are you men playing at? What's all the row about? Can't you finish that game of footer some other time, when we aren't trying to get to sleep? What on earth's up?"

Then the voice of one having authority.

"What's the matter? What are you doing?"

It was perfectly obvious what the guard was doing. It was trying to get out from underneath the fallen tent. Private Jones explained this with some warmth.

"Somebody jumped at me and sat on my head in the ditch. I couldn't get up. And then some blackguard cut the ropes of the guard-tent. I couldn't see who it was. He cut off directly the tent went down."

Private Jones further expressed a wish that he could find the chap. When he did, there would, he hinted, be trouble in the old homestead.

The tent was beginning to disgorge its prisoners.

"Guard, turn out!" said a facetious voice from the darkness.

The camp was divided into two schools of thought. Those who were watching the guard struggle out thought the episode funny. The guard did not. It was pathetic to hear them on the subject of their mysterious assailants.

Matters quieted down rapidly after the tent had been set up again. The spectators were driven back to their lines by their officers. The guard turned in again to try and restore their shattered nerves with sleep until their time for sentry-go came round. Private Jones picked up his rifle and resumed his beat. The affair was at an end as far as that night was concerned.

Next morning, as might be expected, nothing else was talked about. Conversation at breakfast was confined to the topic. No halfpenny paper, however many times its circulation might exceed that of any penny morning paper, ever propounded so fascinating and puzzling a breakfast-table problem. It was the utter impossibility of detecting the culprits that appealed to the schools. They had swooped down like hawks out of the night, and disappeared like eels into mud, leaving no traces.

Jimmy Silver, of course, had no doubts.

"It was those Kay's men," he said. "What does it matter about evidence? You've only got to look at 'em. That's all the evidence you want. The only thing that makes it at all puzzling is that they did nothing worse. You'd naturally expect them to slay the sentry, at any rate."

But the rest of the camp, lacking that intimate knowledge of the Kayite which he possessed, did not turn the eye of suspicion towards the Eckleton lines. The affair remained a mystery. Kennedy, who never gave up a problem when everybody else did, continued to revolve the mystery in his mind.

"I shouldn't wonder," he said to Silver, two days later, "if you were right."

Silver, who had not made any remark for the last five minutes, with the exception of abusive comments on the toughness of the meat which he was trying to carve with a blunt knife for the tent, asked for an explanation.

"I mean about that row the other night."

"What row?"

"That guard-tent business."

"Oh, that! I'd forgotten. Why don't you move with the times? You're always thinking of something that's been dead and buried for years."

"You remember you said you thought it was those Kay's chaps who did it. I've been thinking it over, and I believe you're right. You see, it was probably somebody who'd been to camp before, or he wouldn't have known that dodge of cutting the ropes."

"I don't see why. Seems to me it's the sort of idea that might have occurred to anybody. You don't want to study the thing particularly deeply to know that the best way of making a tent collapse is to cut the ropes. Of course, it was Kay's lot who did it. But I don't see how you're going to have them simply because one or two of them have been here before."

"No, I suppose not," said Kennedy.

After tea the other occupants of the tent went out of the lines to play stump-cricket. Silver was in the middle of a story in one of the magazines, so did not accompany them. Kennedy cried off on the plea of slackness.

"I say," he said, when they were alone.

"Hullo," said Silver, finishing his story, and putting down the magazine. "What do you say to going after those chaps? I thought that story was going to be a long one that would take half an hour to get through. But it collapsed. Like that guard-tent."

"About that tent business," said Kennedy. "Of course that was all rot what I was saying just now. I suddenly remembered that I didn't particularly want anybody but you to hear what I was going to say, so I had to invent any rot that I could think of."

"But now," said Jimmy Silver, sinking his voice to a melodramatic whisper, "the villagers have left us to continue their revels on the green, our wicked uncle has gone to London, his sinister retainer, Jasper Murgleshaw, is washing his hands in the scullery sink, and—*we are alone!*"

"Don't be an ass," pleaded Kennedy.

"Tell me your dreadful tale. Conceal nothing. Spare me not. In fact, say on."

"I've had a talk with the chap who was sentry that night," began Kennedy.

"Astounding revelations by our special correspondent," murmured Silver.

"You might listen."

"I *am* listening. Why don't you begin? All this hesitation strikes me as suspicious. Get on with your shady story."

"You remember the sentry was upset——"

"Very upset."

"Somebody collared him from behind, and upset him into the ditch. They went in together, and the other man sat on his head."

"A touching picture. Proceed, friend."

"They rolled about a bit, and this sentry chap swears he scratched the man. It was just after that that the man sat on his head. Jones says he was a big chap, strong and heavy."

"He was in a position to judge, anyhow."

"Of course, he didn't mean to scratch him. He was rather keen on having that understood. But his fingers came up against the fellow's cheek as he was falling. So, you see we've only got to look for a man with a scratch on his cheek. It was the right cheek, Jones was almost certain. I don't see what you're laughing at"

"I wish you wouldn't spring these good things of yours on me suddenly," gurgled Jimmy Silver, rolling about the wooden floor of the tent. "You ought to give a chap some warning. Look here," he added, imperatively, "swear you'll take me with you when you go on your tour through camp examining everybody's right cheek to see if it's got a scratch on it."

Kennedy began to feel the glow and pride of the successful sleuth-hound leaking out of him. This aspect of the case had not occurred to him. The fact that the sentry had scratched his assailant's right cheek, added to the other indubitable fact that Walton, of Kay's, was even now walking abroad with a scratch on his right cheek, had seemed to him conclusive. He had forgotten that there might be others. Still, it was worth while just to question him. He questioned him at Cove Reservoir next day.

"Hullo, Walton," he said, with a friendly carelessness which would not have deceived a prattling infant, "nasty scratch you've got on your cheek. How did you get it?"

"Perry did it when we were ragging a few days ago," replied Walton, eyeing him distrustfully.

"Oh," said Kennedy.

"Silly fool," said Walton.

"Talking about me?" inquired Kennedy politely.

"No," replied Walton, with the suavity of a Chesterfield, "Perry."

They parted, Kennedy with the idea that Walton was his man still more deeply rooted, Walton with an uncomfortable feeling that Kennedy knew too much, and that, though he had undoubtedly scored off him for the moment, a time (as Jimmy Silver was fond of observing with a satanic laugh) would come, and then—!

He felt that it behoved him to be wary.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.—THE DETHRONEMENT OF FENN.

ONE of the things which make life on this planet more or less agreeable is the speed with which alarums, excursions, excitement, and rows generally, blow over. A nine-days' wonder has to be a big business to last out its full time nowadays. As a rule the third day sees the end of it, and the public rushes whooping after some other hare that has been started for its benefit. The guard-tent row, as far as the bulk of camp was concerned, lasted exactly two days; at the end of which period it was generally agreed that all that could be said on the subject had been said, and that it was now a back number. Nobody, except possibly the authorities, wanted to find out the authors of the raid, and even Private Jones had ceased to talk about it—this owing to the unsympathetic attitude of his tent.

"Jones," the corporal had observed, as the

ex-sentry's narrative of his misfortunes reached a finish for the third time since *réveille* that morning, "if you can't manage to switch off that unspeakable chestnut of yours, I'll make you wash up all day and sit on your head all night."

So Jones had withdrawn his yarn from circulation. Kennedy's interest in detective work waned after his interview with Walton. He was quite sure that Walton had been one of the band, but it was not his business to find out; even had he found out, he would have done nothing. It was more for his own private satisfaction than for the furtherance of justice that he wished to track the offenders down. But he did not look on the affair, as Jimmy Silver did, as rather sporting; he had a tender feeling for the good name of the school, and he felt that it was not likely to make Eckleton popular with the other schools that went to camp if they got the reputation of practical jokers. Practical jokers are seldom popular until they have been dead a hundred years or so.

As for Walton and his colleagues, to complete the list of those who were interested in this matter of the midnight raid, they lay remarkably low after their successful foray. They imagined that Kennedy was spying on their every movement. In which they were quite wrong, for Kennedy was doing nothing of the kind. Camp does not allow a great deal of leisure for the minding of other people's businesses. But this reflection did not occur to Walton, and he regarded Kennedy, whenever chance or his duties brought him into the neighbourhood of that worthy's tent, with a suspicion which increased whenever the latter looked at him.

On the night before camp broke up, a second incident of a sensational kind occurred, which, but for the fact that they never heard of it, would have given the schools a good deal to talk about. It happened that Kennedy was on sentry-go that night. The manner of sentry-go is thus. At seven in the evening the guard falls in, and patrols the fringe of the camp in relays till seven in the morning. A guard consists of a sergeant, a corporal, and ten men. They are on duty for two hours at a time, with intervals of four hours between each spell, in which intervals they sleep the sleep of tired men in the guard-tent, unless, as happened on the occasion previously described, some miscreant takes it upon himself to cut the ropes. The ground to be patrolled by the sentries is divided into three parts, each of which is entrusted to one man.

Kennedy was one of the ten privates, and his first spell of sentry-go began at eleven o'clock.

On this night there was no moon. It was as black as pitch. It is always unpleasant to be on sentry-go on such a night. The mind wanders, in spite of all effort to check it, through a long series of all the ghastly stories one has ever read. There is one in particular of Conan Doyle's about a mummy that came to life and chased people on lonely roads—but enough! However courageous one may be, it is difficult not to speculate on the possible horrors which may spring out on one from the darkness. That feeling that there is somebody—or something—just behind one can only be experienced in all its force by a sentry on an inky night at camp. And the thought that, of all the hundreds there, he and two others are the only ones awake, puts a sort of finishing touch to the unpleasantness of the situation.

Kennedy was not a particularly imaginative youth, but he looked forward with no little eagerness to the time when he should be relieved. It would be a relief in two senses of the word. His beat included that side of the camp which faces the road to Aldershot. Between camp and this road is a ditch and a wood. After he had been on duty for an hour this wood began to suggest a variety of possibilities, all grim. The ditch, too, was not without associations. It was into this that Private Jones had been hurled on a certain memorable occasion. Such a thing was not likely to happen again in the same week, and, even if it did, Kennedy flattered himself that he would have more to say in the matter than Private Jones had had; but nevertheless he kept a careful eye in that direction whenever his beat took him along the ditch.

It was about half-past twelve, and he had entered upon the last section of his two hours, when Kennedy distinctly heard footsteps in the wood. He had heard so many mysterious sounds since his patrol began at eleven o'clock that at first he was inclined to attribute this to imagination. But a crackle of dead branches and the sound of soft breathing convinced him that this was the real thing for once, and that, as a sentry of the Public Schools' Camp on duty, it behoved him to challenge the unknown.

He stopped and waited, peering into the darkness in a futile endeavour to catch a glimpse of his man. But the night was too black for the keenest eye to penetrate it. A slight thud put him on the right track. It showed him two things; first, that the unknown had dropped into the ditch, and, secondly, that he was a camp man returning to his tent after an

illegal prowl about the town at lights-out. Nobody save one belonging to the camp would have cause to cross the ditch.

Besides, the man walked warily, as one not ignorant of the danger of sentries. The unknown had crawled out of the ditch now. As luck would have it he had chosen a spot immediately opposite to where Kennedy stood. Now that he was nearer Kennedy could see the vague outline of him.

"Who goes there?" he said.

From an instinctive regard for the other's feelings he did not shout the question in the regulation manner. He knew how he would feel himself if he were out of camp at half-past twelve, and the voice of the sentry were to rip suddenly through the silence *fortissimo*.

As it was, his question was quite loud enough to electrify the person to whom it was addressed. The unknown started so violently that he nearly leapt into the air. Kennedy was barely two yards from him when he spoke.

HE WAS ALTOGETHER TOO LATE.

The next moment this fact was brought home to him in a very practical manner. The unknown, sighting the sentry, perhaps more clearly against the dim whiteness of the tents than Kennedy could sight *him* against the dark wood, dashed in with a rapidity which showed that he knew something of the art of boxing. Kennedy dropped his rifle and flung up his arm. He was altogether too late. A sudden blaze of light, and he was on the ground, sick and dizzy, a feeling he had often experienced before in a slighter degree, when sparring in the Eckleton gymnasium with the boxing instructor.

The immediate effect of a flush hit in the regions about the jaw is to make the victim lose for the moment all interest in life. Kennedy lay where he had fallen for nearly half a minute before he fully realised what it was that had happened to him. When he did realise the situation he leapt to his feet, feeling sick and shaky, and staggered about in all directions in a manner which suggested that he fancied his assailant would be waiting politely until he had recovered. As was only natural, that wily person had vanished, and was by this time doing a quick change into garments of the night. Kennedy had the satisfaction of knowing—for what it was worth—that his adversary was in one of those tents, but to place him with any greater accuracy was impossible.

So he gave up the search, found his rifle, and resumed his patrol. And at one o'clock his successor relieved him.

On the following day camp broke up.

Kennedy always enjoyed going home, but, as he travelled back to Eckleton on the last day of these summer holidays, he could not help feeling that there was a great deal to be said for term. He felt particularly cheerful. He had the carriage to himself, and he had also plenty to read and eat. The train was travelling at fifty miles an hour. And there were all the pleasures of a first night after the holidays to look forward to, when you dashed from one friend's study to another's, comparing notes, and explaining—five or six of you at a time—what a good time you had had in the holidays. This was always a pleasant ceremony at Blackburn's, where all the prefects were intimate friends, and all good sorts, without that liberal admixture of weeds, worms, and outsiders which marred the list of prefects in most of the other houses. Such as Kay's! Kennedy could not restrain a momentary gloating, as he contrasted the state of affairs in Blackburn's with what existed at Kay's. Then this feeling was merged in one of pity for Feen's hard case. How he must hate the beginning of term, thought Kennedy.

All the well-known stations were flashing by now. In a few minutes he would be at the junction, and in another half hour back at Blackburn's. He began to collect his baggage from the rack.

Nobody he knew was at the junction. This was the late train that he had come down by. Most of the school had returned earlier in the afternoon.

He reached Blackburn's at eight o'clock, and went up to his study to unpack. This was always his first act on coming back to school. He liked to start the term with all his books in their shelves and all his pictures and photographs in their proper places on the first day. Some of the studies looked like lumber rooms till near the end of the first week.

He had filled the shelves, and was arranging the artistic decorations, when Jimmy Silver came in. Kennedy had been surprised that he had not met him downstairs, but the matron had answered his inquiry with the statement that he was talking to Mr. Blackburn in the other part of the house.

"When did you arrive?" asked Silver, after the conclusion of the first outbreak of holiday talk.

"I've only just come."

"Seen Blackburn yet?"

"No. I was thinking of going up after I had got this place done properly."

Jimmy Silver ran his eye over the room.

"I haven't started mine yet," he said. "You're such an energetic man. Now, are all those books in their proper places?"

"Yes," said Kennedy.

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"How about the pictures? Got them up?"

"All but this lot here. Sha'n't be a second. There you are. How's that for effect?"

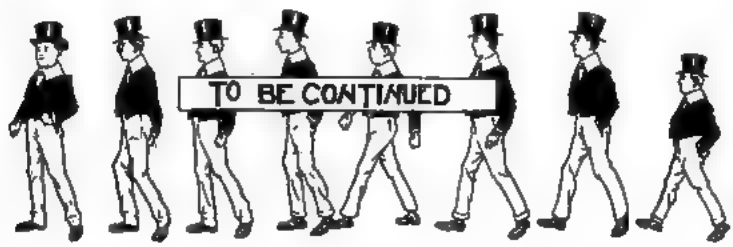
"Not bad. Got all your photographs in their places?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Jimmy Silver, calmly, "you'd better start now to pack them all up again. And why, my son? Because you are no longer a Blackburnite. That's what."

Kennedy stared.

"I've just had the whole yarn from Blackburn," continued Jimmy Silver. "Our dear old pal, Mr. Kay, wanting somebody in his house capable of keeping order, by way of a change, has gone to the Old Man and borrowed you. So *you're* head of Kay's now. There's an honour for you."



THE STAMPS OF SARAWAK.

SARAWAK is a British protectorate on the north-west coast of the island of Borneo, with a coast line of nearly 400 miles. As a State under British protection it pursues the even tenour of its way without troubling us with Colonial or diplomatic difficulties, or the multiplication of postal issues for sale to stamp collectors. It is, happily, not presided over by a London company, and consequently no quasi-London stamp dealer runs its postal department. Its stamp issues are, therefore, clean and creditable, and free from the taint of so-called commemoratives and other rubbish postmarked to order.

The history of Sarawak is interwoven with the history of the Brooke family. It owes its civilised existence to an adventurous member of the family, and its trading prosperity to the uninterrupted and continued sway of the same beneficent influence.

Sir James Brooke, whose portrait figures upon the first postage stamp of Sarawak, was an Englishman, born at Benares in 1803, and educated at Norwich. His biographers tell us that he was of an adventurous disposition, and apparently he commenced his adventures very early in life, for he ran away from school. He entered the East India Company's service, and served in the Burmese war. In 1838, after he had left the East India Company, he made a voyage to Borneo in his yacht, the *Royalist*, a schooner of 142 tons burden, with a crew of twenty men. On that trip he seems to have established friendly relations with a relative of the Sultan of Brunei, then the nominal ruler of Borneo. In 1840 he returned to Sarawak, and took an active part in suppressing a rebellion. The following year, at the request of the Sultan, he assumed the government of Sarawak with the title of Rajah. He suppressed piracy in the neighbouring seas with a strong hand, and raised the condition of his State from one of barbarism to that of a prosperous trading community.

In 1868 the old adventurer, broken in health, handed over the reins of government to his nephew, his Highness the Rajah Charles Johnson Brooke, the present ruler, and returned to England to enjoy a well-earned rest; but death intervened, and that self-same year he was laid to rest at Burraton, in Devonshire, where an estate had been purchased for him by his British admirers.

In the 'eighties there was an epidemic of annexations amongst the European Powers, and, in order to protect our Australian trade route through Torres Straits and the development of our great commercial settlement at Singapore, a British protectorate was established over the State of Sarawak in the year 1888. The rule of the Brooke family was left undisturbed.

It is an inexpensive little country to specialise; its earliest and most interesting issues can all be had for a few shillings. There is not a high-priced rarity in the whole lot, and no high face values.

The Philatelic History of Sarawak.

1869.—The first postage stamp was designed, engraved, and lithographed by the firm of Maclure and Macdonald, of 37 Walbrook, London, E.C. The value was three cents. It served for both postal and revenue purposes, as will be seen from the following:—

Government Notification.

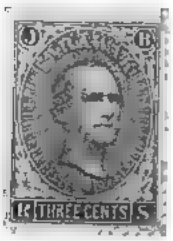
On and after the first of March, 1869, the following rules will come into force:—

On all letters not exceeding half an ounce . .	1 stamp
For every half ounce in excess, up to 4 ozs. .	1 ,,
On all Receipts or Paid Bills over 5 dols.	1 ,,
On all Bills of Sale, &c., to become legal .	1 ,,
On all Agreements to become legal	1 ,,
On all Bills of Lading or Mate's Receipts	1 ,,

By order, W. M. Crocker, *Secretary*.

SARAWAK, *January* 12*th*, 1869.

The stamps were lithographed in brown on yellow wove paper. The design, as shown in our illustration, embodied a portrait of the founder of the State, Sir James Brooke, and



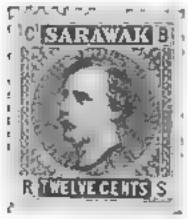
Type I.

in the corners were the initials, "J. B. R. S.," James Brooke, Rajah, Sarawak. The stamps were perf. 11. The Rajah, C. J. Brooke, stated in a communication to the *Philatelist*, in May, 1874, that the surplus stock of this stamp was burned on receipt of the new stamp issued in 1871. Type I.

Perf. 11.

	Unused.	Used.
3 cents, brown on yellow paper ...	£ 0	—

1871.—Portrait of Charles Brooke, the reigning Rajah. Designed and lithographed by the firm responsible for the first issue, and printed as before in brown on yellow wove paper, value three cents, and perf. 11. The initials, "C. B. R. S.," in the corners stand for the new Rajah — Charles Brooke, Rajah, Sarawak. There is said to be a variety with a stop after the word "three" in the value, but this is probably due to a defect in the lithographic printing. Type II.



Type II.

Perf. 11.

	Unused.	Used.
3 cents, brown on yellow paper ...	0 4	0 4

1875.—Same design and the same printers as the last issue, but a series of five values in place of one stamp. There is no 3 cents, and the colour of that value is transferred to a 4 cents stamp. This new series was no doubt called for by the commercial development of the State. There are said to be five types of the words of value of all the values, but they need not trouble the ordinary collector. The perforation was changed to 12, and the stamps were unwatermarked. All Type II.

No wmk. Perf. 12

	Unused.	Used.
2 cents, lilac on lilac paper .	1 0	3 0
4 cents, brown on yellow paper	0 5	0 9
6 cents, green on green paper	0 6	1 0
8 cents, blue on blue paper	0 6	0 9
12 cents, red on rose paper	0 9	1 0

1888-92.—New design, engraved and printed by Messrs. De la Rue and Co., ten values, of which the 2c., 3c., 4c., 6c., 8c., and 12c., were first issued, the other values being added subsequently as required, the 1c. completing the series, following provisionals of that value, being issued so late as May, 1892. The new stamps were printed on white wove paper, and perf. 14. Each stamp was printed in two colours, the tablet of value being in one colour and the rest of the design in another colour. All Type III.

Type III.

Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
1 cent, purple, tablet black	0 2	0 4
2 cents, purple, tablet carmine ...	0 4	0 3
3 cents, purple, tablet ultramarine	0 2	0 3
4 cents, purple, tablet yellow	1 6	1 6
5 cents, purple, tablet green	0 4	0 3
6 cents, purple, tablet brown	1 6	2 0
8 cents, green, tablet carmine	0 9	0 6
10 cents, green, tablet violet	0 2	0 9
12 cents, green, tablet ultramarine	0 6	0 6
25 cents, green, tablet brown	2 6	1 4

1889-92.—Provisional issues. In order to provide 1c., 2c., and 5c. values, which were not included in the first delivery of the De la Rue series, or which had run short, a number of provisionals were issued.

The 3c. of 1888-92 was surcharged in 1892 with the words, "One Cent" in black in one line, in thick Roman type without initial capitals, Type IV., and also the same surcharge on the same stamp with capital initial to each word, Type V. The *Monthly Journal* of October, 1901, reports having received a sheet of the "one cent," in which the right-hand stamp of the second horizontal row had no stop after the word "cent."

In March of the same year another provisional of the same value was made by surcharging a number of the old 3c. of 1871 with the words "ONE CENT" in Roman capitals, in black, in two lines. Varieties may be found in the space between the word "Cent" and the obliterating bar, which varies from 7m. to 8m. Type VI.

In 1889 the 8 cents of 1888-92 was surcharged "2c." in black. Type VII.

In 1891 a 5c. was made by surcharging the 12c. of the De la Rue series with "5c." Concerning this "5c.," the *Monthly Journal* of August, 1891, having received some sheets, says: "an examination of which leads us to the conclusion that the surcharge is done with a hand-stamp, and that consequently there are no varieties of type properly so-called, apparent differences being due to the slipping of the die, and to double printing. Care was evidently taken to print the surcharge upon the label containing the original value, as in one instance, where it had been struck too high, the surcharge was scratched out, and a second impression printed in the right place. On one sheet a stamp was found which had escaped the surcharge altogether; on another there was a doubly surcharged copy, one impression being inverted." There are two types of this surcharge, one with an ordinary thin capital "C," Type VIII., the other with a larger and thicker type "C," as illustrated. Type IX.

Type IV.

Type V

Type VI.

Type VII.

Type VIII.

Type IX.

Provisionals.

	Unused.	Used.
"One Cent" on 3c. purple and blue, type IV.	10 0	4 0
"One Cent" on 3c. purple and blue, type V.	0 3	0 6
"ONE CENT" on 8c. brown on yellow paper, type VI.	0 3	0 6
"2c." on 8c. green and carmine, type VII.	0 4	0 6
"5c." on 12c. green and ultramarine, type VIII.	0 6	1 0
"5c." on 12c. green and ultramarine, type IX.	10 0	3 0

1895.—New design. Portrait of Rajah Charles Brooke, designed and engraved and printed by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon and Co. No watermark. Perf 11½; and 2c. also perf. 12½. Only four values were printed by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon and Co., hence it is surmised that for some reason a full series of this design was not proceeded with. Types X to XIII.

Type X.

Type XI.

Type XII.

Type XIII.

No wmk. Perf. 11½.

	Unused.	Used.
2 cents, Indian red	0 6	1 0
4 cents, black	0 4	0 4
6 cents, violet	0 8	1 6
8 cents, deep green	0 8	1 6

Perf. 12½.

3 cents, Indian red	—	—

1897-8.—Some further values in the 1888-92 De la Rue design. No watermark, and perf. 14, as before.

No wmk. Perf. 14.

16 cents, green, tablet orange	0 8	1 0
33 cents, green, tablet black	1 3	1 6
50 cents, green	2 6	2 6
$1 green, tablet black	5 0	5 0

1899.—Provisionals. The stock of 2c. and 4c. values having been exhausted, supplies of the 1871 and 1875 issues, with portrait of Sir Charles Brooke, presumably surplus stock, were surcharged with the values needed. The 3c. brown on yellow and the 12c. red on rose were surcharged "2 Cents" in black, and the 6c. green on green and the 8c. blue on blue were surcharged "4 Cents" in red. A few varieties occurred in the printing. On each sheet of 100 stamps the word "Cents" on the eighth stamp in the top row, and the first in the fourth row, have a smaller letter "s" than the others. In a second printing of the 2c. on 3c., 2c. on 12c., and 4c. on 6c., the fifth stamp in the top row has the full stop misplaced on a level with the tops of the letters. Of the 2c. on 12c. a sheet was issued with the surcharge inverted. It was sold to a Chinaman, who used several before the error was noticed. All type XIV.

Type XIV.

Type XV.

Provisionals.

	Unused.	Used
2 cents in black on 3 cents	0 4	0 6
2 cents in black on 12 cents	0 6	0 9
4 cents in red on 6 cents	4 0	2 6
4 cents in red on 8 cents	2 6	2 6

Surcharge inverted.

2 cents in black on 12 cents	—	—

1899.—It having been decided to have separate sets of stamps for postal and revenue purposes, the words "and revenue" on the right-hand side of the design were removed, and the word "Postage" substituted. Otherwise the design remained unaltered, but the colours were changed throughout, some values omitted and others added. The series is perf. 14 and unwatermarked, as before

No wmk. Perf. 14.

	Unused	Used
1c blue, tablet of value carmine	0 1	0 1
2c green	0 4	0 3
4c carmine	0 2	0 1
8c yellow, tablet of value blue	0 4	0 4
10c ultramarine	0 5	0 4
12c lilac	0 6	0 5
16c. pale brown, tablet of value green	0 8	0 9
20c bistre, tablet of value mauve	0 9	—
25c brown, tablet of value blue	1 0	—
50c. sage green, tablet of value carmine	1 9	—
$1 carmine, tablet of value green	3 6	—

1901.—A fresh supply of the 2 cents of the current design sent out by the printers was in error printed on the paper used for Johore, watermarked quatrefoils. This was corrected in a subsequent supply which was watermarked.

Error, wmk. quatrefoils. Perf. 14.

2 cents, green	0 1	0 1

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Blue (Christ's Hospital). As usual, the *Blue* is excellent, containing not only much of interest, but also—more rare—something of literary merit. The Editorial is a first-rate one, and the appeal for contributions so common to Editorials in school magazines—is, for once, eloquent and not feeble. We extract an inspiring passage:—

It is but a one-sided kind of existence at the best, to think merely of making runs in cricket matches or of scoring tries at Rugger, and to refuse to cultivate the literary abilities which must exist in some at least out of a school of some seven hundred and fifty boys. You do not know what you can do until you try. The Greeks, says the old dame in Theocritus, got into Troy by trying. Do you think that if Raphael had feared to daub he would have painted his Madonna? Had Canova feared to torture marble he would never have been a sculptor. It is a sad confession of incapability to say that you cannot write.

Cadet (H.M.S. *Conway*).—It would ill become us, writing these lines with pipe in mouth and pouch beside the inkpot, to inveigh against the practice of smoking. But though a man smoke habitually like Vesuvius, yet may he, in all sincerity, heartily endorse this warning on "The Dangers of Smoking":—

Every smoker knows that the real curse of smoking is the habit of inhaling the smoke. The mere drawing of the smoke into the mouth is innocuousness itself compared with the other practice. It is the man who inhales who dies of 'smoker's heart'; the boy who inhales is killed off by poisoned blood and lungs. If this effect were explained to boys in their ordinary physiology lessons in class, it would be an infinitely better deterrent than badges and pledges. If a boy knows that by admitting tobacco smoke into his respiratory system he is carrying nicotine straight into his blood, and so endangering his life, he has a specific warning. A medical friend, who is keen on this matter, when he wants to impress a boy against smoking, takes a draught from his pipe or cigarette, puts a corner of his handkerchief over his mouth, and blows the smoke through it. The deep brown patch of nicotine left by one puff of smoke is a better lecture to a lad than all your academic generalities.

Compostellan (Richmond School, Yorks).—The general contents are of little public interest. The lines on "Harmozan," however, reflect considerable credit on their author:—

Harmozan stood in presence of his fate,
Shorn of his honours, ruined, desolate.
"Caliph," said he, "by all you love the best,
One cup of water, 'tis my last request."
Signing assent, the conqueror complied,
Harmozan stooped to drink before he died,
But ere the cup he quaff'd, he paused in fear,
Gazing distrustful on the weapons near
"Courage," the Caliph cried, "my word I give
Till thou hast drunk the water thou shalt live"
Swift to the earth the crafty satrap dashed
The cup, and stood in triumph unabashed.
Then swore Omar in fury, "Naught avails
Deceit like this Persian, thy cunning fails—
Prepare to die But those around were loth
To share pollution from a broken oath.
Omar was softened Harmozan declared
His faith as Moslem, and his life was spared.

Durban H. S. Magazine.—Thinking it may interest our home readers to learn of what nature and habits are their Colonial kin in South Africa, we quote a few lines from "The High School Cesar":

All D.H.S. is divided into two parts, of which one is inhabited by the seniors, the other by those who are called in our language juniors, and in their own kids. These latter excel in numbers, and also in a certain wildness, both because they are very far removed from the faintest ideas of civilisation, and also because having less pocket-money they are less able to go to the merchants and procure those things which tend to the softening of courage. They wear their hair long and without parting, and round their necks a collar which is sometimes white but more often of a darker hue. Their food consists of chewing gum and avocado pears. On feast days—and these are very numerous amongst that tribe—they also eat nougat. Their favourite weapon is a Latin grammar. This they hurl at each other, but for the most part in such a way as not to hit anyone. In order to make themselves the more terrible in battle, they smear their faces with a dark fluid called ink, which they also sprinkle over their collars.

From all of which we gather that though North be North, and South be South, there is not much to choose between them. We read with interest an account of the Natal Cadet Corps encampment, illustrated with some capital snap-shots.

Hoe P.S. Magazine.—Some men worship God, more worship money, and most worship themselves. There are others, also, who worship nothing, and still others—if we are to believe a contributor to the magazine before us—who worship anything. At all events, says the writer,

I have seen one god in Africa which consisted of a soda water bottle upside down on a stick. Such a strangely-shaped thing must have come down from heaven, they said

Even Brummagen—which is understood to do a large export trade in idols for curio hunting tourists to worship—could hardly better that. There is a simplicity of design about the latest idol which is attractively *chic*.

Liverpool College V.S. Magazine.—Snow sports, we notice, have been made the subject of numerous articles in the batch of magazines before us. One of the best of the series is "Winter Sport" in the pages before us. Adelboden, 4,0.0 feet odd above the Engtsligen Valley, is the place described, and it would seem that besides the many fascinations it holds out to all, to public schoolmen it offers a special attraction :—

Adelboden has been chosen for the last two winters as the place of competition for the Public Schools Winter Sport Challenge Cup. In this competition, which is open to all Public School men past and present, an equal number of marks is given for tobogganing, ski running, and skating the latter test being very difficult. This is only one amongst many reasons why all Public School fellows, who can persuade themselves or their parents that they need a holiday, should go out to Switzerland at Christmas for some winter sport.

Malvernian.—The editor, we note with pleasure, still retains the valued services of "K." We have seen verses by the latter which we prefer to his "Desiderie," in the number before us; but for all that the lines give us pleasure :—

We sigh for the world's anoint glory,
We pant for the ages of gold,
With longing we spell the dim story,
Ever new, though for ever re-told,
Of the times when the red blood was flowing,
When Love was a passionate thing,
Of the days when our nature was growing
Humanity's Spring.

Then we pass to the chivalrous ages,
When Honour took Love for a bride,
And we read in quaint chroniclers' pages
Of the knight-errant's glorious pride,
When each warrior's heart was enlightened
By the flash of the fires from above,
When the dull path of Duty was brightened
By the glamour of Love.

Or we long with a fathomless yearning
For the great second birth of the brain,
When the riches of Greece were returning,
And thought was awakening again,
When the Ocean fresh worlds was disclosing
For her lovers to seek and to win,
When the old world new joys was exposing
Without and within!

The glory of Chivalry leaves us,
The ashes of Greece have grown cold,
No second Renaissance relieves us
The Muse sings less clear than of old
But so long as Romance can enthrall us
To hear and re-echo her cry,
Nor vainly does Sentiment call us,
The world cannot die.

St. Andrew's College Magazine (Grahamstown).—"La Corrida de Toros" gives a description of a Spanish bull-fight. It is a horrid spectacle for the most part, the bull-fight, hardly to be dignified by the name of sport. For all that, however, there are moments in the duel between man and beast which are not to be surpassed which may even be defended and commended. It needs tough fibres and nerves of steel to play the part of the *espada*. Skill, strength, activity, quickness, and trueness of eye (to say nought of courage and nerve) : the game which can call these forth is not to be despised. All of them must the *espada* pos-

Amidst a deafening uproar one of the famous *espadas* enters the arena, a sword in the right and a red cloth in the left hand, he graciously bows to the president and turns to his enemy. Sporting around him, he watches his opportunity of striking the fatal blow. At last the decisive moment does arrive. With steady eye, his body slightly bent forward, he awaits the final charge The *toro* seems to realise that victory or death is near. Once more gathering all his strength, and throwing up a cloud of dust, he dashes forward—a picture of fierce wrath and brute force. The vast multitude around hold their breath, they seem petrified. The sharp horns all but reach the undaunted *espada*, when the steel flashes, and plunges up to the hilt into the bull's neck.

The pity is that that which is fine in the bull fight should be so hopelessly overshadowed by practices that are degrading and bestial.

Salopian (Shrewsbury).—What becomes of old horses? Many solutions are offered to that question. Some hold they serve a further term of usefulness, after their natural span is over, with hide and hoofs in the guise of leather and glue. Others contend that they help to swell the bulging proportions of the Continental sausage. But the present writer, basing his conclusions on an extensive reading of school magazines, is convinced that the bulk of them become School Horses. There seems to be an undying tradition that satisfactorily to roll a cricket pitch a horse must be aged and decrepit. The latest aspirant to fame is the Salopian Houyhnhnms, and thus the Salopian bard (in one of many stanzas) addresses him :—

Yes, we know what you, O Charger, wert of yore;
how in war
All your brazen hoofs would flame with blood and gore!
Can we fail to see you stamping,
Or to hear your muttered champing,
As you catch the distant tramping
of the Corps?
Can we hear your spirit mumbling
That it sees the corpses tumbling,
'Mid the rattle and the rumbling
and the war!

It is likewise noteworthy that properly to fulfil the conditions of his employment, a School Horse must be either a retired war-horse, or a former Derby winner. We ourselves know personally of three Ladases and two Diamond Jubilees in the profession

Sedberghian.—An Old Sedberghian contributes some interesting extracts from his diary of forty years ago. As Sedbergh was then, Sedbergh is still a land of mountain, moor, valley, and stream, and a maker of sturdy limbs and deep chests

It was a grand country for paper-chases, hill and dale, big jumps, little jumps, rivers to wade and even to swim, woods to hide in, old mills to creep through, farm-yards, which were all right for the foxes, who got a drink of milk, but which proved no joke when the farmer found thirty boys tramping over his farm in the pursuit. The foxes got a pull on the hounds when they crossed the river in a boat and tied it up on the other side. The servants got us a good supper when we got back

We have also received, at the time of going to press, copies of the following :—*Aluredian, Amateur, Arronian, Avonian* (Port Talbot), *Blackpool H.S Magazine, Clayesmorian, Cooper's School Magazine, Cranleighan, De Astonian, Esmedunc, Fettesian, Framlinghamian, Haileyburian, Ipswich School Magazine, Irish Blue, Huret Johnian, Johnian, La Martinière Chronicle* (Calcutta), *Lily, Mill Hill Magazine, Norman Court Magazine, Olarian, Ousel, Owlet, Pauline, Quernmorian, St. Paul's School Chronicle* (Darjeeling), *Stanley House School Magazine, Tonbridgian, Wyvern.*

A. E. JOHNSON.

By GEORGE ELLBAR.

Author of "A Queer Catch."

Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.

AS the lower deck said, H.M. Torpedo Gunboat *Firefly* was a rotten cripple. There was no other name for it. Twice during the last nine months had she been towed ignominiously into Malta Dockyard for repairs. Now, just when she ought to have been in tip-top condition, she was lying off the Spanish coast, miles away from her course, with another "minor defect" in her machinery.

Little wonder that the crew, particularly the engine-room staff, gave Commander Tredescaux a wide berth that evening. As that gentleman, in the solitude of his cabin, pricked off on the chart the distance his ship had compulsorily run that day, he bemoaned the storm that had swept her so far from her course, the erring steam-pipe that had left her at the mercy of wind and waves, and, most of all, his misfortune at being in command of such an unlucky boat at the beginning of the biggest naval war of the century.

To add to his unhappiness, his Navigating Officer, Lieutenant Marlow, who had been thrown off his balance by a particularly fierce lurch of the ship, was now lying helplessly in the ward-room with a crocked ankle.

The Commander pitched the chart on to the round table in the middle of his cabin, and was about to write up the log, when an unwonted hubbub in the narrow passage outside caused him to pause. Furious at this unpardonable disturbance in the vicinity of his sanctum, he strode angrily towards the door. But it flew open in his face, and presented to his astonished gaze his Sub-Lieutenant, a Petty Officer, and another person who obviously had no place on board a British gunboat, and equally obviously was extremely uncomfortable under the firm grip of a pair of muscular British hands.

Before the Commander could get in a word the Sub., whose full name was Robert Lanham, raised his disengaged hand to the salute and spoke—

"Beg to report landed in steam pinnace, sir, according to orders received. Purchased soft tack and fresh vegetables, and prepared to leave, when the coxswain brought up a native who apparently wished to communicate something. I gathered it was about some French ships, but not understanding much of the lingo considered it advisable to bring him on board, knowing you spoke the language. He is a bit scared, I think, and wanted to back out when we put off; but I judged it advisable to persuade him, sir."

"French ships?" repeated the Commander, slowly, turning to the "persuaded" Spaniard, a swarthy Catalan fisherman, "why," he added, "you have frightened the man out of his wits. Let go his wrists," he ordered, after addressing a few words in Spanish to the captive.

The latter, his alarm abated, answered volubly, with much gesticulation, the questions which the Commander then put to him. The interview lasted but a few minutes, and the Spaniard's black, beady eyes glistened at the sight of the piece of gold whose change of ownership marked its conclusion.

"Rawlin," said the Commander, "the steam cutter is waiting, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied the Petty Officer.

"Very well; put this man ashore and return at once. Sub-Lieutenant Lanham will remain here."

When the two men had gone, the Commander looked up at Lieutenant Marlow, who, roused by the noise, had dragged his damaged foot into the cabin to see what was the matter.

"You heard, of course," said the Commander. "What do you think of it?"

"I did," replied the Navigator, "and I think if I were you I should order all lights out forthwith and stop that beastly din in the engine-room."

"Exactly," agreed the Commander. "Lanham, see to it at once, will you? Not a light to be shown anywhere, mind; not even a match, and no noise. Tell Slade to stop his greasers at once, and bring him back with you."

When, some minutes later, Lanham came back through the now dark and silent ship with the puzzled Engineer-Lieutenant Slade, all the light in the Commander's cabin came from the glow of two cigars, which marked the position of Lieut.-Commander Tredescaux and his Navigating Officer.

"Have a cigar, Slade," said the Commander, as they entered. "You will find a box on the table, if you can find the table. Cigars won't be on the bill of fare of the French prison, which in all probability will be your home in a few days' time, you know."

"What!" shouted the Engineer Officer.

"Yes," went on the Commander, calmly. "I learn that there are eight 'big ships that fight,' as my informant says, at Lecouvres, just round the point there. We know they are not ours; ergo, if there is anything in it, they must be Froggies. Of course, it may all be moonshine, but I am inclined to think there is something in it. You remember the Admiral was uneasy about the Northern Flying Squadron when we were last with the Fleet. Well, write 'Northern Flying Squadron' against the eight ships and—there they are and here we are. Kismet."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the Engineer, "and that steam-pipe will take days—if we can do anything with it at all."

"Kismet again," put in Marlow, softly "Suppose we stroll over and give ourselves up?"

While the Sub., whose curiosity to learn all that the Spaniard had told was now fully satisfied, whistled softly to himself and quietly bagged a cigar.

For a brief space the four cigars alternately glowed and darkened, while their owners held communion with their thoughts. Then the Navigator broke the silence.

"If that Catalan hasn't lied for once," he said, "it is most terribly galling. The Admiral would give his ears to know the whereabouts of the Flying Squadron. I suppose, Slade, you couldn't rough-patch that rotten pipe of yours somehow, so that we could get away, eh?"

"Confound it, Marlow," said the Engineer, irritably, "give a man credit for playing the game sometimes. Of course——"

"Of course," broke in the calm voice of the Commander, "we are all doing our best—and our best just now is to sit as tight as possible."

From which it was clear that Lieut.-Commander Tredescaux, having reached the bedrock of misfortune, had recovered the equanimity which is the special pride of the British Naval officer.

In time of war strange things happen. Consequently, the lower deck was not so much surprised at the mandate of darkness and quietude as might have been imagined. The men gathered in little groups of twos and threes, and discussed the situation warily in hoarse whispers. The crew of the steam cutter, now back, passed on their idea of the result of the Spaniard's visit. Some of the watch below came out and joined the watch on deck. A seaman is not slow at putting two and two together, and many pairs of eyes glanced often out over the sleeping town, and round the shadowy sweep of the bay into the darkness beyond.

So that, when the mast-head light, followed by the green starboard lamp of a steamer, emerged from behind the point of the bay, the look-out man had hardly opened his mouth before a bare-footed sailor was speeding like a deer to the Commander's cabin with the news.

Down went four cigars, and up jumped three of their owners. The fourth man dragged himself painfully to the side of the quarter deck, while his three brother officers mounted quickly to the bridge.

With the night glasses the Commander watched the steamer as she headed away over the open sea. "Two," he muttered, as the lights of another ship came into view and followed in the wake of the first. "Cruisers?" inquired Slade. "Yes," he answered quickly. "Three!" as another vessel emerged from behind the point, to be followed by another, and another, and yet another, until the lights of eight ships were stretched out obliquely into the night. Then the procession ceased.

In silence the little group of officers watched the lights gradually grow dim in the distance. Then Lieut.-Commander Tredescaux deliberately closed the glasses, put them in their case, and walked slowly back to his cabin, followed by Slade and the Sub-Lieutenant. The men watched them curiously as they disappeared.

"Wonder what the old man will do," said a stoker.

"What the 'anover can he do?" grunted his mate. "Well out of it we are, says I."

Which, in other words, was what Engineer-Lieutenant Slade was saying in the cabin.

"Yes," assented the Commander, "we are lucky, as you say." Then, in a sudden burst of fury at his impotent position, "Jove!" he exclaimed, "if only we could get to the Admiral with the news!"

"Five hours' hard steaming forced draught, at least, in this beastly little bug-trap," said Marlow, with a groan at an extra painful twitch in his foot. "What are you doing, Lanham?"

The two others turned their eyes upon the Sub-Lieutenant, who was bending over the round table and poring over a chart by the light of a match.

"I was thinking," answered Lanham, slowly, without looking up, "if we could send a wireless message——"

"Wireless nonsense!" interrupted Commander Tredescaux, testily. "What is the youngster dreaming about? Switch on the light, Slade; it won't matter here now."

Slade leant back, feeling for the switch, and the four men blinked in the sudden glare as the bright light flooded the room.

For a moment the Sub-Lieutenant continued to gaze at the chart. Suddenly he straightened himself and turned with eager face to the Commander.

"The chart, sir, marks Lecouvres as a wireless telegraph station. Couldn't we cut in and bag it for a time now the French Flying Squadron has gone?"

He paused, and, as his eyes roved quickly from one to the other of the three officers, one could have heard the proverbial pin drop. The Commander looked keenly at the young officer.

"It looks to me, sir," continued Lanham, boldly meeting Commander Tredescaux's steady gaze, "as if the signal station were practically alone—only a few coast guard houses near it, like some of those on our East Coast, for example. Why shouldn't a boat's crew steal in quietly and capture it for a time? I think it could be done, sir."

The Commander, without a word, held out his hand for the chart, which he proceeded to examine.

"You know 'wireless'?" he said suddenly, looking up from the chart.

"Went through the full course in the *Hercules*, six months ago. Got the whole thing at my finger-tips, sir."

"Supposing," went on the Commander, "the expedition were successful, the ships we have just seen most likely would take your message?"

"I've thought of that, sir I would use cipher."

"Good!" broke in Marlow. "They would never dream of its coming from Lecouvres, and anyhow, they wouldn't understand it."

Commander Tredescaux examined the chart again carefully for a few moments. The others watched him anxiously. Then he slapped it down on the table.

"By Jove, Marlow," he said, "the boy's right. I believe it could be done." He turned to Lanham. "You had better take the cutter, muffle the oars, and pick your crew say a dozen men. Not too many, but enough to come in handy in case of a rumpus."

The Sub-Lieutenant flushed deep with two-fold pleasure at the intimation that he was to take charge of the expedition, and the acceptance of his suggestion.

"I'm sorry, Marlow," went on the Commander, "but, of course, you are out of it."

"Fortune of war," said that officer, with a grimace, shaking the joyous Sub.'s hand as he, with the others, left the cabin. "Good luck, Lanham, you dog."

Both watches were mustered, and Lanham quickly selected his men. First were the Leading Signalman, and another Signal rating, both well up in wireless work. Then the remainder, Lanham's motto being "nous" first, physique next. Chief Petty officer Hogben, a particularly cool and smart Petty Officer, was his First Lieutenant. With the exception of four powerful stokers, the rest of the crew were seamen.

The order was given—"Man and arm sailing cutter," and instantly the *Firefly* was a scene of organised bustle and activity. The men, keen as mustard at the scent of action, hustled with the silent rapidity of the Naval service, and in an incredibly short space of time the oars were muffled and the boat out and manned. From the gangway Lieut.-Commander Tredescaux gave a final word of advice.

"Remember," he said, "all of you, silence is the watchword. Clubbed arms and cold steel!"

"Ay, ay, sir," sung out Lanham, feeling in his pocket for the piece of paper containing the hurriedly-scribbled, cipher-coded message, which, if things went wrong, he contemplated making a hasty if unsatisfactory meal of. In another moment the oars dipped, and the cutter was off, followed by the envious eyes of the rest of the *Firefly's* crew.

A heavy swell had set in after the storm, and the tide also was somewhat against them. Nevertheless, the vigour and muscle of Lanham's picked crew fairly jumped the boat through the water, and they made short work of the pull to the point of the bay. From here to Lecouvres, Lanham calculated, the distance was some four and a half miles.

The wind had got up again, and as they rounded the point they came dead in its eye and the full force of the tide. From the sternsheets of the plunging boat Lanham strained his gaze through the showers of spray towards where Lecouvres ought to lie. Sure enough, faint but unmistakable, a cluster of lights could be seen over the bows of the cutter to port.

"See them, Hogben?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"How far do you make it?"

"Off and on about four mile, sir."

"Good; lay her straight for them," said the Sub., settling himself comfortably in his seat.

It was tough work now, and the pace dropped off a bit, but the boat steadily progressed, and the lights came perceptibly nearer. As they grew more distinct, Lanham, who had hardly taken his gaze off them since they came into view, grew fidgety. Presently he said,

"Hogben, are those the riding lights of a steamship I can see?"

"I'm thinking they are, sir," said Hogben.

"We must look into this," muttered the Sub. "Stand by to lay on oars. Oars!"

The oars dipped, rose, and remained motionless, as one blade.

"Varnals," called Lanham to the Leading Signalman, "you've got the keenest eyes in the boat. Can you make anything of the craft whose lights are yonder?"

The Signalman swung round on his oar, and shaded his eyes with his hand. For a few seconds he remained silent, while the oars aft paddled to keep the cutter head to wind.

"Looks to me, sir," he said, slowly, "like the build—ah, I've got her bows clear, sir; she's a torpedo-boat."

"Gee-whillikins!" exclaimed Lanham under his breath, "I never thought of that. On patrol duty, no doubt, lying right abreast of the signal house, and it's a hundred to one they see us and send ashore to investigate our little game. Wonder whether we could get between, or land higher up and sneak along the shore. Anyway, I'm not going back without having a look round, and a jolly good try at doing something."

Although the torpedo-boat was a better vantage ground for observation, Lanham felt that at that distance his little grey-painted cutter was pretty secure from detection. He passed the word to go ahead, altering the boat's course to keep her out a bit. Then he discussed the situation with Hogben. The Petty Officer was of opinion that their best plan was to land some distance up the coast and work back on foot.

Lanham sat back wrapped in thought as the long, powerful, Navy stroke of his crew took the cutter to windward of the unwelcome torpedo-boat. A plan had occurred to him; a bold one, certainly, but one which, if successful, would solve all his difficulties, and enable him to achieve the special object of his mission in the quickest possible time. He chewed the idea for a minute or two, and made up his mind.

"Hogben," he said, "we could very soon get that message off if we stood on board that torpedo-boat."

"We could, sir."

"She would come in very useful, too, to take the poor old *Firefly* in tow."

"She would, sir."

"Hogben, I think we will capture that torpedo-boat."

"Very good, sir," replied the imperturbable Hogben.

The cutter came round inshore some distance to windward of the torpedo-boat, and Lanham unfolded his plan. At the most there would not be more that forty men in the latter, of which all but the watch would be below. Did not Hogben think that if once they got alongside without arousing suspicion the twelve of them could manage the job? First rush the watch, and then tackle the crew below?

Hogben reckoned they jolly well could, but how about getting alongside?

"That," said Lanham, "is where the strategy comes in. Of course, a boat-load of men would stand no chance at all. But a practically empty boat would excite no suspicion. Very well, while the rest of our men make themselves as scarce as they possibly can under the thwarts, anywhere, you and I, Hogben, will navigate this blessed boat in the most longshore, lubberly fashion we can, until she fouls the stern of the Frenchman."

Hogben caught on at once with enthusiasm, and so did the rest, when the plan was explained to them. It was Hogben who suggested discarding all footgear, but Lanham's was the brilliant idea of stripping to the waist. He intended it, as the most effective disguise he could think of, to apply to himself and the Chief Petty Officer only; but when the men knew, they were not content without doing likewise. Consequently, a varied assortment of jumpers, shirts, and jackets followed the boots and caps overboard—the cost of all of which would be stopped in due course by a paternal Admiralty out of their late owners' pay.

It was a very weirdly-manned sailing cutter that shortly afterwards drifted down in aimless, awkward fashion towards the French *torpilleur* number twenty-seven, as she lay peacefully moored off the little coast station of Lecouvres. Apparently the boat's crew consisted only of two half-naked, storm-tossed mariners, struggling clumsily, each with an oar, to get their craft along. But the two had to be careful where they put their feet, for below, hidden under a medley of oilskins and pilot jackets, crouched ten hard-faced British tars, chuckling in grim anticipation of the glorious shindy in which they were soon to take part.

Notwithstanding their purposely erratic course, the cutter steadily neared the stern of the torpedo-boat. As they came within hailing distance, Lanham could see, over his shoulder, gleaming wet with rain and spray, two or three men on her quarter-deck. Still the Frenchmen made no sign. But as the cutter lurched close up to their boat he heard one of the crew suddenly call out excitedly that he had better look out or he would foul their propeller.

Lanham waved his hand by way of reply and pulled hard on his oar. But, instead of sheering off, he drove the cutter slap under number twenty-seven's quarter. Bump!

The next instant Lanham found himself one of a small mob of half-stripped tars wildly swarming over the torpedo-boat's rail. As he was in the act of swinging himself over he saw one of the latter's crew right abreast and over him, arm strained back to strike him down. The man was so close that Lanham could not get his cutlass free. Leaning back, he struck up with the hilt, but simultaneously the butt of a Lee-Metford whirled over his head, caught the Frenchman with terrific force across the chest, and crashed him, an inert mass, away out of sight. Lanham never saw the man again, nor knew what weapon he had tried to use.

The Sub. and his defender, Stoker Wood, the man with the clubbed rifle, a veritable giant, made the torpedo-boat's deck together. In a twinkling two or three other *Fireflys* were alongside them, and together they rushed for a knot of the torpedo-boat's watch coming aft. But these were too dazed to offer much resistance, and in a few moments the *Fireflys* were in possession of the after-deck.

Lanham gave a rapid glance round. His men were all there. "To your stations!" he ordered. "Don't give them time to think!" Immediately, as prearranged, Hogben and three sailors shot off for the fo'c'sle, the four stokers dashed down to the engine-room, while Lanham and the remaining three made for the officers' quarters aft.

At the entrance to the ward-room a startled *fusilier* dropped like a rabbit under the weight of a brawny A.B.'s fist. As he

A SMALL MOB OF HALF-STRIPPED TARS WILDLY SWARMING OVER THE TORPEDO-BOAT'S RAIL.

fell his rifle went off, cutting a red furrow across the bare chest of his assailant. "Bedad," called out the latter, an Irishman, "fwhat a shtroke av luck oi threw away me jumper-r. Shure, an' ut wud ha' been shpoilt intoirely!"

Lanham burst into the ward-room and came face to face with a white-faced *enseigne*, evidently just out of bed. Seizing him by the throat, Lanham intimated that if he returned to his berth, well and good. Otherwise—he brandished his revolver. The *enseigne* retired.

While his men made fast one of the ward-room doors, Lanham stood, revolver in hand, half in, half out of the other, and, shouting in stentorian tones that the boat had been captured by His Britannic Majesty's Gunboat *Firefly*, called upon the officers to surrender. This was aimed particularly at the Commander, whose cabin was at the end of the passage, right aft, and who had next to be tackled.

But that gentleman did not wait to be tackled. Suddenly his cabin door swung open. Lanham just caught a glimpse of a bearded face and two fierce eyes; then a revolver flashed from the dark cavity of the doorway, and a bullet grazed his neck.

"Guard that door!" he yelled springing forward. Two more shots flashed in the darkness. One man remained behind to guard the ward-room. One other, poor chap, remained behind for good. The last of the three, the Irishman, followed Lanham. But the cabin door crashed to in their faces.

"Smash it in!" They gave back a little and, shoulder down, charged the door. The door was strong, but their combined weight was too much for the lock. The door suddenly gave, and the two men rolled over one another on to the cabin floor.

This, and the darkness, probably saved Lanham's life. As they fell into the room the revolver sputtered its remaining shots ineffectually over them. The next moment they found and closed with its owner.

Then, in the dark, began a short but terrific struggle. Round and across the cabin they swayed and crashed, locked in a fierce embrace. The French Commander fought like a tiger. But the two literally were one too many for him. Soon he was down, helpless under the weight and grip of the Irishman.

"Got him?" panted Lanham, rising to his feet.

"Shure, sorr."

The Sub. groped about for the switch. As he found it and turned on the light, the Chief Petty Officer came in.

"All right, Hogben?" inquired Lanham, grinning at Hogben's look of amazement. Truly the sight that met his eyes was an alarming one. The interior of the cabin was a hopeless wreck, and the condition of its occupants not much better. What could be seen of the French Commander was a mass of bruises. The Irish sailor, with a few more damages added to the mess from the red slash across his chest, looked a veritable fiend; while Lanham himself had half the skin stripped from his arm and shoulder, and a lump under his left jaw the size of an egg.

"Yes, sir," reported Hogben. "We rushed the lower deck forrad, and what's left of the crew is locked under guard in the fo'c'sle. I found the engine-room party had an easy job of it, sir. We hoisted the artificer on duty and his mate forrad, and Leading Stoker Plant took charge. He has got two men down to look after the stokers, and reports a good head of steam on, sir."

Lanham turned to the French Commander.

"You see, Monsieur," he said, in French, "it is useless to resist further. We have complete possession of the ship."

M. le Lieutenant de Vaisseau Desmoins was brave, but no fool. Recognising the helplessness of his position, he gave in with as much grace as his soreness of body and of mind would permit.

"Now, Hogben," said Lanham, briskly, "we must waste no more time. Have the two Signalmen and another man rigged in caps and jumpers, and the dinghy out to go ashore, sharp."

"Signalman Varnals is shot, sir"

"Ah, yes, poor fellow, I forgot. Put someone else in his place, then."

The Chief Petty Officer went out, and Lanham addressed Commander Desmoins.

"You see my condition, Monsieur," he said. "You will pardon my borrowing a spare coat."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. "You have taken my ship and my liberty," he replied, bitterly; "it is a small thing now to take my clothes."

With an undress coat and cap, and the help of a muffler, Lanham hastily made himself into a fairly presentable likeness of a French Naval officer. Then, locking the cabin door, and leaving a sailor on guard, he went on deck. The dinghy was out and ready, manned by three English-built, French-clothed sailors. Lanham made for the quarter-deck gangway, talking as he went.

"You are in charge, Hogben. Have steam up ready to start in fifteen minutes. If I'm not back in half an hour use your discretion. All right below?"

"Ay, ay, sir." He dropped into the boat.

"Shove off," he called, feeling for the tiller. In two minutes the ship was well astern, and in five Lanham was peering out across the white line of the breakers for signs of the signal station.

He soon found it. The hut containing the apparatus ("tabernacle," as it is called) surmounted by the towering pole, with its network of ropes, loomed up unmistakable against the darkness of the night. Some distance behind stood a long, low, indented row of buildings—coastguard cottages, determined Lanham. Except for a faint glimmer at one of the windows of the signal hut, no lights could now be seen. The *garde du côte* no doubt had all turned in.

"This looks like a soft job," thought the Sub. as they beached the boat. "No need for anyone to stay behind," he added, aloud.

The signal station stood clear, straight ahead, across the sandy beach and sparse grass land, some two or three hundred yards away. They marched quietly and steadily towards it. The sand deadened their footsteps.

A third of the distance was covered when, without a word, as if moved by a common impulse, the four men stopped short. What was that?

In the middle distance, across the front of the signal station, moved a shadow. With measured paces it came slowly into the glow of the lighted window, and showed up clearly—the figure of a man with a rifle on his shoulder. It passed out into the opposite darkness.

"A sentry, by Jove," thought Lanham. "I wonder how many more of them!" He turned to the waiting men.

"Come on," he whispered, "but keep silent, and do nothing without I order."

They resumed their march. Steadily they neared the hut. Nothing broke the silence.

Suddenly the sentry came back, moving with quick steps to the glow in the centre of the hut. He stopped right in the light. They could see him plainly in an attitude of listening, his rifle at the ready.

"What a fool!" thought Lanham. "I could drop the beggar as he stands—if there were no more of them."

"QUI EST LÀ?"

They stepped on. Still silence. They neared the hut.

"Qui est là?"

The sentry's voice rang clear and loud. The tension was ended.

"Bon soir, cher. C'est moi. M. le Commandant du torpilleur," replied Lanham, instantly and boldly.

They continued their approach. The sentry waited. As they came nearer to him Lanham's finger closed on the trigger of his revolver. All at once, as if satisfied by something he had seen, the man's figure stiffened to attention, and he saluted.

Lanham gravely returned the salute. The four men passed on to the door of the hut.

With his finger on the latch, Lanham paused and turned. The sentry had shouldered his rifle and resumed his march, clear of the entrance.

Lanham pulled on the latch. It gave. Quietly he pushed open the door, and, with a bound like a cat, was at the throat of the man who sat, half asleep, at the table opposite the transmitter.

Before he had time to utter a sound, the sole occupant of the signal station was gagged and bound, and the door shut and bolted. Leading Signalman Gann seized the key of the transmitter.

"It's all right, I think, sir," he said.

Lanham spread out the crumpled piece of paper containing the momentous message, which he had carefully preserved through all the night's adventures, and out into the darkness went the code signal, on its search for a friendly aërial wire which would receive and understand it.

WITH A BOUND LIKE A CAT LANHAM WAS AT THE THROAT OF THE MAN WHO SAT, HALF ASLEEP, AT THE TABLE OPPOSITE THE TRANSMITTER.

A pause, and the code signal was repeated. Another pause, and another repeat. Again and again and again the signal went out into the night. But no reply came back.

Lanham waited patiently, leaning against the wall. But as the minutes slowly crawled on and no answer came, his thoughts began to worry him. What if they found no one; or, when they did, it was the wire of an enemy who would blur their message out of all recognition? What if his work of the night were all for nothing?

Presently one of the men came across. "There is another sentry on the other side of the hut, sir."

Lanham was moving over to look, when Gann called out. He rushed back.

"We are through, sir," said the Signalman, excitedly.

The sounder started tapping hurriedly. A run of figures . . . code signal . . . more figures . . . *Invincible*, who are you? . . . figures . . . *Firefly* at Lecouvres. French Northern Flying Squadron left here, eight ships, 8 p.m., heading S.S.W. Signal station captured. Stop.

"Hooray!" cheered Lanham, in a whisper. "*Invincible* is the flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief. Must be somewhere near Minorca. Hullo, what's that? It's 'en clair'!"

The sounder had started talking again. This time in the ordinary morse.

"Will give— Admiral— your— message stop—news—for— you — Brest — fleet — wiped—up—by—Denham—yester—blur . . . blur . . . blur-r-r-r——"

"By Jove," ejaculated Lanham; "the Brest Fleet beaten by Admiral Denham! Splendid! What a pity we can't get more details. Some French station has intercepted, I suppose, and is purposely mixing us up. Come on," he added to the beaming men—they all understood what the last message meant. "No need to waste time now we've got our wire through. Break the thing up. Don't make a row; we don't want to raise the town."

In two minutes they had crushed up the coherer and wreaked unutterable damage on the delicate mechanism. In another minute they were outside the locked door, marching back to the beach. The unsuspecting sentry again stood to attention as they passed, and again Lanham punctually returned his salute.

The dinghy was as they had left it. They launched it, and, undisturbed, without hurry, pulled back to the ship.

"Ready to start, Hogben?"

"Yes, sir, five minutes ago."

Lanham lent a hand, and the dinghy was swung in. "Stand by to cast off," he said, and went on the bridge.

He gave the telegraph a turn. Promptly the answering ring came up from the engine-room. Everything was in working order. In a few minutes the torpedo-boat was heading slowly for the open sea.

When fairly under way, Hogben came up. Lanham briefly related his proceedings of the last half hour, and informed him of Admiral Denham's success. The Chief Petty Officer was pleased, but evinced no surprise. His faith in the British Navy was supreme. Such things only were to be expected. Of course.

Alone once more, with the silent steersman on the bridge, so disproportionately high for such a small boat, Lanham leant against the rail. He felt tired. Now the strain was over he let himself go slack a bit, and he realised that he felt sleepy and tired. He leant against the rail and looked around.

His eyes travelled lazily along the dark sweep of the bay until it lost itself somewhere ahead, where the point of land met the sea. Over there was the *Firefly*, waiting, anxiously no doubt, for his return. Well, they would hear something. He chuckled. By Jove, yes! They would.

Astern, past the siren, hissing melodiously, and the two squat funnels, was the solitary light in the signal hut of Lecouvres. As he watched it, rapidly dwindling, his thoughts reverted to what had just happened there, and suddenly the humour of it all entered his mind.

He laughed to himself as he thought of the smashed apparatus, and the helpless watcher, and the two sentries innocently marching round outside. "What a ripping yarn," he thought, "for the next gun-room I'm in."

He rehearsed it a little, and, as the idea of those two blissfully-ignorant sentries marching sedately to and fro grew upon him, the funnier did it seem. He laughed out loud and long. Those two sentries; keeping guard; over the bound signalman and the wrecked plant.

The man at the wheel looked covertly over his shoulder, discreetly surprised, but Lanham did not see him. He was laughing again at another idea that had just struck him.

"What a row there will be," he was thinking—"what an all-fired, terrific row, when the officer comes round in the morning."

NOVEMBER IN LONDON.

No sun—no moon—
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No end to any row—
No indications where the crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for shewing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all—no locomotion—
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go"—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees—
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no trees—
November!

T. Hood.

THE DUFFER.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," &c.

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

SYNOPSIS

THIS story concerns the fortunes of George Wellington Denver, a boy of sixteen, who spends several years at Silverdown, a public school, without achieving anything creditable. Finally, being very miserable, and anxious to escape from a disreputable set he is mixed up with, he procures his expulsion by breaking a very strict rule. On hearing that George has purposely brought this dishonour on himself, his father, Dr. Denver, gives the boy a severe horse whipping. The thrashing is brought to an end by the intervention of Joyce, George's ten-year-old sister, and George dashes out into the storm which is raging at the time. Seeking a favourite spot under the cliffs (he lives at Mellerby, a small seaside place), he throws himself down and gives vent to his misery. There, soaked and forlorn, he is found by Munro, an artist, who occupies a bungalow near the beach. Munro befriends the boy and dries his clothes, but George, nevertheless, catches a severe cold. When he is well enough to leave his room his father tells him that he must go to school again, but George emphatically refuses to do so. Eventually he is given temporary employment in the office of Garrick and Mappin, a firm of Mellerby solicitors. Mr. Mappin, the junior partner, admires Molly, George's pretty sister of seventeen, and it is with the hope of improving his relations with the Denver family that he offers George this post. The boy, though he tries his best, does not give much satisfaction at the solicitors' office, and it is the opinion of Andrews, the managing clerk, that he will never do any good at this kind of work. George, however, has a considerable talent for music, and he is encouraged to persevere in this direction by Mr Wall, organist at Mellerby parish church, who gives him lessons for nothing. Living in the town is a very old lady, named Mrs. Pardoe, said to be a centenarian. This old lady, who is very sharp-witted, considering her years, keeps in touch with the Denver family by the unconscious agency of little Joyce, who, when some trouble has arisen, or when she particularly wants anything, writes a letter to God, and posts it in an old oak tree which stands near Mrs. Pardoe's garden. These letters are taken out of the tree by Mrs. Pardoe. In one of them Mrs. Pardoe learns that Munro, the artist, is very poor, and so by way of assisting him she commissions him to paint her portrait. In the course of the story it is shown how Munro incurs the enmity of John Blunt (nicknamed, on account of his appearance, "Black Jack"), a huge boatman of disreputable character. One day Blunt publicly insults Munro, and in the course of the encounter that follows gets much the worst of it. Burning with a desire for revenge, the ruffian waits for the artist late that night by the latter's bungalow. Whilst a thunderstorm is raging, Blunt sees the figure of a man approaching the bungalow door. Taking this to be Munro, Blunt fells him with a boat-hook, and is about to repeat the blow when the prostrate man is killed by a flash of lightning, and by the glare of the lightning Blunt sees that his victim is not Munro, but Dr. Denver. All efforts to find Black Jack prove fruitless, and he is supposed to have escaped out to sea in a rowing-boat. It is computed that when the practice has been sold the three children will have about sixty pounds a year to live upon. Mrs. Pardoe, who has recently bought a farm near Mellerby, commissions Munro to offer the children free quarters at the farmhouse. When Munro calls at The Gables to put this proposal before them, he is told by Molly that a London theatrical manager has offered her an engagement, and that she would like to have his advice on the matter.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IV.

MUNRO'S ADVICE.

THE artist had had some acquaintance with the stage. In his frolicsome youth, when possessed of a little capital, and uncertain as to what calling to adopt, he had been temporarily fascinated by the footlights' glare. He had a cousin in the profession, and to him he applied for help. This cousin, a good-hearted, cheery Bohemian, who knew all the ropes and was prepared to play any part from Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, down to the comic mother in "Jack and the Beanstalk," listened to his juvenile relation with an indulgent smile, and then introduced him to the manager of a West End theatre where a society comedy was in course of preparation. Munro was a comely young fellow, straight of limb and graceful of movement, so the manager he was taken to apportioned him the *rôle* of a footman at a guinea a week. Munro only appeared twice during the evening—early in the first act, when he ushered a grand dame into an earl's drawing-room, and in the third and last act, when he handed round coffee to the earl's dinner guests in the same apartment. He had nothing whatever to say—it was a strictly "thinking" part—and an hour and a half to wait between his two appearances. This period he filled up talking to the other actors who shared his dressing-room—impersonators of a burglar, a gardener, and a family solicitor—playing cards, and chatting with the ladies of

the company. This was all very pleasant for the first few weeks, but as time went on the young actor grew inexpressibly bored by his long wait. The play proved a success, and settled down to a long run. Munro grew more and more bored. He understudied the burglar, whose part, though small, was telling and full of good business, but the burglar's attendances were clock-like in their regularity, and his understudy waited in vain for a chance to step into his shoes, even for one performance; night after night he met the same little set of people, all of whom said very much the same every night, and were not a quarter so interesting off the boards as the public no doubt imagined them to be; he lost steadily at cards, and when he won a brother actor generally levelled up positions by borrowing a little money off him and forgetting to pay it back; and so, in short, Munro grew heartily sick of his part, of his companions, and of stage life generally. He felt that he could act if he could only get a chance, but what chance did handing round coffee give him?

He complained bitterly to his cousin of his lack of opportunities. The cheery fellow smacked him on the back, and then, taking him lightly by the cuff of his coat, led him into a Strand bar nicknamed—on account of the impecunious Thespians who congregated there—"Poverty Corner."

After Munro had ordered refreshments, his cousin explained the position.

"My dear chappie, Job would have made a splendid actor—I mean, he would have been admirably suited for the theatrical profession. He was patient, you see. He could wait. So must you, if you want to succeed. Look at me. I've been resting for six weeks—thanks, yes, soda—and for all I know I shall have to wait six more. I've always been patient from the time I began, when I played a pepper-pot in a pantomime and understudied the hind legs of an elephant. Luckily, your dear old aunt—my dear old mother, I should say—provides me with a roof when I'm resting, otherwise I should have a hungry time of it in diggings—well, I don't mind if I do have another. Now, kiddy, listen. If you're so bored with a part that a good many young fellows would give their heads to play—here's to you, dear old chap!—you'd better chuck the stage when this piece you're in is taken off. You're not made of the stuff that succeeds on the stage. Your

HE HAD AN HOUR AND A HALF TO WAIT BETWEEN HIS TWO APPEARANCES.

heart's not really in it. And you won't think I'm getting at you, Francis, old man, when I tell you that you're too good for the stage. Yes, you're fitted for a breezier, manlier profession. I wouldn't seriously advise man, woman, boy, or dog to go on the stage—dog? well, a performing dog seems a trifle effeminate compared with a smart pointer or foxhound, eh?—but when a fellow or a girl is mad on it, well, let 'em try it, say I, since nothing else will satisfy 'em. And it's that kind of people that succeed on the stage, because they love the old boards so that they'll suffer all sorts of privations and knock about the country, travelling in grimy third-class carriages and putting up in fourth-rate lodging-houses, go to Africa and America and Australia—go anywhere and play anything simply because it's in their blood, and they'd be wretched doing anything else. That's your real player. And then there's heaps of others—girls especially—who think they'd like to go on the stage because it looks so jolly and pretty and charming from the front. But they haven't got the real pro. blood in them, and the waiting and disappointments send 'em back home in the long run—and it's a lucky job for them if they've got a home that'll take them in. As for you, I can see you're not mad on it now—that's pretty evident—so take the advice of a well-salted pro. and *clear out*—eh? Well, it must be the last, then—the absolute last!"

Munro took his cousin's advice and quitted the stage for good when the comedy had played itself out. He decided then to study art, and went to Paris, where his modest capital gradually melted away, leaving him at length dependent on his brush for a living.

He never repented giving up the stage, and he always remembered his cousin's sound summing-up of the profession which has had more stones thrown at it than any other calling that ever was. He recognised that the proper people for the stage are those who are born with stage blood in their veins—whom nothing can stop once they have determined that they will go a-mumming.

So here, on this green lawn, stood a maid of seventeen, who had never in her life aspired to tread the boards, asking him to decide for her whether or no she should adopt the profession he himself had abandoned a dozen years ago.

He did not answer at once, but, to make time for thinking, asked Molly to let him see the letter. It was typewritten, of course, and not particularly well typewritten, nor yet well composed. The Bohemianism of the writer's calling seemed to have extended itself even to his office work.

"It is a pity that Mr. Wilson could not have put the matter to you verbally," he said. "He could then have told you all about it, and explained what you would have to do. Unfortunately he will not be down here again till this day week, and——"

"And he wants an answer at once," put in Molly. "You see he says he must fill the part immediately."

"He can hardly expect you to rush up to town at such short notice," said Munro, "especially," he added, in a gentler tone, "in view of what has recently happened here."

Munro's reading of the theatrical manager was that he was an astute business man, and very little else. Wilson, in his opinion, had about as much sympathy in his composition as one would expect to find in a battleship. He was born to make money—lots of money—and drive hard bargains. Fate, instead of putting him down behind a counter, or in an office, had set him to tread paths far more uncertain and uneven than those traversed by the merchant or speculator in stocks and shares, but even in those paths he would succeed, just as he would have succeeded as a coal-merchant or corn-factor. In his relations with stage folk he was as unbending as steel, and so was feared and courted as no City Dives ever was. He wanted Molly Denver in his new company. He had heard that her father was dead. Poor girl poor girl! Still, she was now a much freer agent than she had been during her father's lifetime. Ergo—"Take this down," said he to his shorthand clerk.

"This" Munro now held in his hand.

Molly winced a little as he referred to her father's death, and her lip quivered.

"You think, then, that I had better not go, Mr. Munro?"

"My dear child, you yourself have not yet told me what you would like to do," he replied.

"Oh, I should like it above all things," said Molly, with a simple directness that turned Munro's heart cold for he knew, when he heard these words, that whatever opinion he gave would affect the situation very little. She had already, in point of fact, made up her mind to accept Wilson's invitation. At the same time he knew that she would prefer him to advise her to go, as he would then be lending her his moral support and she evidently regarded his opinion as one of some value. By advising her to go, he saw clearly he would establish himself firmly in her good books—a most desirable consummation to effect,

considering what his feelings were towards her. But——

Like a sweet-singing poet of long ago, Munro loved his honour best of all things. In the simple programme of his life, that came first. Putting his own feelings aside, and regarding the matter quite impersonally, Munro did not wish to see Molly on the stage. He could imagine her freshness and innocence gradually being dissipated by the late hours, the more than free-and-easy companionship, above all, by the continual artifice, of the stage. No, even if he were never to see her again, he did not want her to go. In an entirely unselfish fashion he wished her to spend a happy, pure, innocent existence—and his soul felt sick when he pictured this dainty flower of the country gradually losing its sweetness and delicate perfume amid the paint and powder, the slang, the clamour, the glare, and the license of theatrical life in London.

"You see," added Molly, "you are sure to know what it is best for me to do."

As she said this she looked at him curiously. She knew perfectly well that he was not indifferent to her, and she liked to feel that this great strong man was her vassal. She had deliberately flattered him because she wanted him to be on her side and agree with her that it would be an excellent thing for her to accept the offer. Such a sensible, level-headed man would not give an opinion lightly, she was well aware. If he said "Go," she could quote his advice to her uncle, whom she was bound to consult. Her uncle had made Munro's acquaintance during his short stay at Mellerby, and Molly knew that he had formed a very favourable impression of the painter.

Munro looked straight into the pretty eyes upturned to his own. Pretty as they were, however, he would not let them wheedle him away from the decision he had come to.

"I think," he said, "that you are too young to accept this engagement. I advise you to decline it."

Molly slowly averted her eyes. As she did so, her firm little chin assumed an obstinate contour.

"Thank you," she said. "I know you are quite sincere in what you say."

But as she spoke she flashed a glance upon him which he was sharp enough to interpret quite correctly. He saw that, with her woman's instinct, she had read his heart; he saw, too, that she was trying to persuade herself that his decision was the outcome of a desire on his part that she should remain in Mellerby. And quite suddenly he felt annoyed and exasperated because he had allowed this child to affect him in the way she had done.

He turned away abruptly.

"George," he said, "I want to speak to you a moment—and to Joyce."

George and his little sister had strayed away down the lawn while Munro and Molly were talking. They both came at his call.

"I have been entrusted with a message for all three of you," he said. "Mrs. Pardoe, when she was at my studio this morning, desired me to tell you that she would be most happy if you would take up your quarters in the farmhouse she has recently bought—the Hall Farm—until you have made definite arrangements where to live. She is putting a bailiff in to look after the farm; he and his wife, and, I suppose, their servant, will be the only other occupants of the place besides yourselves. The old lady, I am certain, would be highly pleased if you accepted her invitation, and I think, taking everything into consideration, that you might do worse than go there. I ought perhaps to have mentioned the matter to your aunt, but I quite forgot until this moment that she was here. However, you will of course consult her. She might like to call on Mrs. Pardoe and talk the matter over with her."

The faces of the three young people exhibited considerable surprise. None of them spoke, however, so Munro turned to George.

"What do *you* say, George—you being the head of the family now?"

"I think it would be rather a good idea, sir," said George.

"So do I," said Molly, looking anywhere but at Munro. "It would be just the place for George and Joyce."

"But, I say," said George, "you're not going on the stage, are you, Molly?"

"I've got to do something, so why shouldn't I?" replied Molly, sharply.

But the next moment she flung her arm round her brother's neck. "You wouldn't mind, Georgie, would you?" she cried coaxingly. "You wouldn't think me a very bad girl?"

"It seems rather a rum thing to do," returned George. "Still, I don't mind. We're jolly hard up, and, as you say, you've got to do something. What will you be—a chorus girl?"

"A *chorus* girl!" cried Molly, tossing her head indignantly. "I should rather think *not*! I'm to have a part, and I expect it'll be a nice part, or he wouldn't have taken the trouble to pick me out for it."

"But you don't know anything about acting," said George, vaguely.

"I'm sure," said Molly, "I can sing and act quite as well as a good many girls I've seen on the stage. I've got more brains than you credit me with, Master George."

"So now, George," put in Munro, "I hope you feel well sat upon. It's evident that Miss Molly has made up her mind about this matter, so all we can do is to wait till the play is produced and then go in the pit and applaud the charming *débutante*!"

Molly smiled graciously upon him. "I'm so glad you've come round to my way of thinking," she said.

The smile died away from his face.

"I haven't," he replied abruptly. "I don't think you ought to go on the stage."

"But if I do you'll come and see me?"

"Yes, I shall come and see you," he replied gravely.

He had hardly spoken when the gong announced that lunch was ready.

"I'll be going now," said Munro. "Let me know what decision you arrive at—about both matters."

He left the garden by the gate leading to the wooden bridge spanning Mellerby's little stream. With a gloomy brow he strode back across the common. This, then, was the end of the little summer idyll in which he had been permitted to play a part. The comedy had ended in tragedy. The home was to be broken up, the young people were to separate, and Mellerby would no longer be graced by Molly's charming presence.

"'Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.'"

muttered Munro, and then laughed savagely, telling himself that he was an old enough fool to know better.

The sun went in, and a threatening breeze sprang up. The sky frowned upon him as, sad at heart, he pursued his way to his solitary bungalow.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAST SITTING.

THE aunt who had come to look after the orphans had never been known to her nephew and nieces by any Christian name. She had always been "Aunt Wellington," and regarded as an awe-inspiring person rather than a lady to be fondled and made much of. Her appearance and mien were not calculated to enliven those about her. Being an elder sister, by fifteen or twenty years, of the late Mrs. Denver's, she would now be almost sixty years of age. Not having moved with the times, she still retained the prim notions that were prevalent in her girlhood, and viewed the ways and manners of nineteen hundred with the strait-laced eye of a former generation.

At lunch Molly told her aunt of the message Mrs. Pardoe had sent by Munro concerning accommodation at the farmhouse. Miss Wellington listened to the girl grimly, yet withal approvingly, for the good spinster's mind had been considerably exercised as to the children's future habitation. She was not ungenerously disposed, but her own means were far from ample, and she had therefore been indulging in a large amount of mental arithmetic, the subject whereof was the cost per head in lodgings of a boy and two girls. And she was prepared to assist them with a portion of her own slender income should the need arise.

Mrs. Pardoe's thoughtfulness had the effect of setting her mind entirely at rest. With free quarters the children, she felt sure, would be able to manage well enough on their sixty pounds a year added to what George earned. And Molly, of course, would be going away to a post shortly, so then there would be one less to be kept.

"I will call on Mrs. Pardoe," said she, graciously, "and accept her offer in your name. You will afterwards, I trust, call on her yourselves, and thank her in person."

That matter being satisfactorily settled, Molly, with some trepidation, proceeded to broach the subject of her own immediate future. Briefly informing her aunt of the nature of Mr. Wilson's offer, she handed Miss Wellington the theatrical manager's letter.

The three young folks glanced apprehensively at each other as Miss Wellington assumed her *pince-nez* and surveyed the communication with an expression of dire displeasure.

She proclaimed the conclusion of her perusal with an indignant sniff.

"Do you know this man intimately?" she demanded of Molly.

"I don't know him at all, auntie."

"Then it is a most presumptuous epistle. *I* will answer it, my dear."

Molly bridled at this.

"The letter is addressed to me, Aunt Wellington, and so I must send the reply."

Miss Wellington sourly returned the missive to its envelope.

"I will teach this person his place," she said. "These theatrical people think that they can disregard all etiquette. Mr. Wilson will know

better when he has heard from me. . . . George!" she added, sharply, "how often am I to tell you not to eat so fast?"

George stole a glance at Joyce, who giggled at his wry expression.

"What are you laughing at, child?" demanded Miss Wellington.

"Nothing, auntie."

"Do you know what kind of people laugh at nothing?" queried Miss Wellington, sternly.

"No, auntie."

"Lunatics," said Miss Wellington. "If you laugh again when I reprove your brother I shall send you to bed."

Joyce immediately assumed an expression of the utmost propriety. She knew that Aunt Wellington was quite capable of keeping her word.

"Do you imagine for a moment," Miss Wellington continued, turning to Molly, "that I would even *discuss* this individual's suggestion? Is it possible that you have forgotten your self-respect so far as actually to *contemplate* becoming an actress?"

Molly said nothing, but as she bent over her plate a closer observer than Miss Wellington would have noticed the storm brewing in her face.

"I trust," Miss Wellington recommenced, after a pause, "that no one connected with *me* will *ever* become associated with such a low profession. And how, may I ask, did this man come to know of you? He was, I am sure, a stranger to your father."

"He must have seen me going into Mr. Munro's bungalow."

"Indeed! Simply saw you! There is no end to these people's impertinence! However, he shall hear from me in a way he won't like."

Molly looked at her aunt with a spot of crimson on each cheek.

"*I* will answer the letter, Aunt Wellington. I am not a baby."

"You will do nothing of the sort," returned the lady.

Molly leant forward, and, with a sudden, unexpected movement, snatched up the letter. Miss Wellington made an undignified grab at it, but an ineffectual one, for Molly was too quick for her.

"Return that letter to me at once, child!" she exclaimed.

Molly, however, kept a tight grip on her property. Miss Wellington's eyes flashed with indignation.

"Your uncle shall hear of your conduct," she said.

"You can tell him whatever you like," said Molly, furiously. "I shall write at the same time and ask him to let me accept Mr. Wilson's offer. I have to earn my own living now, and I will *never* be a governess or companion. So, if uncle will let me, I shall go on the stage."

"And bring everlasting disgrace on your family?"

But Molly made no reply. It was left to Joyce, therefore, to take up the cudgels on her behalf.

"Is the stage so *very* bad, auntie?" she enquired.

"Don't ask silly questions, child."

"In the plays *I've* seen," continued Joyce, "the people were ever so nice. There was nothing at all wicked about them. In one play a man dressed up and pretended he was another man's aunt, and the people laughed *all* the time. It was dreadfully funny. My side quite hurt with laughing. It isn't wrong to make people laugh, is it, auntie?"

"Get on with your pudding, child," snapped Miss Wellington.

"And in another play," Joyce continued, being determined to uphold her sister's cause, "there were two dear little boys who had no home, so a policeman took them home with him, and was very kind to them. I think plays like that," added the little maid, thoughtfully, "make you feel *you* would like to be kind too."

Miss Wellington pursed up her lips. She had never been into a theatre, and never intended to go into one. For she strongly disapproved of such institutions. When she required relaxation she either went to hear a lecture by an Arctic explorer or a gentleman famed for antiquarian research.

"And then there was *Alice in Wonderland*," said Joyce. "You can't think how I *longed* to be at the mad tea-party, and talk to the white rabbit and the hatter. I shall *never* forget how nice it was!"

"I have told you, child, to get on with your pudding," observed the spinster.

So Joyce, having given her impressions of the stage from a child's point of view, relapsed into silence. Which view was, that the art which tends to bring tears of honest pity to the eyes, to cause hearty and healthy laughter, to drive away dull care for a few too short hours, to hold up what is brave and honourable to admiration and condemn all that is cowardly and base the art that can do this is surely not one to be lightly labelled an evil thing.

Miss Wellington was without doubt quite right in throwing cold water on Molly's stage

aspirations, but she was unfortunate in her methods. Her objections, urged in so drastic a manner, had the effect of fanning the flame of Molly's desire to accept the offer. Molly wrote to her uncle that night, and Miss Wellington also wrote. After due consideration the merchant instructed Molly to come up to London, in order that he might talk the matter over with her—a behest which the girl hastened to obey.

Molly's first duty, however, was to pack up all her belongings, and this was not a task of unmixed pleasure. All sorts of mementoes of former happy days had to be put away, for Molly knew she was not likely ever to return to The Gables. Whatever decision her uncle came to about the stage engagement, she intended to stay in London. Now that she was so poor she could not bear the idea of remaining in Mellerby. The Blackett girls, the Peels, the Rices, the Beresfords—these were the friends of her prosperity. No doubt they would all be kind to her still—they had all, indeed, sent her most sympathetic messages of condolence—but she knew that henceforth she would not be able to dress as they did, drive about as they did, or entertain them save in the most modest manner imaginable in—what?—the parlour of a farmhouse!

Between seventeen and twenty a girl is at the most sensitive era of her existence; hence Molly felt the change in her family's fortunes with peculiar bitterness. For Joyce, the impecunious future had no terrors, her ideas of bullion being limited to the little pile of silver and copper contained in her money-box. The younger girl thought in pence, the elder in pounds. And so Molly, as she stowed away her cherished little library, her ornaments, pictures, and photographs in a packing-case which would later on be conveyed to the farm, though she experienced many a pang as these familiar treasures of her girlhood were taken from the nooks and corners she had devised for them—though her lip often quivered and her eyes more than once were dimmed with tears, yet she proceeded with her task in a determined manner which indicated that she had quite made up her mind about leaving Mellerby—of going boldly to the City of Cities to seek her fortune.

The packing occupied Joyce and herself the whole of one morning. When the time came to decide upon what clothes she would take to London, and what were to be left behind, the sight of the pretty cornflower blue dress reminded her of the unfinished portrait in Munro's studio.

Then an idea struck her. She would give him one more sitting. So when George came home for lunch she got him to ride round to the studio and inform the artist of her projected visit. Then, about three, she put on the blue dress, over this a mackintosh, and set out across the common with Joyce.

Munro was awaiting them on the slope above his bungalow. With him was Rufus of the frowning jowl and gallant heart. Often afterwards Molly remembered the way in which Munro shook hands with her, and the look of tender welcome which shone in his steadfast dark eyes. He was a man with a handshake that inspired confidence; his hand was large and strong and warm, his grip firm and yet gentle. One felt that one was shaking hands with a man.

The full sense of her loss came crowding home to Molly's mind when her glance wandered over the familiar slope, the beach, the drawn-up boats, the graceful yachts at anchor, the row of bungalows, and young Dwyer's snug cottage close at hand. She looked up at Munro with brimming eyes, and she let her hand rest in his for some moments longer than an ordinary handshake lasts. Here was a friend; whatever happened, she knew Munro would always be her friend. And he, looking down at the two girls, felt glad that his ill-success and poverty had driven him to this out-of-the-way abode, for by coming here he had met two girls and a boy whose genuine natures had claimed relationship with his own. They were just two desolate girls—these looking up at him—and he registered a vow that he would make it his particular care to tend them, come good or ill fortune. He flung from his mind any idea of wooing Molly as a man woos a woman. He remembered the wide gap that lay between their years; he remembered his want of pence. She was a child whom he would befriend with no ulterior motive. God helping him, he would watch over her. This was his vow, made with the sun of heaven shining down upon him, with the beat of the waves sounding in his ears, and the soft west wind whispering gracious approval.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOCUM.

MOLLY went up to London the next day, Munro, George, and Joyce—a melancholy trio—seeing her off at the station. They were very quiet as they walked back, Munro being especially so,

for Molly's departure had left a blank in his heart which could not be filled by work or play, by the conversation of friends or the companionship of books that he loved.

When he got back to his bungalow, by way of shaking off his depression he attacked his work vigorously. He wished to finish off his portrait of Molly and his study of Black Jack, junior, as soon as possible, and send them up to the dealer who had failed to do business with his landscapes. He fancied that this new line he had struck out would prove more attractive than his landscapes. He had originally intended to give Molly the picture he had made of her, but lately he had changed his mind. It was the best thing he had ever done, and might prove the turning-point in his career if his dealer succeeded in selling it well. The purchaser might give him further commissions—one never knew! He was certain that Molly would prefer him to sell the picture rather than send it up to the farmhouse (pending her removal of it to more permanent quarters), there to rust upon the wall. It would be easy, later on, to make a duplicate of it for her.

He was particularly pleased, too, with his picture of little Jack Blunt, whose brigandish expression he had caught to the life. Young Blunt had gazed upon his canvas *alter ego* with round, wondering eyes, and Mrs. Blunt's approval had expressed itself in an opinion that it gave her quite a turn, the eyes were so like his father's. And when she added that the said eyes seemed to "follow you round the room," the good woman was unconsciously passing a most favourable criticism on the work, for the eyes of a well-executed portrait should always "follow you round the room."

Munro went to work with despatch, therefore, for he was anxious to paint a little girl—another bungalow resident—whom he had noticed at the station a day or two since. She had evidently gone there to see her father off to town, and was sitting on a seat when Munro's artistic eye fell upon her and booked her instantly for a sitter. Her dress, like Molly's, was of cornflower blue, but, unlike Molly's, was very old and stained; her sunburnt legs were stockingless, and she wore leather sandals instead of shoes; her dark hair fell carelessly about her brown little face, and was crowned by a battered linen hat, of the sort that you may buy for a shilling, which sat upon her head with the unstudied, picturesque negligence that characterised the whole of her simple attire. Munro knew the little one's father, and the permission he required was given with smiling readiness. So here was a new subject for his brush—one after his own heart!

Joyce and George, as well as their big friend, found plenty to keep them busy. Joyce helped her aunt collect all the treasures that were not to go into the sale which was to be held at the end of the month—and she had her own little treasures to pack up as well; George had his office work and his organ practices. Still, both felt Molly's absence more than they cared to admit, and suffered accordingly from occasional attacks of depression. It was not, therefore, an entirely-to-be-deplored accident which brought upon the scenes probably the very person one would have recommended under such circumstances.

Mr. Smallwood, the assistant, had taken up his abode at The Gables after Dr. Denver's death. But it would seem that the house was dogged by misfortune, for a fortnight after the funeral Mr. Smallwood injured his knee-cap, and was condemned to lie on his back for a month, or possibly longer.

Fortunately, the Mollerby bill of health was good at this period—or Dr. Denver would not have been contemplating a holiday at the time when death annihilated all his plans—and the work to be done in his practice was well within one man's scope.

Miss Wellington promptly consulted the invalid about getting somebody to fill his place.

"We might wire to an agent for a man," said Smallwood, "but that would be a slow way of going to work. I know a fellow who could come at once—a friend of mine called Deadwood."

"Is he a nice man?" queried the spinster.

"Oh, yes—and a good surgeon. Knows his work. A man you can rely on."

"Then how is it he is not employed?" inquired Miss Wellington, suspiciously.

"It is hardly necessary to go into that question," returned Smallwood, whose knee was throbbing painfully. "He's a good chap. A little off-hand, perhaps, but—well, Matt's doesn't turn out angels."

"Who or what is 'Matt's'?" queried Miss Wellington.

"St. Matthew's Hospital, London," explained Smallwood, wishing she would go away and leave him at peace. "Deadwood was a student there when I was at Bart's—St. Bartholomew's, you know."

"Mr. Deadwood is, I trust, a gentleman?" said Miss Wellington. "My poor brother's patients are mostly of the better class, as you know——"

"Deadwood's all right," the sufferer assured her. "His father's a parson. So," he continued, "if you will kindly give me a telegram form, Miss Wellington, or send George up with one, I'll write out a wire to him."

An hour later a telegram was received at The Gables to the effect that Mr. Deadwood was starting for Mellerby at once. On consulting Bradshaw's monumental guide, Smallwood found that his friend would arrive by the last train, whereupon he requested George to meet the train, and give Poole instructions as regards the carriage.

"What sort of a man is Mr. Deadwood?" asked George.

"Oh, you can't miss him. He's a big chap with a loud voice. He's sure to be talking."

"What sort of a face?"

"Face? Oh, clean-shaven and determined-looking."

"Thanks," said George.

"So now give me 'Love and Mr. Lewisham' off that table," said the Bart's man, a little wearily. "I'm glad old Deadwood's coming. He'll wake things up a bit."

"Big man—loud voice—clean-shaven—determined-looking," thought George, reviewing the stream of arrivals by the last train. "Wonder which he is of this crowd!"

At that moment there rose above the twitter and chirping of the girls meeting fathers and brothers and sweethearts the sounds of a voice which would have been envied by a toast-master or town-crier.

"It's an old portmanteau," cried the voice, "very old and covered with labels—there, by the canary cage. Don't be all night getting it."

Evidently instructions to a porter. George edged up to the throng which had gathered round the luggage, and descried in the forefront of the gesticulating travellers a man whose height was about on a par with Munro's, but whose build rather resembled that of a navvy. He had a long nose, a heavy under-jaw, and looked not unlike a burglar. His form was clothed in a none-too-new suit of green flannel, which, as it embraced him rather tightly, set forth the lines of his massive shoulders to much advantage

George squeezed through the group.

"Are you Mr. Deadwood, sir?" he asked, touching the stranger on the arm.

"Hullo, my lad! Yes, I'm Deadwood."

"My name's Denver," said George. "I have come to meet you. Our carriage is here."

"Good!" said Deadwood, carrying on the conversation as if George and he were alone on the platform. "I'll come along when this chap has got hold of my bag of tricks. How's the invalid?"

"His knee's pretty bad," said George.

"Hard luck being crocked up in this weather," was Mr. Deadwood's comment on the situation. "Ah! he's got my kit at last—oh, sorry!" he concluded, as a furious exclamation told him that he had stepped back on to somebody's toe.

The victim, a stout, testy-looking gentleman, was hardly appeased by this off-hand apology.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" he demanded.

"Not having eyes in the back of my neck," explained Deadwood, lucidly, "I can only see in front of me."

"You are an impertinent fellow," snapped the other, limping away with an indignant snort.

"Who's that old cock?" demanded the newcomer.

"The Mayor," George informed him.

"Angry old bird, isn't he?" returned Deadwood, not at all impressed by the information.

Mr. Deadwood had a fund of strenuous vitality that was constantly seeking a vent in action or speech. He had been mewed up in the train for six hours, and felt now just like running a mile or walking four. Previous to his journey he had been rusticating in a little Warwickshire village with little else to do but sleep, eat his meals, smoke, talk to his sisters, and go for an occasional ride on a borrowed horse. He had been, in consequence, bored to distraction; by the end of a month he was heartily tired of his sisters, and it is quite unnecessary to add that his sisters were heartily tired of him. His chum's telegram was read with as much gratification by them as by the person it was addressed to. They had helped him pack his portmanteau with embarrassing energy, and had seen him off from the little local station with delighted kisses and joyous wavings of handkerchiefs. Deadwood smiled grimly at their enthusiastic faces. "Good-bye, Tom, dear!" they cried in chorus. "Good-bye, old boy, good-bye!" "So long, girls," said Tom, waving his hand to them in a collective way. Then the train had rolled off, and his sisters had walked back hoping sincerely that it would be a long time before Tom came home for another holiday

The locum was received at The Gables by Miss Wellington, who greeted him with stiff formality. After they had shaken hands, she suggested that he might like to go upstairs and see Mr. Smallwood.

The locum's entrance to his injured friend was not a little boisterous.

"What ho, my buck!" he cried. "Dry-docked for repairs, eh?"

"Cool down, Tom," returned Smallwood. "You've heard of what's happened here? Hardly decent to make a row under the circs."

As Mr. Deadwood, however, had *not* heard, his friend proceeded to enlighten him. Deadwood whistled ruefully. "Pity they didn't nab the boatman chap. Well, what's done can't be undone. I must cheer the youngsters up a bit. Nice sort of fellow, the boy."

Mr. Smallwood obliged with some biographical facts concerning George Wellington Denver.

"Expelled, was he?" commented Deadwood, approvingly. "Then there's two of us, for I was fired out of my school for getting up a rebellion. Seems a lively sort of show, this. There isn't by any chance a ghost attached to the place just to finish it off, is there?"

Smallwood laughed. "No, you're its only present infliction. Now go downstairs and get some grub. And mind what you say to the aunt—she's touchy."

Upon which Deadwood grinned and departed.

Miss Wellington had not been pleasantly impressed by Mr. Deadwood's appearance. She had been to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show once, and Mr. Deadwood's profile—as well as his name—reminded her of the cowboys she had seen lassooing people and shooting Indians. "I always try and match faces," Miss Wellington once said to a lady friend. Mr. Deadwood's she matched with that of the most undesirable-looking performer she had seen at the Wild West entertainment.

Some cold boiled beef, salad, cherry tart, cheese, and a choice of drinkables had been provided for Mr. Deadwood's delectation.

Miss Wellington sat primly at the head of the table while Thomas made vigorous play among the vianda.

"You come from Warwickshire, I believe, Mr. Deadwood?" said the maiden lady, by way of making conversation.

"Yes, that is where my parents and sisters live," he replied, thinking it would please Miss Wellington if he talked in this nice quiet way.

"Have you many sisters?"

"Eight or nine," Deadwood informed her.

"I CANNOT SAY WHETHER THERE ARE ANY NEGROES HERE."

"Eight or nine?" Miss Wellington smiled. "Are not you sure of the number?"

"No, I'm not certain of it. There are a good many of them, I know that."

The conversation dropped at this point. It was resumed, with an effort, by Miss Wellington.

"I suppose you prefer London to the country?" said she.

"All depends," was the answer. "When a man owes money to all the people in London I owe it to, the country has a peculiar charm for him."

And as he helped himself to cherry tart he wished Smallwood could be present to hear him talk in this pleasing way.

"You have debts!" Miss Wellington looked severe. "Does it not worry you when you think of the money you owe?"

"Not much. The people I owe it to worry more than I do."

Miss Wellington stared at him.

"I always think it such a pity when a young man runs into debt," she remarked.

"It's better than stealing the things you want," was Deadwood's rejoinder.

"But non-payment of debts is practically stealing," cried Miss Wellington.

"Oh, one's gov'nor always brasses up in the long run," explained Deadwood, with a wave of his knife.

"*Brasses up!*" Miss Wellington was not accustomed to such phraseology.

"Liquidates one's liabilities, I should say," was Deadwood's good-humoured correction.

Silence ensued. The conversation hitherto had hardly been a success. Presently Mr. Deadwood felt himself called upon to make a remark. What could he say? Ah! talk about Mellerby.

"Pretty lively here now?" he queried. "Niggers, and all that?"

"The place is no doubt lively," conceded Miss Wellington, "but," she added, "I cannot say whether there are any negroes here——. Is anything the matter, Mr. Deadwood? Are you unwell?"

The locum had nearly choked over a piece of tomato. He composed himself with an effort, and assured Miss Wellington that nothing ailed him.

Again there was an awkward pause. This time Miss Wellington broke the silence.

"I have friends among the Warwickshire county people," said she. "Do you know the Bragelonnes—a very old family?"

"Can't say I do. Wait a moment, though," added the locum, as if struck by a happy inspiration; "there was a fellow of that name expelled from my school at the same time that I was. Would he belong to your lot—I mean, the Bragelonnes you know?"

"I have not heard that any boy belonging to the family I refer to was expelled from school," replied Miss Wellington, coldly.

"Expect they kept it dark," surmised Deadwood.

"My friends keep nothing 'dark,' as you call it!" exclaimed Miss Wellington. "There are, no doubt, other Bragelonnes, although it is not a common name."

Mr. Deadwood agreed that there might be other Bragelonnes, and again the conversation languished. In spite of the questions which he had been obliged to answer, Deadwood had managed to make an enormous meal. When he at last felt satisfied, he leant back in his chair, and, by force of custom, felt for his pipe. Miss Wellington rose from her seat and treated him to a frigid bow.

"You will no doubt like to join your friend," she said. "I wish you good-night."

Deadwood, grinning cheerfully, made his way to the assistant's bed-chamber.

"Well?" queried Smallwood, somewhat anxiously.

"We got on like a house on fire," said the other. "Very chatty old dear."

"What did you talk about?" demanded the invalid.

"Oh," said Deadwood, airily, "mutual acquaintances, &c."

"You didn't even touch on your scraps in the Meat Market?"

"Not a word. I talked like a good little book, and we took to each other right away. She seemed quite sorry to leave me."

But Smallwood smiled unbelievingly.

In her own chamber Miss Wellington was talking to her reflection.

"We must get the practice sold at once," she said, glaring into the mirror. "This barbarian will ruin it"

CHAPTER VII.

A CHASE IN THE MOONLIGHT.

BUT Miss Wellington's fears were groundless. A few patients the locum may have lost to the practice, but he gained others. For, however lacking he may have been in polish, Mr. Deadwood soon showed himself to be a proficient at his work. True, he would hardly have proved a success as a West End specialist in nerves, nor were his words and ways silken enough to win him favour among hysterical ladies and faddy gentlemen, but he had a breezy geniality which won him favour with his patients, and, better than that, he soon found out what was the matter with them. Having done this, he delivered himself on the subject in a manner which brooked no questioning, and set about the job of curing them in a way which inspired confidence.

Thus it fell out that Deadwood did not let the practice down at all. Nevertheless, Miss Wellington wrote to the Denvers' merchant uncle urging him to dispose of the practice as speedily as possible, since, owing to Mr. Smallwood's misadventures, a man was in charge of it who had "the appearance of a pugilist and the manners of a bricklayer."

Deadwood knew Miss Wellington had taken

a dislike to him, but he didn't allow the fact to disturb him. He was there for three pounds a week (with board and lodging), and he intended to earn his money. When somebody bought the practice, or Smallwood was able to get about again, he would go back to Warwickshire with at least ten pounds in his pocket, none the worse for his outing. What mattered it to him, then, if Miss Wellington did regard him with sour disapproval?

For a few days after his arrival he went his rounds in the dog-cart with Poole. Having obtained, in this way, the lie of the land, he fancied that it would do him more good if he traversed the country on horseback, for exercise of some sort was essential to the well-being of a man of his large build.

He broached the matter to Poole. "Seems to me," said he, "that that big black horse is my mark. He's just up to my weight."

"He won't let you ride 'im, sir," Poole warned the locum. "Have a try if you like, but look out for your neck. He has never let anybody but Dr. Denver get on 'im. It 'ud be a bit awkward if you got 'urt, sir, with Mr. Smallwood laid up as it is."

"Trot out the beast," said Deadwood. "I can at least see what I can do with him."

With some misgivings, therefore, the worthy Poole saddled Emperor, who, during this operation, whisked his tail about ominously. Meanwhile, Deadwood got into his riding kit.

As Poole brought Emperor up to the front door, George emerged therefrom, bound for Garrick and Mappin's. The boy opened his eyes when he saw the black hunter.

"I say, Poole," he said, "I suppose you've told Mr. Deadwood what Emperor's like?"

"Yes, Master George, I've told 'im," replied the coachman, ruefully, "but 'e's the sort of gent what won't take no from man or 'orse. So let 'im 'ave 'is fling, says I. Emperor'll soon show 'im."

At that moment the locum appeared. George lingered to see what would happen.

Emperor stole a wicked glance at Deadwood as the young man gathered the reins into his left hand. Poole retired, and Deadwood sprang into the saddle.

"Now, my lad," he said, touching the horse with his whip.

Emperor took a few steps forward amicably enough. But there was much craft in the steeplechaser. He wanted to put Deadwood at his ease preparatory to throwing the venturesome rider over his head.

"Good old boy," said Deadwood encouragingly.

Hardly had he spoken when Emperor flung up his heels. A poor horseman would have been dislodged, but Deadwood coolly kept his seat. Then Emperor rose on his hind legs and pawed the air angrily with his fore-hoofs. The locum did not like this show of temper, and brought his whip down smartly across the hunter's flank. Emperor's hot blood rushed into his head, and he threw out his back heels again, only to be rewarded with another stinging cut across the loins. Then the hunter completely lost his temper, and capered about like a mad mustang, upon which Deadwood's whip got to work in real earnest on neck and flank and ribs. Emperor hadn't had such a thrashing for years. Maddened by the stinging cuts of the heavy crop, he churned up the gravel with his iron feet and danced wildly up and down, and all the time the man with the appearance of a pugilist belaboured him without mercy—while Poole and George wondered. Finally, the horse, in a frenzy of passion, threw up his heels with such venom that it seemed as if he were about to turn a somersault and crush his rider to pulp beneath his great body. But Deadwood, with a murderous pull on the bit, brought the beast up again and proceeded to teach him manners with all the force of his muscular arm. And then Emperor, perspiring and sore, suddenly gave in. He was mastered. He stood quite still for a moment, and then, at a shake of the reins, trotted quietly down the drive and out into the street in as well-behaved a fashion as you could wish for.

"Well, I never!" said Poole. "I 'ardly thought there was a man could ride that animal except your poor father, Master George."

The coachman retired to the stables shaking his head and perhaps hoping just a little that Emperor would anon return riderless and triumphant. But shortly before lunch Deadwood reappeared, dusty but unharmed, on a black horse that looked the picture of amiability.

"I had to give him another leathering or two," said Deadwood, as he handed the hunter over to Poole. "I don't think he'll trouble me any more."

And Emperor didn't.

At the end of his first week at Mellerby the locum decided that he had cause to feel tolerably well-pleased with himself. He had sat up all night with a diphtheria case, and snatched the patient out of the very jaws of death; he had made a neat job of a railway porter's broken collar-bone; he had whipped

off a farm labourer's finger—crushed in a threshing machine; and he had cut the comb of the best billiard player at the local club—one Cheffins, a miller.

"Not at all a bad sort of crib, this," said Deadwood, sauntering up and down the garden late one night, cigar in mouth; "wish I could buy it. Wonder if the gov'nor would put down the brass if I made strong representations to him!"

He continued on his way down the long asphalt path, blowing smoke into the misty air—for the September nights were growing raw. He looked quite prosperous in his white waistcoat, across which was stretched a gold chain. Upon this, had he but known it, a pair of hungry eyes were fixed—the eyes belonging to a huge, shaggy-haired man who had secreted himself in the shrubbery, possibly with burglarious intentions. The shaggy-haired intruder had been a little alarmed when the big locum issued from the house, but his fears lest he had been noticed were soon allayed. The gentleman had only come out for a smoke.

"The figure is a little tall," mused Mr. Deadwood, "but the gov'nor could run to it if he liked. How old am I? Thirty! Yes, high time I settled down. Mabel could keep house for me—she's the one I get on with best—and perhaps, in time—in *time*, Tom, my boy. . . ."

HE CHURNED UP THE GRAVEL WITH HIS IRON FEET.

He drew vigorously at his cigar, which glowed red in the night gloom. He was thinking. Though he might have appeared the model of everything anti-sentimental, Mr. Deadwood was in love—whole-heartedly in love—with a pert, plump, twittering little friend of the aforesaid Mabel's. He had never breathed a syllable to the girl or anybody else of this

passion that he harboured, for he was a lover of the devout, silent type. Not that he composed odes or indulged in sleepless broodings that left dark shadows under his eyes. He was not constituted that way. But he was undoubtedly in love with Mabel's school-friend.

He kept his secret to himself. To the world he was a loud-voiced, jovial monster, with a laugh like Stentor's and an appetite that needed much appeasing. Nevertheless, in the heart beneath those stalwart ribs was enshrined an image—the image of a mischievous little lady who always made fun of him, and . . . perhaps . . . rather liked the great fellow.

Deadwood knocked the ash off his cigar. "If only I could get her to come and stay with us," he thought, "she might take a fancy to the place. She would like to go out drives."

Thus simply and modestly did he put the matter to himself. Mabel's friend, if she took a fancy to the place, might reconcile herself to the idea of becoming its owner's wife. She could go out riding and driving—she was an out-door girl—and he would have the privilege of providing these amusements for her.

Deadwood again pulled vigorously at his weed. The possibilities presented to his mind by this subtle planning—which did not soar, be it noted, above horse-flesh, for he never thought of including himself as a possible attraction to the maid—excited him. It *could* be done. He would write to his father. He would write that very night.

Up to the house and back again to the shrubbery. Once more the intruder's eyes were attracted by the gold chain, which gleamed brightly in the pale moonlight. But its owner was a strapping big chap. . . .

"With her by my side," exclaimed Deadwood, apostrophising the greenery with no thought of hidden danger in his fearless mind, "with her by my side I could——"

He never finished the sentence, for at that moment a gigantic form leapt out upon him and brought him to the ground with a thud that made a skyful of stars dance before his eyes. He felt a sharp tug at his waistcoat, and his feeble attempt to grapple with his assailant earned him a savage blow on the jaw. For a moment he perceived, glaring into his face, two blood-shot eyes set in a wolfish, bearded countenance. Half-consciously he noticed the huge bulk of his enemy—a very giant. Then he was left alone on the garden-path.

He heard flying footsteps in the public footway and, later, on the bridge spanning the stream. He sat up, rose to his feet, lurched forward unsteadily, and finally stood erect. He was of tougher fibre than the robber had reckoned upon.

He dashed his hands across his eyes and with an effort collected his scattered wits. The man had passed over the bridge. Then he must have taken to the long stretch of common beyond the stream.

Deadwood rushed out of the garden in pursuit—over the bridge—and swept the common with his eyes. Ah! there was his man! Some way off, but in sight—making a bee-line for the shore.

Deadwood was in good fettle and his wind was sound. He started off again at his best speed. By the moon's light he saw the ruffian turn his head and then redouble his pace. Deadwood, his blood up, settled down into a long, hound-like stride.

"I can run him down," thought Deadwood, and went on with grim persistence.

It was a mile and a half across the common, and the going bad, owing to the sudden rise and fall of the sandy hillocks. The pace soon slackened. They were both heavy men, and the speed had told on them. The pursued still ran doggedly; the pursuer just as doggedly—and a trifle more swiftly. And as he ran the face of his quarry came up again before his mind's eye—a black-bearded face—the visage of an arch-rogue who would stick at little. If he caught him, the other would show fight. Possibly he had a knife. Deadwood was unarmed. Nevertheless, he ran on. He wanted his watch and chain back, and he had a desire to return that crack on the jaw—with interest.

Now the ground was smoother. He could hear the waves thundering on to the rocks. The blood was beating tumultuously in his head, but he ran on. The edge of the cliffs would turn the robber to the right or left, or cause him to double. Deadwood meant to catch him, and if it came to a dodging chase over the common, he would do it, as he was the younger and fitter man.

Gazing ahead, he saw the fugitive stop on the brink of the cliffs, which, just here, were of a majestic height. Deadwood at that moment stumbled. When he looked again, the man had vanished.

He rushed on, reached the very spot where the man had stood, and peered over.

Hundreds of feet below the waves were thundering against the base of the cliffs, which ran down to the beach in a series of slopes upon which grew bushes and tufts of grass. The face of the cliffs was traversable to a man who knew his way, but to one strange to the journey a

descent in this dim light spelt peril of no mean order.

The fugitive was hurrying down at a break-neck pace—slipping, sliding, and dislodging stones and clumps of mould, which ricochetted from slope to slope, and finally crashed into the water over a sheer unbroken wall of twenty feet. A like fate awaited the unfamiliar passenger down the cliffs' breast, should he lose his footing on the last slope.

Deadwood hesitated. He badly wanted to catch his man, but the risk was too great. While he hesitated, the robber reached the narrow ledge topping the precipitous cliff-foot, wheeled to the left, and was speedily lost to sight.

Deadwood was turning away disappointedly when there came a hail through the gloom.

"Anything wrong, sir?"

The newcomer was a coastguard—a sturdy fellow in top-boots, stout pea-jacket—buttoned up to the throat—and sailor's cap. By his side dangled a cutlass, and he had a lantern on his belt. A likely-looking ally—had he arrived a couple of minutes sooner.

"A chap has nabbed my watch and cut away down the cliff here, coastguard."

Young Dwyer—for it was he—pricked up his ears.

"What sort of a chap, sir?"

"A huge fellow with a beard. Sailor, I should say."

"Black Jack, as I'm alive!" cried Dwyer, his face lighting up with excitement. "The man the police want over that Dr. Denver matter."

The coastguard peered over the edge of the cliff.

"We're two to one, sir. Shall we have a look for him? He's bound to be hiding in one of the caves below here."

"I'm with you," said Deadwood, promptly.

"Very well, sir, I'll lead the way," returned Dwyer, nimbly letting himself down over the edge of the cliff. "Follow me and go slow, sir, as you value your neck!"

(To be continued.)

BOBBIE BURNS ON FOOTBALL.

[Some Quotations Selected by John Leigh Turner.]

The Captain to his team:
Arouse, my boys, exert your mettle.

A swaggering player:
He looked just as your sign-post lions do,
With aspect fierce, and quite as harmless too.

Full-back, beaten by smart forwards:
Their tricks an' craft, have put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that.

A frightened half-back:
I dare not combat, but turn and fly.

Referee's decision disputed:
. . . . . gat up an' wad confute it
An' ca'd it wrang,
An' muckle din there was aboot it
Baith loud an' lang.

Half-time:
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

Team attacking all afternoon, without scoring:
Ev'n when the wished end's denied
Yet while the busy means are plied
They bring their own reward.

When your favourites are beaten:
And aiblins, when they winna stand the test
Wink hard, and say "The folk have done their best."

Member of the losing team writing home:
Ye've heard the while,
How we've been licket.

After a hard fought game:
. . . . They with all their strength,
Began to faint and fall.

To a player attributing his side's defeat to the weather:
Oh tell na me o' wind an' rain
Gae back the gait ye cam' again.

Years of practice, and not yet in the team:
. . . whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
Ye may do miracles by persevering.

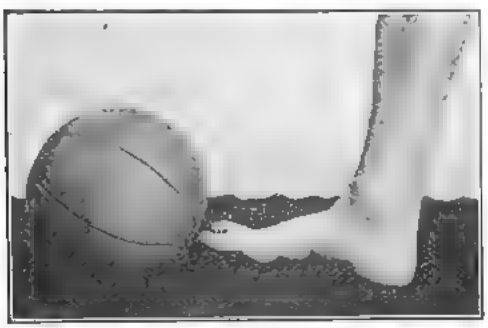
Upon a player who has left the team:
He's gane! He's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born:

The referee:
I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth.

THE KNACK OF KICKING.

THE art of kicking a football and the art of hitting a cricket ball are similar in many respects. Both depend upon many different concurrent bits of skill, and both are difficult to describe on paper. But so many letters come here asking how the writers "are to learn to kick," that I decided one morning to see whether, if I took off my shoes and stockings, our photographer could produce some pictures which would assist me to offer some tips about the knack of kicking. Our light-artist came well up to the scratch, and I commend the result as of some little value.

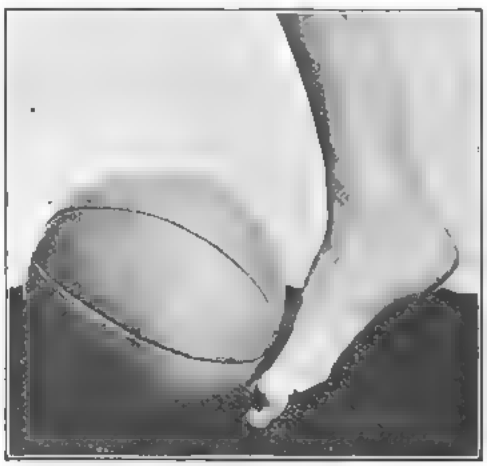
First of all I want you to compare observantly the kicking feet—my own fair feet—in pictures No. 1 and No. 2. [P.S. I found bare feet much more instructive than boots!] Now, No. 1 is the wrong way, and No. 2 the



No. 1.—The Wrong Way.

right, of kicking an Association ball, which is either at rest on the ground, or is in motion along the ground without bouncing. The two together illustrate the most important item in the whole art of kicking, viz., to use the instep or as nearly the instep as you can manage, and not the point of your toe. You should use the front of your foot like the face of a bat, and not the point of your toe like the end of a billiard cue. Of course, it looks absurd in No. 1 to see the point of my big toe aimed at the middle of the ball. If I had worn a boot, it would not have looked absurd, but quite natural. But it would have been quite wrong. Yet this is precisely the way many fellows try to kick a ball on the ground, especially when it is at rest.

In many books you will read, Kick with the instep and not with the toe. But you try it, and answer, "That is all very well, but I cannot do it to a ball on the ground." But observe that in No. 2, although the



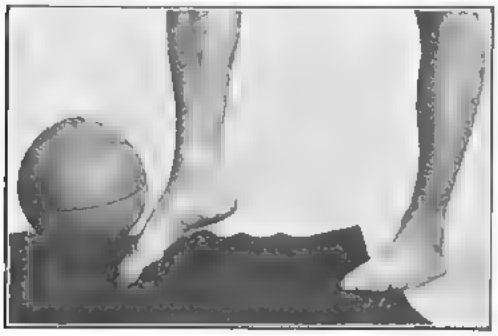
No. 2.—The Right Way.

full instep is not against the ball, the toe is tucked down and nicked in under the convex near surface of the ball in such

a way that the force of the kick will come from the point of my foot where the instep joins the toes. Moreover, note that as the ball moves away from my foot the toes will go more under the ball than you see in the picture, and at the finish of the kick more of my instep will have come against the ball. Note, by the way, that when you kick, foot and ball are in contact for nearly a yard at the beginning of the ball's flight.

If you take the trouble to master this matter of kicking with the instep, you will find yourself much improved in taking free kicks. Goal-keepers often kick-off with the points of their boots: but it is wrong. You cannot get as much force into the ball, or direct its flight with as much accuracy.

Compare No. 3 with No. 2, and note that in No. 3 the ball is full against the instep and is also a few inches from the ground. This picture illustrates the fact that when



No. 3.—How to Meet a Running Ball.

a ball is running dead along the ground, more or less towards you, and you kick at it in the manner shown in No. 2, the ball, as your toe nicks in under its near surface, runs, or rather jumps, up on to your full instep, because of its motion towards you. If you place your foot firm and flat on the ground, and some one rolls a ball along the ground straight at your toe, you will find that the ball rolls right up on to your instep. You can then see that if it is difficult to use the instep in kicking a stationary ball, it is quite easy to do so when the ball is moving towards you.

Further, please gather from both No. 2 and No. 3 that you should point your toe well down, and make your instep as nearly as possible a flat continuation of your shin. One reason why a man with very supple ankles always kicks noticeably well is that when his instep meets the ball the front of

No. 4.—A Position of the Non-kicking Foot which is——

No. 5.—Better Than This.

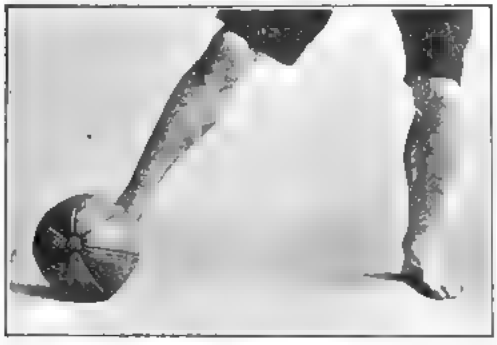
his foot is really in a straight line with his shin, just as if foot and leg together were a thick stick.

Pictures Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7 should be studied as a group. They are intended to illustrate the fact that the non-kicking foot should be rather near the ball and not far removed from it, either behind it or to the side of it.

In No. 4 you see that the non-kicking foot, which is your fulcrum, is not more than about ten inches away from the ball, whereas in No. 5 it is about a yard away.

Now I cannot go so far as to say that Nos. 4 and 6 are right, and Nos. 5 and 7 wrong: because in the stress of actual play you cannot always secure that your non-kicking foot is near the ball: you have to take the ball as best you may, often under difficulties. But I can say that Nos. 4 and 6 are better than Nos. 5 and 7 for several reasons: and therefore you ought to follow the method

No. 6.—Sideway View of No. 4.



No. 7.—A Position Inferior to Nos. 4 and 6.

depicted in the former pair of pictures whenever you can.

John Roberts is said to be more in a class by himself as a billiard-player than any other man has ever been in any branch of sport or physical prowess. Now, although John Roberts can make very difficult shots at billiards, this is not his distinctive feature at all: his merit lies in the fact that he always plays each shot so that the next one is very easy. So in football, true art consists far less in effectively making difficult kicks than in so managing as to render every possible kick as easy to yourself as can be. Just think that point over. As the Yankees say, there is a reason.

Look at pictures No. 4 and No. 5. When your non-kicking foot is near the ball as in No. 4, you have a great advantage over the position in No. 5. First of all, your kicking foot meets the ball at the bottom of the circular swing of the leg, *i.e.*, when your foot is travelling fastest, and therefore has most power in it. In No. 5 your foot meets the ball at the end of your leg's swing. A golfer would explain this point to you. Secondly, in No. 4 your foot, after meeting the ball, "follows through" with it very much further than in No. 5. This gives so much more power. A golfer will tell you why, or a mathematician. At any rate, you can easily see from a comparison of the two pictures that the kicking foot in No. 4 has much more reach left for "follow through" than that in No. 5. Why, in No. 5 the limit of reach is nearly arrived at before even the foot meets the ball. Thirdly, when your non-kicking foot is close to the ball you can get much more body weight into your kick. When the non-kicking foot

No. 8.—Don't Kick a Ball which is in the air like this, but——

is as in No. 5, the backward swing of your body is exhausted before the foot meets the ball, and also, you practically have to stop your forward motion and stab at the ball with your foot. This you can easily demonstrate to yourself by experiment. Fourthly, you will find that when the non-kick-

No. 9.—Like This

ing foot is near the ball you are much more easily able to be upon the toes of it instead of on the flat of it. Compare Nos. 4 and 5 for this point. The non-kicking or fulcrum foot ought not to be flat on the ground, because thus you not only lose the springy play of the ankle-joint, but give your kicking foot much less room to swing in. When you see a player kick the ground instead of the ball, it is generally because his non-kicking foot is flat. Stand with one foot flat on the ground and swing the other at the full length of its leg, with the toe pointed, and you will find the toe catches the ground nearly two feet behind your fulcrum foot.

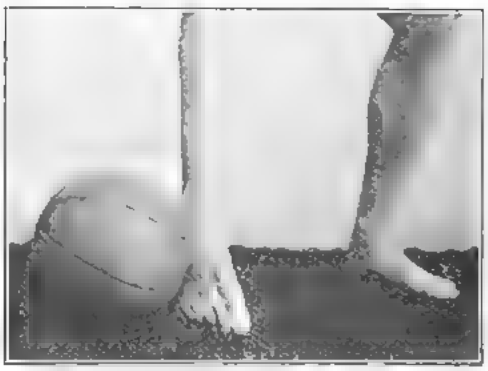
Picture No. 6 is just a sideway view of No. 4. It illustrates the fact that the non-kicking foot should be only a few inches outside the intended line of flight of the ball. In No. 6 the ball is being kicked straight out of the picture.

No. 7 is not a sideway view of No. 5. In No. 5 the non-kicking foot is not far from the line of the kick, though it is too far behind the ball. In No. 7 you can see that the non-kicking foot is not far behind the ball, but is a good way outside the line of the kick. In a game one very often has to kick as in No. 7, especially in screw-kicking or in fetching round a ball that is almost past one, or in reaching out at a ball which is almost out of reach. Still, I would say that the relative position of the feet as shown in Nos. 4 and 5, when it can be compassed, affords the easiest, safest, hardest, and most accurate method of kicking all balls which are on the ground.

In kicking a ball which is in the air at the moment of impact (whether because it has bounced or because it has come to you full-volley), you should use your foot as in No. 9, and not as in No. 8. It is easy to see that, with the instep well arched and the toe well pointed down as in No. 9, you are likely to drive the ball low and hard: whereas, with the foot arranged as in No. 8 you are quite sure to "balloon" the ball high into the air. Backs especially should study this point: it is very important to them. "Ballooning" full-volleys is a common error, and a bad one.

I must say here plainly that good kicking is largely a matter of accurate timing. But timing is quite distinct from precision of position and accuracy of limb-movement. Both timing and position are necessary to good kicking. But timing can only be learnt

No. 10.—Using the Inside——



No. 11.—And Outside of the Foot.

by actual practice: it cannot be shown in a picture or described in words.

Then, again, "strength" of kicking cannot be taught by pen or camera. All I can say is that "strength" in kicking is very like "strength" in billiards: you've got to feel it, know it, and do it.

It should be mentioned that the above remarks apply chiefly to hard kicking by goal-keepers and backs in defence, and by forwards shooting at goal.

Passing among forwards and between half-backs and forwards is really not so much kicking as pushing.

Pictures Nos. 10 and 11 show how a clever forward pushes the ball this way or that with the inside or outside of his foot. You will see at once that the use of the side of the foot, since it brings a flatter and broader surface of the foot into contact with

the ball, is likely to be more easy and accurate than the use of the point of the toe, or even the arch of the instep. But the side of the foot is useful only for ground passes at fairly close quarters. Still, some forwards can shoot quite hard with the outside of their feet. I would advise all forwards to practise the method.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. Morris.—The custom is to consider the ball "dead" if a batsman is hurt.

Lancashire Lad.—To make 360 runs in 3½ hours was an impossible task for Sussex at Old Trafford. It would have meant scoring at the rate of 100 runs an hour. Such scoring is only possible on a small ground or against weak bowling by a side of the batting strength of Sussex.

Wulfrunian and A. C. Beale.—You can make almost any ground into a perfect cricket pitch by treating it with the well-known red Nottingham marl. Alfred Shaw, of Shaw and Shrewsbury, Queen's-square, Nottingham, would tell you where to get the marl and how to use it. You will find an article on the subject of improving cricket grounds in one of last year's CAPTAINS. The marl should be spread over the turf in a uniform layer, about an inch deep, in the winter. The frost breaks it up, and the rain soaks it into the turf. The roller does the rest. But you ought not to roll it in the spring until the grass blades have come well through.

OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

WE have received copies of the following:—

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The Ingoldsby Legends. (Thin Paper Classics.) 3s. 6d. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

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The Strand Magazine. Vol. XXVII. 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Sunday Strand. Vol. IX. 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

C. B. Fry's Magazine. Vol. I. 6s. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Wide World Magazine. Vol. XIII. 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

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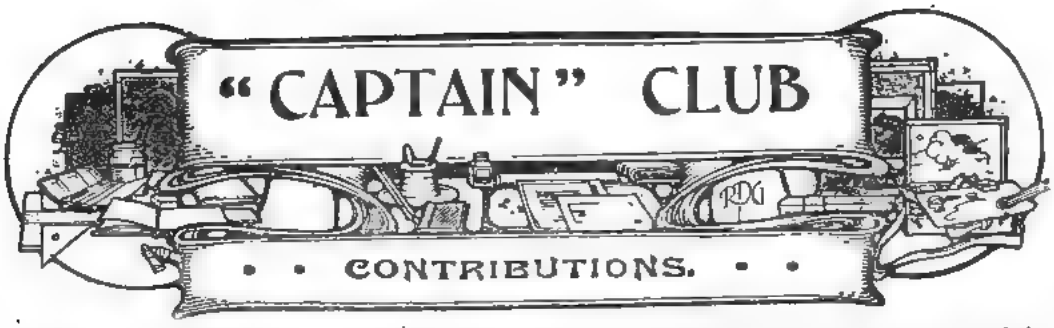
THE SURPRISE AT DAWN

De Neuville



This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to James McKnight, E. M. Haskins, J. M. Junior, and E. C. Denison. Each prize-winner is requested to send present address, and at the same time to select a book.

More Howlers.

[COLLECTED BY JAMES MCKNIGHT.]

HOSTIS IPSE=a host in himself.

The chief clause in Magna Charta was that no free man should be put to death without his own consent.

Edward III. would have been King of France if his mother had been a man.

By the Statute of Mortmain clergymen were not allowed to receive land from people who died without the King's consent or paying a tax.

My favourite character in English history is Henry VIII., because he had eight wives and killed them all; he liked plenty of money, and died of ulcers in the legs.

The poll-tax was to be paid by everyone who had a head.

The Act of Uniformity provided that everyone must take an oath of passive resistance.

George I. was the son of the Electric Sophia.

LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY.—John Wesley was a great sea-captain. He beat the Dutch at Waterloo, and by degrees rose to be Duke of Wellington. He was buried near Nelson in the Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey.

The Duke of Marlborough was a great general and always commenced a battle with the fixed determination to win—or lose.

The sun never sets on English possessions, because the sun sets in the west, and our colonies are in the north, south, and east.

Latitude is the imaginary line drawn from pole to pole, and they have their widest parts at the equator.

The Arctic regions are neither hot nor cold; they abound in birds of beautiful plumage and of no song, such as the elephant and the camel.

The Tundras are treeless forests of South America.

An abstract noun is the name of anything which are not names of anything, and things you can see.

In the sentence "I saw the goat butt the man," "butt" is a conjunction, because it shows the connection between the goat and the man.

The possessive case is the case when somebody has got yours and won't give it to you.

An adjective is something which describes

SOME "CAPTAIN" READERS IN THE NAVY.
A snap-shot by Ed. C. Denison.

something, so a teacher who teaches Euclid is one because she describes an equilateral triangle, and the doctor is one because he describes medicine.

The plural of penny is two-pence.

Gender is the destruction of sex.

Q. Define the first person. A. Adam.

A strong verb says a thing and does it; a weak verb says a thing and does not do it.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

Two straight lines cannot enclose a space unless they are crooked.

Hypotenuse is a certain thing that is given to you, or it means let it be granted that such and such is equal or unequal to something else.

A parallel straight line is one that when produced to meet itself does not meet.

If the air contains more than 100 per cent. of carbolic acid it is very injurious to health.

Force is that which runs along a straight line.

Inertia is that which tends to have a uniform motion in a state of rest.

A cuckoo is a bird that doesn't lay its own eggs.

Gravity was discovered by Isaac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the autumn, when the apples are falling from the trees.

The difference between water and air is that air can be made wetter but water cannot.

A GOOD ACTION.
Photo. E. H. D. Sewell.

A BEAUTIFUL FLORAL WREATH AT THE FOOT OF THE NELSON MONUMENT ON "NELSON DAY."

Photo. by C. G. Paul.

It has Effect.

IF done well, the following little trick always acts splendidly.

Before facing your audience, write a short word, say "Magic," on your forearm with an ordinary piece of soap. This will not show at all. Now, having done a few tricks with cards or other apparatus, take a piece of paper, and, after handing it round for inspection, say, "I will now write on this harmless piece of paper the name of the agency which does all the tricks I have shown you." Then write with a borrowed pencil the word "magic" on the paper. Next burn the paper, and making much show in collecting all the ashes, rub them on your arm, when the word "magic" will show out in black. Then draw down your sleeve, and hold forth upon the advantage of possessing a knowledge of the "black art."

Q.

Overheard in an Edinburgh Board School.

Teacher: "What was Job's occupation?"

Scholar: "A doctor, sir."

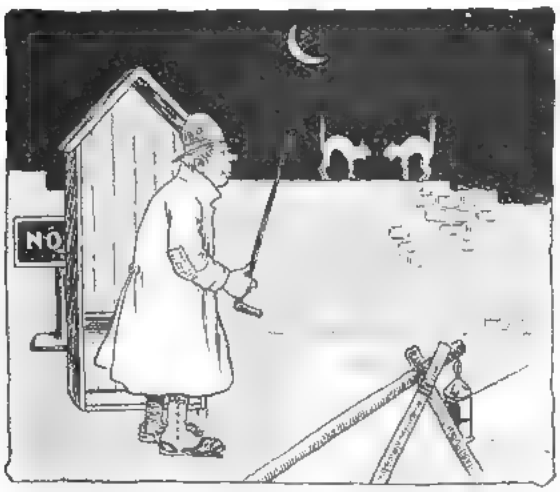
Teacher: "What makes you think that?"

Scholar: "Well, sir, I've been told a lot about *the patients of Job!*"

J. H. Parsonage.

Some Facts in a few Words.

A FATHOM, six feet, is derived from the height of a full-grown man. A hand, in horse measure, is four inches. A Scotch mile is 1,984 yards; an Irish mile is 2,140 yards; an English mile is 1,760 yards; a Turkish, 1,826 yards; a German, 1,806 yards. The human body consists of 260 bones, nine kinds of articulations or joinings, 100 cartilages or ligaments, 400 or so muscles, and 90 nerves, besides arteries, veins, blood, &c. When mercury is frozen at forty degrees below zero, the sensation of the skin is similar to that experienced when touching red-hot iron. Thunder can be heard twenty miles away, and if you put your ear to the ground you will hear it thirty miles away. Lightning is reflected 100 or 200 miles. Potatoes planted below three feet *do not* vegetate; at one foot they grow thickest, and at two feet they are retarded two or three months. Fresh water begins to freeze at thirty-two degrees, called the freezing point. Salt water does not freeze till twenty-nine degrees. A cylinder of water may be converted into ice by placing it in 6 lbs. of sulphate of soda, and 4 lbs. of sulphuric acid, at thirty-eight degrees, well mixed. The ice is extracted for use by putting the cylinder in hot water. No solid rocks are found in the Arctic regions owing to the severe frosts. The greatest depth of the sea is supposed to be six miles, or the height of the highest mountain. He who aims at excellence will be above mediocrity; who aims at mediocrity will fall short of it. J. M. JUNIOR.



NIGHT WATCHMAN:—"I really shall have to resign. I can't get a wink of sleep for the cats."
Idea by F. P. Newbould, Bradford.

Ode to the Old Fag.

At the CAPTAIN's private office,
In the Editorial Chair,
Sits a great mysterious being,
Hid from sight, within his lair.
Far and wide we CAPTAIN readers
Wonder at his mighty fame,
But the greatest of our wonders
Is his name.

No one yet has ever seen him,
No one yet has heard his voice,
If we could but 'dentify him,
How we'd triumph and rejoice!
But the wicked, sly old heathen,
Will not lay his secret bare,
And he chuckles at our trouble,
In his chair.

Is he young or is he aged?
Is he short or is he tall?
Perhaps we're off it altogether—
S'pose he's not a "he" at all!
S'pose he's, after all, a lady,
Young and pretty?—Well then, she's
True to life and reputation—
Hard to please.

For { she / he } slashes criticisms
On our efforts, right and left,
Sneers at all our witticisms,
Says of senses we're bereft!
Woe to him whose punctuation
Does not just entirely please,
Woe to him who finds he has not
Crossed his T's.

Please remember { Mr. / Mrs. / Miss } Old Fag,
As you read these verses through,
That I'm only a beginner,
Not so clever—quite—as you.

And before I finish writing,
(Can I drop this gentle hint?)
That I'd rather like to see them
Put in print.

E. M. Haskins.

The Penny Stamp.

ROWLAND HILL is generally spoken of as the inventor of the adhesive stamp, as used to this day, but the real inventor was James Chalmers, a bookseller of Dundee. As early as 1835 he devoted his time to the improvement of the mail service, and advocated the use of adhesive stamped squares as a means of franking letters. While Mr. Hill was engaged trying to arrange for embossed sheets of paper for letters, Mr. Chalmers had already printed a sheet of paper composed of small squares, with the words, "Under half-an-ounce, One Penny," and this again was coated on the back with gum. The pieces were cut off with scissors or a knife. When the Government offered a premium of £200 for the best method of franking letters, Mr. Chalmers submitted his system of gummed squares, but though this was afterwards adopted through the exertions of Mr. Hill, no award was made to anyone. In 1857 Mr. Archer came forward with a machine for perforating the sheets of stamps, and after five years it was accepted, and, through the exertions of a Member of Parliament, Mr. Archer was awarded £4,000. Since then we have advanced another step in having Imperial penny postage, and we now await the introduction (and it is bound to come) of universal penny postage.

Jack L——.

Criticisms.

R. L. Pawlby.—We already have a "Night Attack" article in hand. You don't write prose at all badly, but your poetry is—(eh! yes, boy, you may let the dog in.)

G. W. Berry.—I should think that while searching for provender for your scrap-book you would have obtained materials for a brief essay on "The Most Popular Celebrities," i.e., the faces you come across most frequently on picture-cards and in the illustrated papers. An observing fellow has heaps of similar subjects to his hand if he uses his wits a bit.

W. Wright.—Your essay on the "Hermitage Cave" is an ordinary bit of description, fairly well done. It might have been far more neatly written.

How are you to succeed as a writer? Why, by writing fresh and original things. If you're a born writer you'll find subjects and to spare. If you are going to be a writer you will be one, never fear.

Footballer.—Some good notions in your "Psalm of Football," but also so many errors in rhythm that I really can't submit the verses to my readers.

G. E. Lee.—I am afraid you are rather prone to dilate on matters—such as "idle youths" and "gardens," the subjects of your essays—which have been dilated upon over and over again already. Find something new, and adopt a fresher and more attractive style of writing. Put more fire—more of yourself—more *blood*—into your work. When you are solemn, be really solemn; when you want us to laugh, tickle us to merry thunder with something really funny. Put light and shade into your work. Let your writing be like life—now grave, now gay; give us variety, and never bore us for a moment.

C. Tweedy.—Very few boys of eleven can write poetry, Cecil. Try again when you're a bit older, and I've no doubt you'll get something into The Captain

Owlet.—Prettily done; by no means rubbish. We can't afford much space for descriptive essays, however, and so I'm afraid I can't put yours in. You say you "couldn't be bothered to alter it." You won't go very far, I'm afraid, if that's the attitude you adopt with regard to your essay-writing.

Hera. It strikes me that if you take more pains you will soon send me something I shall like. With the expenditure of a little more time and trouble you could have made the gramophone poem into something I should have accepted. I wish you fellows would take more trouble and not send me things you have scribbled off in ten minutes.

L. G. H.—Sorry to say I only came across your carefully-compiled cricket essay when it was too late to use it. Send me something else in the spring.

G. A. S.—Your essay on Pevensey Castle is too much like other essays on castles. Could you not find an anecdote or legend about it? Either would be more interesting than a mere general description of the ruins. It is beautifully written and a model of neatness.

F. A. Smyth.—"The Student" displays some humour. Too long.

The Spider.—You handle a very ready and pleasant pen, Mr. Spider, but I have no room for your descriptive essay, "A Night with the Herring Fleet," which is far too long. Nevertheless, send me something else, and keep it *short*.

Contributions have also to be acknowledged from:—L. C. Cooper, "Australian," R. C. Tharp, C. T. Palmer, T. Judson, C. Devitt, J. H. Skuse, W. H. Archer, "Dumps," F. Long, "Gonax," D. Mackay, "E. A.," "Ricardus," T. F. Stubbs, Beatrice Ebden, Mabel Davis, John S. Simmons, "Nita," A. Van Swae, S. Holmes, N. Hutchison, W. S. L. Holt, F. B. Sadler, K. Glover, V. H. Burton, W. S. L., Alec Woods, L. J. Hibbert, "The Duffer," Lorna Cuff, Harcourt Hughes, Walter Jungius, Sophy Rawlings, R. T. Forth, Shirley Wilson, T. H. Solomon, Bertha Hilton, Arnold Rogers, "Freebooter II.," "Toot."

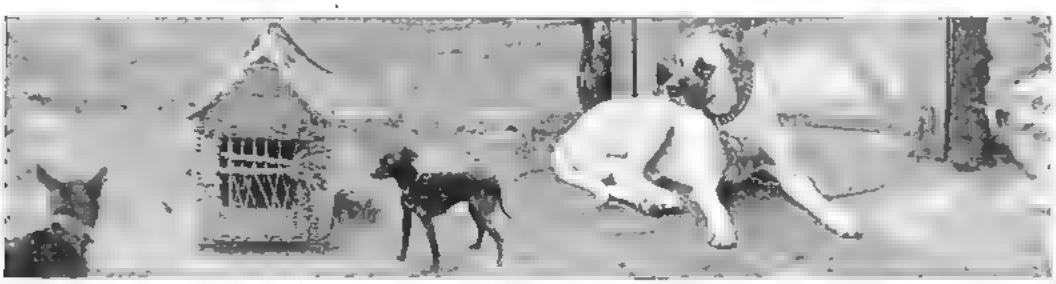
THE "CAPTAIN" PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY.

Being a selection of Photographs entered for our Colonial Competition.

This is our Chinese contributor, Harold Birchal, sitting on a stone horse in the Temple of the High Priest, situated sixteen miles from Shanghai. The photo on the right is the Pagoda from within the Temple walls. Mr. Birchal says, "We were the first foreigners to go in, and come out alive, for the last fifteen years."

BOTANY BAY, THE FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN PENAL SETTLEMENT. THE TRANSPORTATION OF CRIMINALS WAS DISCONTINUED IN 1840.
By F. C. King, Cape Town.

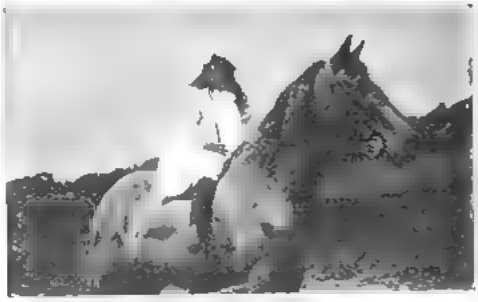
RIGHT HON. SIR EDMUND BARTON, G.C.M.S., THE PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA, LANDING AT HOBART FROM H.M.S. "OMRAH."
By C. V. Hamilton, Hobart.



By A. S. Goodbrand] THE LATEST ARRIVAL. [Durban, Natal, S.A.

SOME FRIENDS OF "CAPTAIN" READERS.

A GIRL "CAPTAINITE."
By Lewis E. Whitfield.



OFF TO THE HOUNDS.
By Margaret Robinson, Nutfield.

"THE SMILE THAT WON'T COME OFF."
By S. Gurney.

HAPPY TOKIO.
By R. H. Hodges.

"'TIS NOT THE HABIT THAT MAKES THE MONK."
By G. Saunders.

GEOGRAPHY.
By Reginald C. Kershaw.

TERRIERS.
By M. Turner.

COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Last day for sending in, November 18th.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, December 18th.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many "tries" for each competition as you like, but each "try" must be sent in a separately-stamped envelope.

Owing to the frequency with which certain names appear in the Lists of Prize-Winners, we have decided to make a rule to the effect that a Competitor may not win more than one first prize and one consolation prize per month.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, The Captain, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by November 18th.

The Results will be published in January.

Age Rule: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"Famous Cricketers."—On one of the advertisement pages you will find drawings of twelve faces. Each face is that of a famous cricketer, whose name you must supply. Prizes: Class I., a 12s. 6d. "Magic" Football, with invisible lacing (see Prizes Page); Classes II. and III., Postcard Albums or Printing Outfits, as desired.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"Stamp Collectors' Competition."—Give your six best reasons for being a stamp collector, placing them in the order of their importance. The replies of the competitors will be tabulated as votes, which will decide the order in which the reasons shall stand in importance. Prizes: Class I., a No. 2 Cistafile Outfit, value £3 3s.; Classes II. and III., a "Century" Stamp Album, value 12s. 6d. (see Prizes Page).

Class I.	... ...	No age limit.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—"Photographic Competition."—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, i.e., not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Class I., a Columbia Graphophone; Classes II. and III., a "Sunny Memories" Photo Album (see Prizes Page).

Class I.	... ...	No age limit.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"A November Event."—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of November. The only event barred is the famous "Fifth." Neat writing, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. A Sandow Developer, value 12s. 6d., will be awarded in each class.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"Map of Korea."—Three prizes consisting of a Half-guinea Hobbies Fretwork Outfit will be awarded to the senders of the three best maps of Korea.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—"Six Favourite Authors."—Make a list of your six favourite authors in order of merit, and also mention the name of the book by each that you like best. A "John Piggott" Football will be awarded in each class (see Prizes Page).

Class I.	... ...	No age limit.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	... ..	Age limit: Sixteen.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to ***December 18th.*** By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living ***outside*** Europe. There will be ***no age limit.*** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition.

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

Boxing *v.* Wrestling: My little article in the September number on this subject has produced some interesting letters, and I observe that the majority of my correspondents incline to the belief that Boxing is the superior art—that the boxer, in a turn-up with a wrestler, will get the better of it. "O. C." writes: "I do not believe, if you pitted Jeffries against Hackenschmidt, that the latter would have any advantage—in fact, I think Jeffries would win. A boxer is prepared for hard knocks, and a wrestler is not. Moreover, when a boxer has to meet a man with whom he does not wish to come to very close quarters, his tactics are, I believe, to hit quickly when he can, and retreat—jump in and out again. Well, I do not believe that Hackenschmidt could successfully and simultaneously grip Jeffries fast, and also receive one or both of that gentleman's fists in his face. The wrestler might be the stronger man all round, but I think the boxer would floor him first rather than *vice versâ*. Of course, let Hackenschmidt once get a grip and it's all up with the pugilist. To consider the practical side of both—I think boxing far more useful if one is attacked by a gang of roughs."—Yes, I am with "O. C." when he talks of a "gang" of roughs. That is the time for one's fists to get to work briskly, or, better still, a good thick stick. But if only a single adversary has to be contended with, a wrestler as likely as not will find one of his grips as serviceable as a boxer would a straight left. Another letter which lies before me gives an apt illustration of this possibility.

Mr. Spencer's "Hug": This letter comes from a Gravesend reader ("A. C. S."), and runs as follows: "Wrestling, I am sure, is the more certain and effective method. It gives such splendid strength to those who practise it that the blows a boxer would deal would not take very much effect, and the wrestler in nine cases out of ten would crush the other up before he could do much damage. Some months ago that well-known and popular leader of the Health and Strength School of Physical Culture, Mr. Roland Spencer, set forth in that institute's magazine the following experience: He was cycling along a country road a few miles out of London when he was confronted by a powerful-looking tramp, who attempted to strike him—no doubt with the intent of robbery. Spencer started sparring with him, but found the tramp rather good with his fists. He then treated the tramp to one of his celebrated hugs, and the ruffian promptly collapsed. However, in my opinion" (proceeds "A. C. S.") "one art should not be taught without the other, because wrestling, whilst giving great strength and stamina, tends rather to make the muscles slow, and boxing, of course, makes them very quick. These two splendid exercises should be taught in every town, and every young Briton should take part in them as well as in cricket and football. Hundreds of young fellows wish they were taught in Gravesend."—This letter, you will see, takes the shape of a brief for the wrestler, but "A. C. S." puts his views very sensibly, and I agree with him that it is a good thing to become expert in both arts.

It is an excellent thing to go along to a gymnasium in the evening and put on the gloves for twenty minutes. Then try a fall or two with a fellow about the same weight. It is wonderful what a three months' course of this type of exercise does for a young man. Soldiers, sailors, and policemen are encouraged to box—and, I daresay, wrestle—and

you may be sure that those of them who endeavour to become expert in such pastimes are much more capable at their work than those who fill up their evenings lolling about music halls and public-houses. And it is the same with all other young men. Keep the body fit and strong, and the brain will answer all the better when you call on it for its best work. But be careful not to undertake these arduous exertions when you are feeling fagged. It should be your object to *enjoy* them keenly, and you can't enjoy them when you are fatigued. Food that one enjoys is far more nourishing than food one eats merely because the time comes round for a meal. And it is the same with all physical exercise—with any kind of pastime, in fact, physical or mental. See that you *enjoy* it.

And I hope Gravesend will soon have a gymnasium where its young athletes can learn boxing and wrestling.

Before I leave this topic I must give a few more opinions from letters bearing on the subject. "A Pugilist" writes: "I should like to express an opinion, not only my own, but what I have gathered from several boxing friends, most of whom think that a wrestler could beat a boxer about seven times out of ten, but that the wrestler would have a hard job to get hold of a boxer of any repute at all, owing to its being so difficult to come to close quarters with a man who hits out straight from the shoulder. But, taking wrestling and boxing as modes of defence, as, of course, they are by right, I can only say that boxing is by far the more useful. How can wrestling be compared with boxing when you want to give a bully a lesson? No bully would mind being thrown on the ground, but when it comes to a stinging blow in the face you find the bully has received all the lesson he needed. Moreover, boxing sets a chap up better than wrestling could ever do. Nevertheless, it is a good thing that wrestling is finding such a place in British sports."

Still another wrestler is in accord with the author of "The Head of Kay's," whose opinion, you will remember, I recorded at the end of my little article. "I devote all my spare time mainly to wrestling" (writes "R. C.," of Hackney), "and from experience I should think that Mr. Wodehouse is in the right. Take wrestler *v.* wrestler. Their main object is to catch each other in such a way that one cannot move, and is, therefore, at the mercy of the other. Now take wrestler *v.* boxer. In my opinion the boxer has more chance because he does not keep firm, as the wrestler does, but is like a grasshopper, jumping and dodging about. When opportunity offers he lands one and then another, and then springs back. But in the case of the wrestler, his main object being to remain steady and keep his antagonist at bay, the boxer thus has the advantage over him. I don't at all like box-

"F. C. G." BY HIMSELF.

ing, but that is what I think about the matter."

"P. R. M." (Hornsey Rise) tells me that he has practised both boxing and wrestling, and would therefore like to air his views. Taking the sudden chance of a "scrap," he recollects the case of a young friend of his who, being inadvertently mixed up in a brawl between three half-drunken navvies, stood with his back to a wall and floored all three of them in as many minutes. "I quite agree with you," concludes "P. R. M.," "in saying that wrestling is a strong man's pastime, and that, unless a man is strong, he stands but a poor chance when being attacked; boxing, on the other hand, can be effectively practised by any man of average strength, and, in my opinion, is unequalled as a means of self-defence, when it becomes necessary to put it to the actual test."

Summing up the pros and cons, it would seem that the man with a knowledge of boxing can be better depended upon to defend himself from attack than a man with an equal knowledge of wrestling. I will therefore leave it at that. One more remark, however, and I have done. When you have become efficient at boxing or wrestling, do not let your expert knowledge of either art alter your demeanour towards your unskilled fellows. I have often noticed that men who can box and wrestle well take particular care not to pick quarrels—indeed, they do all they can to avoid them. They are confident in their strength, they know what they can do, and they do not want to show off or display their prowess on weaker people. It is most edifying to watch a powerful boxer keeping his temper when some weedy snipe of a man is trying to vex him. So, however clever you may be with your fists, however mighty your muscles, remember always to be good sportsmen and gentlemen; learn these noble arts so that you may successfully act on the defensive, not offensive.

The Channel Swim: "O. C." whose opinions on the Boxing *v.* Wrestling question I have already quoted, also makes some remarks about the attempts to swim the Channel which we read so much of in the early autumn:—

"If Captain Webb" (says my correspondent) "could swim it without grease or masks, or such-like grotesque aids, why should those who are incapable of achieving the feat without such aid attempt it? I think it is ludicrous to make oneself up in grease and oil and special appliances, and go feeding all the way. A man does all he can, and is then bolstered up to do more than he can of himself—that's what it comes to. It's like writing a piece of Latin prose. One chap uses dictionary and grammar, and the other his head. So it is with these swimmers. Webb was the one who used his head; Holbein and others go for all the external help possible. I do not wish in any way to disparage Holbein's grand perseverance and patience; I hope he will succeed, but I wish he would do it without so much help. If he can't do it more of himself, let him leave it alone."

I must say I am inclined to agree with my correspondent on this point, and I have no doubt the majority of folk hold the same opinion. However, with that grand swimmer Burgess in the lists, we shall all, I am sure, await next autumn's swims with the greatest possible interest—feeding-bottle or no feeding-bottle!

Highgate Grammar School Sports.

High Jump.—N. J. Cox, 5ft. 2½in.
Hurdles.—A. B. Lushington, 18 3-5sec.
100 Yards.—J. S. Thomson, 11 1-5sec.
Quarter-Mile.—J. S. Thomson, 55sec.
Half-Mile.—A. J. N. Williamson, 2min. 10½sec.
Mile.—A. J. N. Williamson, 4min. 52 4-5sec.
Long Jump.—N. J. Cox, 17ft. 6in.
Throwing the Cricket Ball.—A. B. Lushington 98yds.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Nosam" is a little exacting. He would like us, he says, to adopt the following features:—

A two-page coloured frontispiece.
Motoring Notes.
Motor-Boating.
Football Notes.
Cricket Notes "by Ranji."
A Botanists' Corner.
A Geologists' Corner.
Monthly Rugby Football Notes.
Scottish Cricket Notes.
Scottish Football Notes.
Irish Football Notes.

In addition, "Nosam" would prefer THE CAPTAIN to be published on the 1st of the month; he would also like to see the advertisement and coloured sketch expelled from the cover—the "Contents" to be shown in their place—and suggests that the new volume begin with the January number. Well, I should like to oblige "Nosam," but in order to do so I should have to make THE CAPTAIN about half as big again. True, "Nosam" suggests that in view of all these additions THE CAPTAIN should be sold at 6d. net, but I don't think our readers would appreciate the increase of price. I thank "Nosam" for taking such a warm interest in our welfare, and I shall bear his suggestions in mind. I may add that in the near future we hope to introduce new features in the shape of Reviews of Boys' (and other) books, and School Notes. I must remind "Nosam," finally, that *the* monthly magazine of sport is *C. B. Fry's*, not THE CAPTAIN.

E. J. T., a "writer" in the Royal Navy, sends me some interesting facts about the cruiser squadron, to which his ship is attached, and his own particular cruiser. "When we were carrying out manœuvres with the Mediterranean and Channel Fleets we numbered altogether about 35 battleships and cruisers, and 30 torpedo-boats. The number of men afloat on this large combined squadron was 35,000. At Gibraltar our ship took in 1,700 tons of coal, and on arriving at Portland three days later another 1,300. We take in about 130 tons in an hour, when coaling. Our bunkers hold over 2,000 tons. Our speed is 24 knots, and we carry a crew of 900 men. You can imagine what work it must be for the chief cook and his two mates to cook such a large number as 900 dinners—and what work it must be for the accountant staff to keep each man's account. Yet everything runs smoothly—everything is carried out systematically; 900 are paid in somewhat less than an hour."—These service figures are very interesting, and I shall welcome further statistics from naval (and military) readers.

M. Frankenstein.—If otter-hunting is cruel, then fox hunting is. But such field sports tend to make the human race hardy and healthy,

and I suppose that is the best excuse that can be offered for them. There is another point of view, too. The owners of streams haunted by otters are very glad to see the otters killed, because they prey on the fish. Again, the fox makes raids on hen-houses and gobbles up ducks, and has to pay the penalty in the long run for his thefts. The sports I hate are pigeon-shooting and the competitions of angling clubs. The so-called sport indulged in by the latter is a pursuit such as old Isaac Walton would never have sanctioned. Angling proper is one thing; seeing how many wretched little fish one can hook in a given time is quite another.

"Scintilla Juris."—Many thanks. Another correspondent had already called my attention to the error. I am interested to learn that enjoyment of a footpath for forty years establishes absolute right of way.

MR. C. B. FRY OFF FOR A SPIN ON HIS MOTOR-CAR.
By permission of *C. B. Fry's Magazine.*

Books by "Captain" Authors now ready are:—"The Gold Bat," by P. G. Wodehouse; "The Rising of the Red Man," by John Mackie; "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," by R. S. Warren Bell. (3s. 6d. each.)

"An Unclubbed Captainite."—Get Mr. A. E. Johnson's "Volunteer Annual," price 1s. If you send a stamped envelope we can give you all the information you want about an artillery corps. I should say you would have time—you could *make* time, at any rate—to get "licked into shape" before Easter.

Exonian.—You will be clubbed when you send your full name. You will find a complete list of the Cabinet in "Whitaker's Almanack," a most helpful work to study for your General Knowledge papers, as it is crammed with every sort of useful information.

"Cadogan."—There is really no equivalent for Indian ink in colours, but a good substitute may be obtained in Reeves' Fixed Coloured Inks or Higgins' Waterproof Inks. These can be obtained at Messrs. Reeves and Sons, Ltd., 101 High Holborn, E.C., or at any of their branches.

W. G. W.—In the time at your disposal you ought certainly, with even ordinary ability, to be able to prepare yourself for the exam. you mention. **Erin.**—To become eligible for an appointment as an army surgeon you must first go through the full medical course. Apply, in your case, to the General Medical Council, 35 Dawson Street, Dublin. **Winifred Lynch.**—Write to any of the big typewriter companies, who will, I am sure, be pleased to meet you in the matter. **F. S.**—You can obtain organ-music very reasonably from E. Donajowski, 26 Castle Street, Berners Street, W., or from Boosey and Co., 295 Regent Street, W. **Dulcie B. Stephens.**—It is not necessary to be Clubbed before you can enter for the competitions. They are open to all readers.

Official Representative Appointed.—Oswald T. Sloan (Newlands, Glasgow).

Letters, etc., have also to be acknowledged from: "Bolek," "Old Cholmeleian" (many thanks for Highgate Grammar School Sports results), Gladys von Stralendorff, C. F. Wright, C. B. Tidbould (no), A. A. Williams, A. H. Cousins.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of September Competitions.

No. I.—"Captain Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF NEW COLUMBIA GRIPTOPHONE: Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis-square, Brighton.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: John Leigh Turner, 153 Shaw Heath, Stockport; Nellie Hartill, Manor House, Willenhall, Staffs.; C. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles A. Gibson, May McOwen Hall, Herbert S. Board, Evelyn Hewitt, Helen McGregor, Edith C. Hobbs, Dulcie Stephens, B. Julian, Muriel Hall.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: Margaret Burton, 159 Hainault-road, Leytonstone, E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Marian Hewitt, West Hill, Copdock, Ipswich; Ben Gilmour Neilson, 1 Holyrood place, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: May D. Watkins, Nellie Cooper, Cecil G. Waudby, E. Mary Gough, R. Lilian Ormiston, Kate Perrin, Evelyn Byrde, Percival Dunre, Gladys A. Radford, Florence Piercy Jones, F. Gordon Grigsby, Joyce Hunter.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BENETFINK FOOTBALL: C. E. P. Brooks, 33 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Alfred H. Grigsby, 53 Albion place, Reading; Ernest F. Cooper, 1 Benden-road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Purvis, Katherine Main, R. H. Ferguson, Mabel Churchill, Mildred Hall, Percy Hartill, Walter H. Palethorpe, Violet M. Garnett, Florence Kurn, S. Ingman, E. Briggs, J. Wilson Campbell, J. B. Greaves.

No. II.—"Drawing of a Flag-staff or Chimney Stick."

CLASS I (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Frank James, 46 Cranbrook road, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. M. Wood, C. H. Greaves, Nora Simmonds, James MacAlister, C. T. Down, J. M. Swanson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty one.)

WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Horace A. Rainbow, Flodden House, King's-road, Kingston Hill.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Albert Rhodes, Avenel House, Allerton, Bradford, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. C. Kennedy, J. Protheroe, Albert Lingham, Mary Gilbertson, J. Russell Knowles, Douglas Bell, Alfred Charles Wells, Horace J. Young, Walter Rosser, W. Walkley, J. Swan, T. J. Pattinson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: R. Goodman, 63, Clare mont road, Bishopston, Bristol.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Thomas Reginald Morgan, 111 Dawlish road, Leyton, E.; Kenneth D. Shoesmith, 9 Imperial terrace, Claremont Park, Blackpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur Albrow, Alan Shreeve, J. P. Lumsden, C. W. Dockerill, B. Brunskill, M. Lupton, E. G. Woodsend, Robert T. Taylor, Mabel Scriven, Hilda Newling, Albert Wheeler, Alfred Lane Davies, Leslie Shaw.

No. III.—"Cable to Admiral Togo."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF SET OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: Raymond Bladon, 33 Blake-lane, Small Heath, Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. A. G. Malet, 26 Devonshire terrace, Hyde Park, W.; F. Saville, 192 Kirk gate, Wakefield, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Mansfield, Constance H. Greaves, A. C. Thomas, Daisy Campbell, F. C. W. Newton, Florence Piercy Jones, M. Blackley, D. E. Blackley.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SET OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: Wm. Hol lingsworth, 8 Silver street, Wellingborough.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Randolph L. Pawlby, 13 Mount Vale terrace, Mutley, Plymouth; H. Sprendbury, 24 Clarence-gardens, Regent's Park, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. W. Grundy, Leonard C. Cooper, Ethel Carleton Williams, Alfred Garnett, I. Rainey, James Bland, H. C. Brooks Taylor, Ethelie M. Pello, F. Gordon Grigsby, G. R. Ward.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: Thomas A. Gourlay, 2 Tullosh-crescent, Dundee.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: James Mitchell, Mahata, Wormit, Fife; John Merry, 6 Parkneuk place, Motherwell.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Thomas Cooke, Victor McQuilkin, G. Schack Sommer, Frida Phillips, Harry Bright Parkinson, T. J. Mander, F. A. Kennett, C. G. Early, Maude Brougham, E. M. Southwell, Richard J. Potter, Herbert T. Sorley.

No. IV. "Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUM: J. M. Swanson, 20 Victoria street, Aberdeen.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: T. E. W. Strong, St. Anne's-road, W., St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs.; M. C. Rhodes, 19 Royal-avenue, Scarborough.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Robert Oliver, R. W. Copeman, W. A. Milner, Constance M. Daly, E. S. Maples, Charles E. Fowler, C. C. Lupton, K. Reeves, M. Lang, William J. Watt, A. Haddon, T. H. Jones, H. Ward Saville, Ernest Courtmann.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUM: Catherine Dyneley, Brumhope, Canterbury.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: G. S. B. Cushine, 193 Grove-street, Liverpool; Arthur G. Townsend, 461 New Cross-road, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alyson A. F. Minchin, J. C. Hill, W. Gundry, jun., Philip V. Early, F. J. Taylor, P. W. Kerr, John Harman Young, D. L. Don, W. A. Oldfield, Alice M. Hamling, Edward Parker, Maurice P. French, E. A. Witherden, John V. Haswell.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUM: Robert H. Bacon, 42 Sunderland-road, Manningham, Bradford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: W. C. Beckett, 272 Portland-road, South Norwood, S.E.; Arthur F. Heynes, 433 Mansfield road, Sherwood, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. L. Biggs, R. Manning, P. S. Beaufort, P. H. Midgeley, George H. Mills, J. B. Tennent, W. G. Briggs, H. Hill, Harold B. Randall, B. Holme, Geraldine Payne Gallwey, A. G. Granadale, C. G. Baston, R. O. Wynne, E. Lazarus, Cedric H. Stokes, C. W. Pidcock.

No. V.—"A September Event."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF GRADIDGE FOOTBALL: Maud Mary Lyne, "Ryecote," St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. C. Thomas, Winifred Lynch, R. Bruce Beveridge, W. J. Williams, E. Wright.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty one.)

WINNER OF BENETFINK FOOTBALL: James Henry Postle, 43 Forthbridge road, Clapham Comm n.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Henry T. Berry, 33 Queen's road, West Croydon; Andrew B. Whitehill, 59 Grafton street, Glasgow, Scotland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. E. Harvey, Stephen E. Hutchins, Ernest J. Lavell, John Thomas, Ernest Wharrier-Soulsby, Mawgern Fremlin, Harold Tempest, Leonard C. Cooper.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BENETFINK FOOTBALL: John Beverland, Alexandra Park, Holywood, Co. Down, Ireland.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Amyas Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.; R. H. Ferguson, 5 Barby-road, Rugby.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. S. Walton, John B. Hewlett, Harry B. Parkinson, Marjorie Dods, Walter H. Palethorpe, Sidney Wheeler, G. O. Gunn, Bernard Bromwich, Dora Roscoe, S. Ingman.

No. VI.—"Best Twelve Short Stories in Volume XI."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: J. P. Forster, South View, Neville's Cross, Durham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: May McOwen Hall, John L. Turner, Alex. Scott, Winifred D. Ereaut, W. A. B. Walling, Norah Clarke, Lilian Bowyer.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: W. Aitken Oldfield, Saw cliffe, Appleby, Lincolnshire.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: E. Springett, Brettenham road, Walthamstow, Essex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Duncan, Jas. J. Sutherland, Frank Holman, W. Hammond, F. C. Meeres, William A. Williams, Marjorie Dennett, William Griffiths, S. J. Rolton, A. Tapply.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER: P. T. Lovejoy, 7 Caris brooke-road, Walthamstow, Essex.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Samuel Down ing, Parkville, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary; Finlay Smith, 13 Avon street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. A. Kennett, John Merry, J. B. Greaves, H. G. Curzer, Frank Haslam, A. W. Fox, George Latimer, L. Hubbard, G. W. Hutkings, C. Allcock, George H. Banton, Robert K. Robertson.

Comments on the September Competitions.

No. I.—A number of excellent Birthday Books were submitted, many of them arranged with great taste and discretion. Competitors should remember to give the authority for their quotations.

No. II.—The prizes in Classes I. and III. were awarded to the senders of excellent coloured sketches of the Union Jack—naturally the most popular flag—while in Class II. a delicate pen sketch of a chimney stack was successful.

No. III.—The three winning "cables" were as follows:—

Class I.: "Anglo Saxons Delighted. May Inglorious Russia Again Lose To Our Great Officer."

Class II.: "An Delighted. Most Inspiring Record. All Land Togo, Organising Great Ovation."

Class III.: "Admire Daring Manœuvre In Recent Affray. Leadership Tells On Great Occasions."

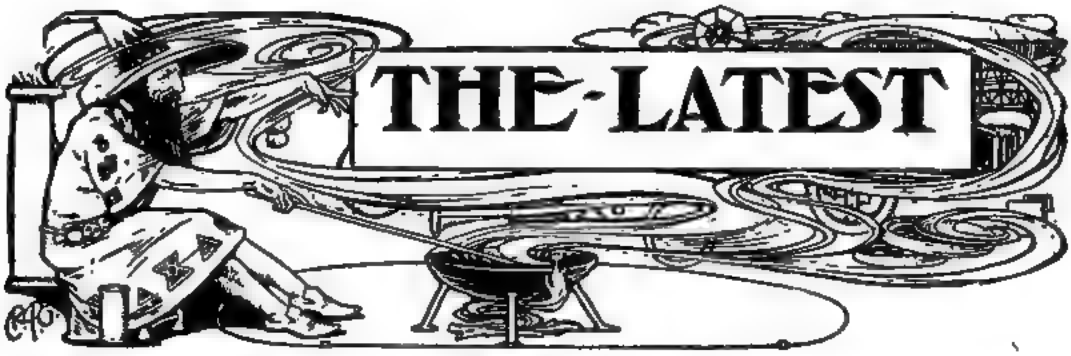
No. IV.—There were more entries this month than we have ever received, excellent examples of photographic art and technique being submitted in all Classes.

No. V.—There were a large number of entries for this Competition, especially in Class III., the Fire of London and the Capture of Quebec being the favourite subjects. Several competitors were up-to-date enough to describe the Battle of Liao Yang and the case of Mr. Adolf Beck!

No. VI.—The Twelve Best Short Stories, decided by Vote were:—(1) A Queer Catch, (2) For Life or Death, (3) A Surprise for Drysdale, (4) Applied Science, (5) A Question of Courage, (6) A Voluntary, (7) Benkinsopp's Benefit, (8) The Purple Emperor, (9) The Model Maker's Sister, (10) Une Entente pas Cordiale, (11) A Narrow Squeak, (12) Too Many Cooks.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."



THE MOTOR-BOAT, "FLAT I.," AT FULL SPEED.
Photo. by courtesy] [of "The Motor Boat."

Motoring by Water.

Sea-motoring will soon be a serious rival to road-motoring as a popular pastime for the well-to-do. The motor-boat is admirably fitted for fast river and loch navigation, and for towing work; whilst even now, several motor-fishing-boats may be seen at work around our coasts. The French Government have already built a motor-gun-boat for river service in the French Congo. It is satisfactory, too, that, unlike the state of affairs in the early days of the motor-car industry, British firms are well ahead of foreign rivals in the manufacture of speedy and efficient motor-boats. As to speed, a 35 feet long motor-boat with four cylinder 55-horse-power Napier engines recently covered 271½ knots at an average speed of 13¾ knots an hour. For shorter distances, speeds of 24 or 25 miles an hour have been frequently attained.

Your Christmas Cards.

The time approaches for choosing your Christmas cards, and calendars for 1905. Once again Messrs. Raphael Tuck are to the fore in meeting all possible requirements. This season they have produced 1,700 entirely new sets of cards, and as each contains from two to four separate subjects the total number of new designs is 3,500! Christmas postcards, for the second year, take a leading place in the Christmas card ranks, the embossed ones being really striking examples of the skill of artist, engraver, and printer. The humorous cards, which will probably appeal keenly to many CAPTAIN readers, show that it is quite possible to be very funny without calling in the aid of vulgarity. In short, if you want at once the best and the latest in Christ-

TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.
By Cecil Aldin.
From the House of Tuck.

mas cards, see that they are Raphael Tuck's.

Detachable Motor Bicycles.

The "Detachable Motor Bicycle" is something really new in motor cycling. It should add much to the popularity of wheeling. As will be seen from our photo., the bicycle itself is entirely relieved from carrying any of the machinery, engine, &c., all of which are transferred to a special frame support. The petrol tanks fitted on either side of the tubular shafts have a much greater capacity than the reservoir on an ordinary motor cycle. A 12-in. "castor" wheel supports the rear of the frame. Should anything go wrong with the motor it can be detached and left behind at some cycle repairer's, or, failing that, it can be towed home with much less exertion than an ordinary motor bicycle demands. Now the thousands of riders who would like to have a motor bicycle but cannot afford to pay £40 or £50 for it, can, for an expenditure of £15, have their present bicycle converted at will into a motor. Nor is a motor cycle of this description any less serviceable than one of the orthodox type; moreover, the removal of the heat, noise, and weight from between the rider's legs, and the new position of the motor, abolish nearly all vibration, and enable quite a light cycle to be used. Machines similar to that illustrated herewith may be seen at the British Detachable Motors Company, 165 Victoria Street, Westminster.

SOMETHING NEW IN MOTOR CYCLES.

The Latest Physic for the Dumps is an afternoon with
"JIM MORTIMER,
SURGEON,"
who can be consulted at any library or bookseller's. Fee, 3s. 6d.

The 1904 Firework Novelties.

Messrs. James Pain and Sons' novelties in fireworks include: "Japanese Gatling Guns" (very loud reports!), "Port Arthur Squibs," "Japanese Torpedoes," "Jap Flash Signals," and "Japanese Bombs." Messrs. Pain have also just brought out some novel "Electric Fireworks." These are a beautiful and economical adaptation of a process invented and used by them in their large displays. Another welcome piece of news is that, despite the war, "this season's stock of Chinese crackers has arrived in splendid condition." But whilst well ahead of all rivals in the matter of novelties, Messrs. Pain have forgotten none of the old favourites which caused so much merriment on the "fifths" of long ago! As regards big displays, Messrs. Pain remind us that they have recently secured important contracts for fireworks and illuminations at the St. Louis, Dusseldorf, Bradford, and Capetown Exhibitions. They were also responsible for the past summer's special illuminated fêtes at the Earl's Court Exhibition.

A Railway Game.

CAPTAIN readers who are on the look-out for something really railwayish to serve as a present for a younger brother might do worse than select the *Railway Puzzle*, published by Messrs. Davies and Co., 11 Skipton Street, S.E. This consists of a confusing array of strangely-shaped figures. The puzzle is to piece these together in their rightful places so as to form coloured pictures of locomotives and express trains running at full speed and such like.

The Latest in Calendars.

We illustrate herewith a novelty in calendars brought out by the United States Metallic Packing Company, of Bradford. By turning round the movable portion of the disc month by month, the calendar is kept up to date for twenty years! Our picture shows the exact size of this ingenious contrivance.

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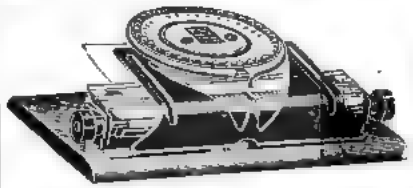

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A pretty and effective novelty, that can be worn in the necktie, and by pressing a button an electric light will appear. They are made in the following designs: A Brilliant Horseshoe, Cow's Head, Owl's or Skeleton's Head.

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The Royal Horse Artillery Gun.
The Maxim Gun.
The Wonderful Gyroscope Top.
Russian Mtd. or Foot Soldiers.
Japanese Mtd. or Foot Soldiers.
Vertical Engine, goes by Steam.
Rude Jolly Jap, puts out Tongue.
Box Kite, Post Free, 1/4.
Mesmeric Discs.
Marvellous Diver, goes under Water.
Crystal Gazing Ball & Book, 1/1.
17 Naval Gun, 1/4.

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Smaller Box, containing 7 Surprises, price 6d. Post Free, 7d.

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NOVELTIES, POST FREE, 7D.

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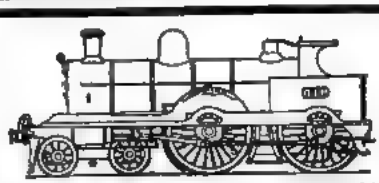

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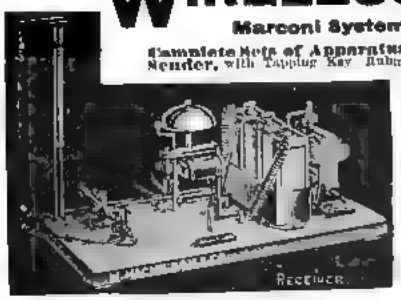

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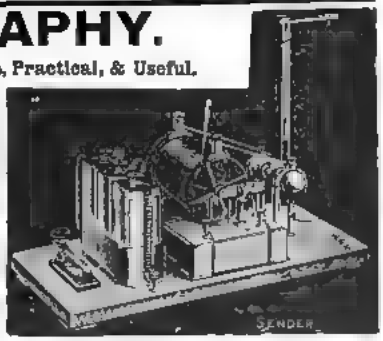

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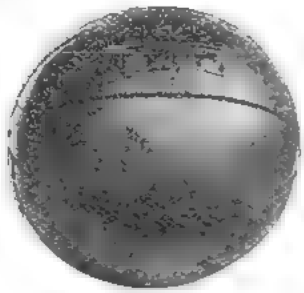
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITION PRIZES.

See page 187.

This Complete No. 2 "Cistafile" Outfit, value £3 3s., is awarded in Class I. "Stamp Collectors'" Competition.



This "Magic" Football, with invisible lacing, as supplied by Cook's Athletic Co., value 12s. 6d., is awarded in Competition No. 1.

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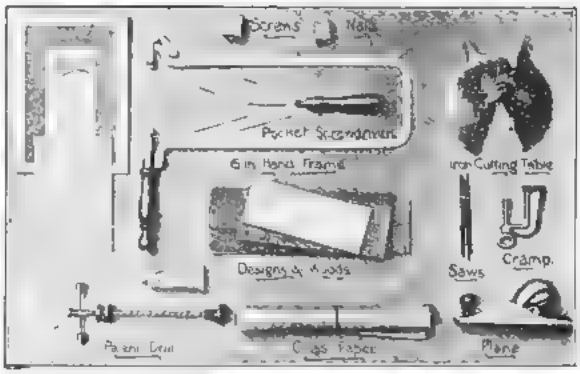

See Competition No. 5, if you want to win one of these "Hobbies" Fretwork Outfits, value 10s. 6d.

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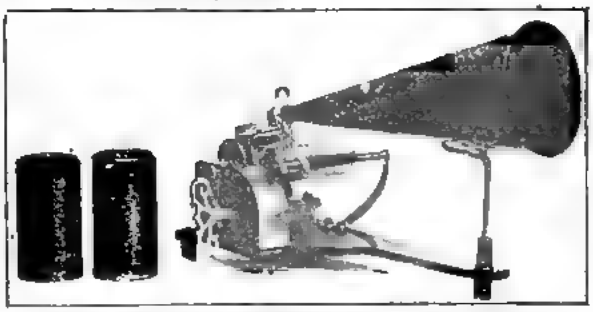

This New Columbia Graphophone is awarded in Class I. in Competition No. 3. See page 187.

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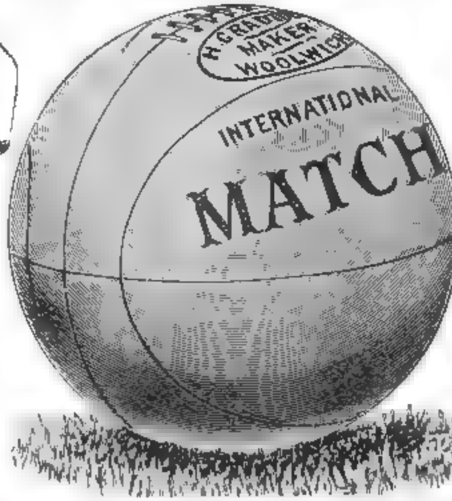

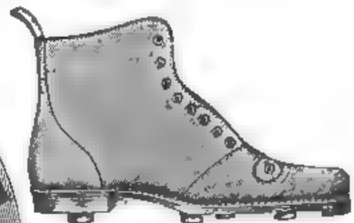

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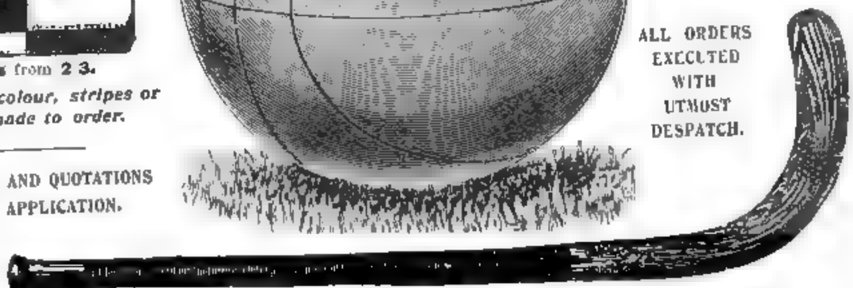

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LEAGUE NOTES FOR NOVEMBER, 1904.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 1st of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The following are interesting reports from some of the branches :—

SLIEMA, MALTA.—Hon. Sec., Robert Borg, 22 Strada San Nicola. A committee meeting was held in the Grand Studio in August, at which it was proposed to publish a fortnightly review, which would be regarded as the official organ of the B.E.L. in Malta. Many influential gentlemen have already promised to support the project by contributing articles and in other ways. We offer our members in Malta hearty congratulations, and wish them every success in their enterprise. It is hoped that members all over the world will assist in contributing their club doings, about which our Maltese members are much interested. It is proposed to call the new paper *Young Malta*, and, as there is no other paper for boys in the island, it should be successful. If it is taken up in the same spirit as the branch is conducted we have no fear of this. We await with interest the first number.

LAURA, AUSTRALIA.—Hon. Sec., Mr. Alfred Lowe. I have a very encouraging report this month. There are now over 60 members, who indulge in dumb-bell exercise, club swimming, fencing, ping-pong, quoits, draughts, airgun shooting, and horizontal bar exercises. The meetings are held in the Town Hall every Monday and Wednesday.

NORTH WALSHAM.—I have another good report from this place, eleven new members having joined during the last week.

KIDDERMINSTER.—I have also an excellent report from our new club in this town. On September 28th a new Club Room was opened in Worcester Street. There was a good attendance of members, who passed a very enjoyable evening reading the magazines and papers provided. Draughts and chess were also indulged in, and in a short time it is hoped to organise a Draughts and Bagatelle Tournament, for which prizes will be offered. Mr. and Mrs. Holloway have earned the thanks of the committee for their trouble in getting the room ready for the occasion. Any boy will be welcomed to the club any Wednesday and Saturday evening from 6.30 to 9 p.m., or full particulars may be had of the joint secs., Fred Ashcroft, Bewdley Hill, or William J. Hammond, 107 Coventry Street, Kidderminster.

PROPOSED NEW CLUBS : H. Wallis, 114 Prince of Wales Terrace, Great Queen Street, Dartford; G. Guy Davison, Faversham Villas, 42 Wigginton Road, York; and G. Jones, 9 Festing Road, Putney, S.W., would like to hear from B.E.L. members and readers of THE CAPTAIN, with a view to forming clubs in their respective districts.

INTER-COLONIAL CORRESPONDENTS are required in all parts of the Empire, and particularly from Canada, Jamaica, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and China. The organising secretary would be pleased to put would-be correspondents in communication. Forms for this purpose can be had on application to the head office. Applicants should give the name of the country in which they require a correspondent, and should enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

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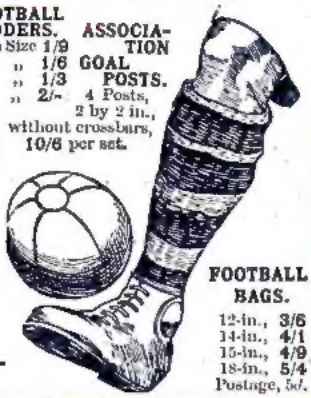

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